



October 1972

Reader's Digest

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by Nick Calabrese

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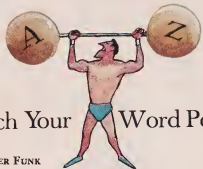
—ROBERT SCHOOLCRAFT, AMERICAN ARTIST

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It Pays to Enrich Your Word Power

BY PETER FUNK

IN THE list below, check the word or phrase you believe is *nearest in meaning* to the key word. Answers are on page 6.

1. **tangential** (tan jen' shal)—A: opposite. B: divergent. C: slanting. D: odd.
2. **abrasive** (a brā' siv)—A: distracting. B: sticky. C: irritating. D: sparkling.
3. **coffer** (kof' er)—A: coin. B: tomb. C: spillway. D: strongbox.
4. **tantamount** (tan' ta mount)—A: teasing. B: equivalent. C: indicative. D: towering.
5. **mutual** (mū' tū al)—A: common. B: particular. C: friendly. D: inseparable.
6. **demonstrable** (de mon' stra b'l)—A: conditional. B: outstanding. C: provable. D: explicit.
7. **reimburse** (rē im bur's)—A: to flee. B: strengthen. C: supplement. D: repay.
8. **abortive** (a bor' tiv)—A: fruitless. B: evasive. C: twisted. D: grueling.
9. **obsolete** (ob so lēt')—A: traditional. B: outmoded. C: rare. D: useless.
10. **chameleon** (ka mēl' yun)—A: brilliant-hued bird. B: maverick. C: lizard. D: ornamental shrub.
11. **tactical** (tak' tū kal)—A: implied. B: perceptive. C: touching. D: expedient.
12. **anodyne** (an' o dīn)—A: pain-killer. B: depressant. C: cure-all. D: stimulant.
13. **disinterested** (dis in' ter es ted)—A: diffident. B: ambiguous. C: reluctant. D: impartial.
14. **acrimonious** (ak rī mō' nī us)—A: vengeful. B: smelly. C: caustic. D: tearful.
15. **sophomoric** (sof o mor' ik)—A: mature. B: immature. C: lethargic. D: frivolous.
16. **formalize** (for' ma līz)—A: to shape. B: inform. C: standardize. D: document.
17. **enmity** (en' mī tē)—A: competitiveness. B: hugeness. C: hostility. D: jealousy.
18. **roseate** (rō' ze āt)—A: ornate. B: delicate. C: thorny. D: highly optimistic.
19. **cryptic** (krip' tik)—A: confused. B: hidden. C: devious. D: concise.
20. **hirsute** (hur' sūt; hur sūt')—A: hairy. B: strong. C: ugly. D: wild.

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Answers to

"IT PAYS TO ENRICH
YOUR WORD POWER"

1. **tangential**—B: Divergent; touching only lightly; incidental; as, to introduce *tangential* issues. Latin *tangere*, "to touch."
2. **abrasive**—C: Irritating; scraping; tending to wear down or exhaust; as, an *abrasive* personality. Latin *abradere*, "to scrape off."
3. **coffer**—D: Chest or strongbox for valuables; treasury; financial resources; as, to deplete campaign *coffers*. Greek *kophinos*, "basket."
4. **tantamount**—B: Equivalent in value or significance; as, silence *tantamount* to an admission of guilt. Anglo-French *tant amunter*, "to amount to as much."
5. **mutual**—A: Common; shared or experienced alike; as, *mutual* interests; having the same feelings one for the other; as, *mutual* friends. Latin *mutuus*.
6. **demonstrable**—C: Capable of being demonstrated or proved; evident; apparent; as, a *demonstrable* success. Latin *demonstrare*, "to show."
7. **reimburse**—D: To repay; pay back; as, to *reimburse* a salesman for his expenses. Latin *re*, "back," and Middle French *embourser*, "to pocket money."
8. **abortive**—A: Fruitless; unsuccessful; coming to nothing; as, an *abortive* hijacking. Latin *aboriri*, "to miscarry."
9. **obsolete**—B: Outmoded; out of date; no longer current; as, an *obsolete* word; *obsolete* equipment. Latin *obsolescere*, "to grow old."
10. **chameleon**—C: Lizard capable of

changing color according to its surroundings; hence, a fickle or inconsistent person; as, a political *chameleon*. Greek *chamaleon*.

11. **tactical**—D: Expedient; made to gain a quick but limited advantage; serving as a prudent temporary adjustment to an unfavorable situation; as, a *tactical* retreat. Greek *taktikos*.
12. **anodyne**—A: Pain-relieving agent or drug; anything that soothes, calms or comforts; as, the *anodyne* of sleep. Greek *anodynos*, "pain-free."
13. **disinterested**—D: Impartial; unbiased; free of self-interest or selfish motive; as, a *disinterested* report.
14. **acrimonious**—C: Caustic; biting; full of bitterness; as, an *acrimonious* debate. Latin *acrimonia*, "sharpness."
15. **sophomoric**—B: Immature; intellectually pretentious; as, a *sophomoric* statement. Greek *sophos*, "wise," and *moros*, "foolish."
16. **formalize**—A: To shape; give a definite form to; make formal; as, to *formalize* procedure. Latin *forma*, "form."
17. **enmity**—C: Hostility; deep hatred; animosity; as, tribal *enmity*. Old French *enemisté*, from *enemi*, "enemy."
18. **rosate**—D: Highly optimistic; rosy; as, a *rosate* economic forecast. Latin *roseus*, from *rosa*, "rose."
19. **cryptic**—B: Hidden; secret; enigmatic; mysterious; as, a *cryptic* message. Greek *kryptikos*, from *kryptos*, "hidden."
20. **hirsute**—A: Hairly; shaggy; as, to be *hirsute* in appearance. Latin *hirsutus*.

Vocabulary Ratings

- 20—18 correct.....excellent
17—15 correct.....good
14—13 correct.....fair



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LIFE IN THESE



UNITED STATES

A FRIEND who is an avid golfer was practicing his drives in a park one day. Out of the corner of his eye he noticed that a patrol car had pulled up to the curb, and the policeman was looking his way.

As the golfer continued his practice shots, he became uneasy that perhaps he was in the park illegally or that hitting golf balls was not permitted in that area. He grew more and more nervous. Finally, the police officer picked up his microphone and over the loudspeaker boomed to my friend and to the entire neighborhood: "You're dropping your right shoulder."

—JERRY L. LEVAN (*Grand Rapids, Mich.*)

As a school principal, I accompanied a group of kindergartners to the circus. The balloon man came to our area, and one little girl frantically waved her hand to attract his attention, then asked the price of the balloons. "Fifty cents," he replied. She dug into her tiny pocketbook and finally displayed a quarter. As she put the coin in his hand, he explained to her that she would need another quarter. She took back the quarter, tucked it into her purse and searched out another one.

With a satisfied look, she again put a quarter in his hand.

The balloon man realized that he had met his match. "You win, honey," he said. "Keep the balloon."

—RICHARD K. OCKER (*Carlisle, Pa.*)

DOWNTOWN Las Vegas traffic was beginning to get heavy as our bus pulled away from its stop. Moments later, we came to a jarring halt. A motorist trying to get into our lane had had his bumper clipped. Two men got out of the car to look over the damage, and our driver joined them outside the open bus door. A hot argument developed. The driver of the car insisted that the bus had been at fault and added, "I have a witness. My friend saw the whole thing." Our driver glanced into his crowded bus and replied with the drawl of a Vegas gambler, "I believe, sir, my full house beats your pair."

—T. K. HARRISON (*Bay Village, Ohio*)

SEVERAL neighbors had gathered for dinner, and the conversation turned to pets. Our hostess commented that she had the dumbest dog ever. "Any dog that digs up the same rosebush 20 times has to be pretty dumb," she said. Everyone seemed to agree, until the 75-year-old grandmother of the neighborhood remarked, "I'm not too surprised at the dog, but I am a little concerned about the person who planted the rosebush that many times."

—RUTH MADON (*Lakewood, Colo.*)

I WAS appraising some rural property in northern California when I came upon a commune, an abandoned farm where a group of young people were "doing their thing." A bearded youth was cultivating a row of beans. A

LIFE IN THESE U.S.

young woman softly strummed her guitar. A pleasant-looking man was painting an ancient barn.

I struck up a conversation with the barn painter and found him affable and articulate. "We seek total freedom here," he told me. "We are trying to escape the clock-oriented, regimented life-style of modern society."

At this point we were interrupted by the ringing of an old-fashioned school bell. The bearded gardener dropped his hoe and sauntered off in the direction of the bell. The guitar player stopped her strumming and followed.

"You'll have to excuse me now," said my new friend. "That bell means it's ten o'clock, and we all have to meet at the house to get our work assignments for the day."

—ROBERT A. MOSS (*San Rafael, Calif.*)

DURING the 1968 Presidential race, my two boys collected campaign buttons, which they wore proudly. The novelty soon wore off, though, and as Election Day approached, the campaign buttons were forgotten.

Then one day my usually dependable electric clothes drier stopped dead, and I phoned the repairman. After much disassembling of uncooperative parts, the incredulous repairman called me to look at the jammed machinery inside the stubborn appliance. There, in the center of it all, somewhat scratched and battered, but still readable, was a forgotten campaign button. It read: "I Do Not Choose to Run."

—NEIL DI TERESA (*Herzegovina, Ky.*)

WHEN we started planning a family camping trip, a friend advised my father to pack everything in beer cases instead of suitcases, because the

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LIFE IN THESE U.S.

11

beer cases would fit easily into the camper, were easy to move around, and could be marked to indicate their contents.



The first night, we were to stay at a fancy hotel in Chicago as a treat for my mother, who was somewhat dubious about the camping idea. Pulling up in front of the hotel, and seeing a bellboy approach, my father suddenly remembered that we had no luggage. Whereupon he opened the door of the camper and, pointing nonchalantly at the beer cases, said to the boy, "The Pabst, the Schlitz and the Budweiser go."

— MRS. WILLIAM M. VAGLIENTI, JR.
(Wallingford, Conn.)

BEFORE I rang the bell, I read the notice that my friend had posted on the door of her apartment: "If I do not answer the door immediately, please do not keep ringing. It may be for one of the following reasons: I am not at home, or I am sick, or I am asleep, or I am in the shower, or I am looking through the peephole and can see who it is."

— MABEL H. HAYTMAN (Norfolk, Va.)

THE CHURCH I serve has a summer ministry at a chapel on Point Judith, R.I. At our first service last summer, the chairman of the board of deacons met me at the door with the informa-



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tributor of each item from a published source—\$25. For original material, payment is \$10 per Digest two-column line. Address: Excerpt Editor.

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An article a day of enduring significance, in condensed permanent booklet form

Code 3100: Hijacker Aboard!

At this signal, a team of experts in Washington leaps into action—and they are fast reducing the number of successful air piracies

BY TREVOR ARMBRISTER

EARLY on the afternoon of January 12, 1972, Braniff International Flight 38 took off from Houston en route to Dallas and Kansas City. On board were 94 passengers and a crew of seven. Thirty miles south of Dallas, a passenger sprang from his seat in the rear of the cabin and grabbed the intercom. His zipper bag, he announced, was stuffed with dynamite. He was hijacking the plane. Then he produced a .22-caliber pistol.

Capt. Tommy Hill dialed Code 3100—the signal reporting a hijacking—on his cockpit transponder. Ground controllers checked back with him. "Are you transmitting three-one?" they asked. "Affirmative," Hill replied.

Minutes later, a telephone rang in an L-shaped room on the tenth floor of the Department of Transportation

building in Washington, D.C. "Got a live one," the caller began.

James M. Yohe, the Federal Aviation Administration's deputy director of air-transportation security, quickly assembled a team to handle the emergency. Among its members: an aeronautical engineer, a pilot and navigator, an explosives specialist, a parachute expert, a psychologist. Scanning their checklists, they began to make the first of dozens of telephone calls: to the National Military Command Center in the Pentagon, to the White House Situation Room, the FBI, the State Department, the Air Route Traffic Control Center in Fort Worth, Braniff headquarters in Dallas.

The hijacker told the crew that his name was Billy Eugene Hurst, Jr. "I work for the devil," he explained, twitching his bushy red

17



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mustache. "I'm going to go straight to hell, and I'm taking everybody with me." As the aircraft circled in a holding pattern, Hurst issued his demands: a .357 Magnum pistol with 400 rounds of ammunition, ten parachutes, a jungle survival kit and a ransom of \$1 million.

The plane landed at Love Field in Dallas, and Hurst allowed the terrified passengers to debark. He wanted to fly to South America, he said. He would bail out somewhere near Bogotá, Colombia. He gave Braniff one hour in which to meet his demands—otherwise, the dynamite would explode.

Yohe had heard this kind of story before. "This is a guy you can talk to," he thought. "He's had his big moment already." He convinced Braniff officials that this was the case. Moments later, Captain Hill announced that the Boeing 727 had mechanical problems. Repairs would take at least three hours. Hurst accepted the need for delay.

FBI agents ran a background check on the hijacker. Doctors described him as a "schizophrenic paranoid with suicidal tendencies." They considered him dangerous. Other agents located Hurst's father, sister, brother-in-law and girl friend. Braniff earmarked a special jet to fly them to Dallas.

Hurst was becoming impatient. He repeated his demand for the .357 Magnum. FBI agents found one and had it delivered to the plane. Captain Hill told the hijacker he wouldn't be needing his .22 anymore,

and asked if he could have it as a "souvenir." Hurst removed the bullets and handed him the weapon. Sensing an opportunity as the hijacker's attention was distracted, crew members moved toward the cabin door. "Run!" Hill yelled. The entire crew jumped from the steps and escaped.

The hijacker was now alone. Yet there was still the matter of that zipper pouch bag stuffed with dynamite. When Hurst's relatives and girl friend arrived at Love Field, Yohe suggested that they approach the cockpit and try to talk him into surrendering. They agreed, and at 9:24 that evening—nearly seven hours after commandeering the jet—Hurst gave up to authorities.

Deadly Duels. The successful thwarting of this piracy attempt stemmed from the poise of the Braniff crew and the skill of the FBI. Yet it also resulted from the recommendations of the specialists at the FAA's little-known hijack command post in Washington. Armed with a communications system which in scope and sophistication is second only to that of the Defense Department, they are contributing to the safety of thousands of air travelers. They can't stop lunatics from attempting air piracy; but once a hijacking begins, they can coordinate all military, diplomatic, law-enforcement and airline efforts to get the flight back safely to the ground, free passengers and crew, and apprehend the criminal.

Prior to the team's formation in

July 1971, hijackers had tried to take over U.S. aircraft 116 times. In 83 of those cases, the hijackers persuaded pilots to fly them where they wanted to go. Since that date, hijackers have succeeded in only 12 of 36 attempts. And their failure rate is accelerating. During the first six months of 1972, they tried to commandeer 24 commercial airliners. Seventeen of those attempts resulted in disaster—for the hijackers. No one claims that credit for this dramatic turnaround belongs solely to the FAA's specialists. Yet key airline and law-enforcement officials agree that these men are playing a crucial role in the battle.

Screening Out Suspects. Every day, some 14,000 commercial flights carry an average of 500,000 people in and out of more than 500 U.S. airports. The FAA can't transform these airports into miniature Fort Knoxes; nor, because of the delays involved, can it ask the airlines to search all passengers. But research indicates that the typical sky pirate exhibits characteristic behavioral traits (which, for obvious reasons, remain undisclosed). These traits have nothing to do with race, length of hair or hippie clothes. Yet they are discernible, and ticket agents are trained to identify them easily. If a prospective passenger fits the "profile," he is asked to produce two forms of identification. If he cannot comply, or if he causes the needle on a metal-detection device to rise above a certain level, he is subject to search by deputy U.S. marshals.

In the first five months of this year, customs-security officers arrested 760 persons—15 of whom had already boarded an aircraft. Searches uncovered 10,463 concealed weapons, as well as a large supply of narcotics. "I'm confident that we have thwarted a considerable number of hijackings," says James T. Murphy, the trim, 47-year-old director of the FAA's office of air-transportation security.

Yet hijackers sometimes slip through the screen. When that happens, the telephone rings in the L-shaped room. There duty officers and specialists immediately go into action. Some try to identify the hijacker; others check the aircraft's capabilities, weather conditions, the facilities at any airports the plane might use. The specialists have fingertip access to all the data they need. And that often makes a crucial difference in the outcome.

Dead on Arrival. On July 23, 1971, an unemployed mechanic named Richard A. Obergfell hijacked a TWA Boeing 727, en route from New York to Chicago, and said he wanted to fly to Milan, Italy. Alerted, the FAA's Jim Murphy suggested that TWA officials remind Obergfell the 727 lacked sufficient range for transatlantic flight. They did, and the hijacker agreed to return to New York's La Guardia Field. Then Murphy suggested they tell him he'd have to change airports; he'd need a Boeing 707, and there were none at La Guardia. Obergfell demanded trans-

portation to Kennedy Airport for himself and a stewardess hostage.

Arriving at Kennedy, Obergfell kept his .32-caliber pistol trained on the stewardess. A Port Authority police lieutenant, a Catholic priest and an FBI agent used a bullhorn and tried to reason with him, without success. The hijacker became agitated. He stepped away from the girl momentarily—and into the sights of an FBI sharpshooter. Two shots rang out, and Obergfell crumpled on the runway. He was dead on arrival at Jamaica Hospital.

Four months later, on November 13, Paul J. Cini hijacked an Air Canada DC-8 en route from Calgary to Toronto. Ordering the pilot to land at Great Falls, Mont., he demanded \$1.5 million and a parachute. He received \$50,000 and the chute. As the jet flew back over Alberta, he tried to unpack the chute. He couldn't loosen a string and had no knife. The pilot suggested that a fire ax might do the trick. Cini agreed. The ax was brought—and the hijacker was knocked out with it, ending the incident.

This was the first parachute extortion attempt, and Murphy was sure it wouldn't be the last. "You can just bet that somebody's going to learn from this guy," he told FAA administrator John H. Shaffer, "and the second guy will perfect the operation."

"Catch the Guy!" They didn't have long to wait. On Thanksgiving Eve, a middle-aged man who called himself D. B. Cooper com-

mended a Northwest Orient Airlines Boeing 727 flying from Portland to Seattle. He wanted four parachutes and a ransom of \$200,000. Northwest collected the money and the parachutes, and the plane took off again. Cooper closed the curtain between the first class and coach compartments, and moments later lowered the rear outlet stairs. Somewhere over Woodland, Wash., he left the plane with his money intact.

Cooper's apparent success sent shock waves rippling through the airline industry. In the past, feeling that their first responsibility was for the safety of passengers and crew, airlines had urged pilots to comply with hijackers' demands automatically. Now there was a dramatic change in attitude. "They decided they couldn't afford to roll over and play dead anymore," says FAA administrator Shaffer. "They started saying, 'Let's catch the guy!'"

Last Christmas Eve—one month after the Cooper incident—a man named Everett L. Holt took over a Northwest Airlines jet 20 minutes after its departure from Minneapolis. As ordered, Capt. James Mancini landed in Chicago, where Northwest officials delivered \$300,000. Holt then agreed to let all but one passenger leave. But suddenly things began to go wrong for the hijacker.

The plane's flight crew had just seen a 40-minute FAA videotape describing the most effective ways to combat air piracy. While Holt was counting his money, Mancini and second officer Mike Neal opened a

cockpit window and slid down a rope to the ground. The co-pilot followed them. Then the stewardesses saw their opportunity. They ran. FBI agents spotlighted the plane and spoke to the hijacker over a bullhorn. Holt realized that he could go nowhere without the crew. He surrendered minutes later.

"This incident turned the tide," says FAA security specialist Al Butler. "We'd worked hard with the Northwest crews to get them thinking they could beat the guy, that they weren't defeated the minute the hijacker made his move. Chicago proved we were right."

Welcome Triumphs. But the FAA men couldn't afford to rest on their laurels. Last January 20, a bomb-wielding felon named Richard C. LaPoint took control of an Air West DC-9 in Las Vegas. He demanded and received two parachutes, a crash helmet and \$50,000. After allowing the passengers and two stewardesses to disembark, he ordered the pilot to fly to Denver. Yohe, of the FAA, alerted the National Military Command Center in the Pentagon, which in turn asked Air Force fighters to follow the plane. LaPoint became alarmed, and told the pilot to warn the fighters away. The two F-111s zoomed higher, but continued pursuit.

Unaware that his parachute contained a beeper, LaPoint bailed out 100 miles east of Denver. Yohe called the FAA's flight service station in Akron, Colo., then contacted the state police and the FBI. Pilot Patricia Jones, an FAA employee, took off from Akron in a Cessna 182, spotted LaPoint's parachute and radioed his location to approaching law-enforcement officials. Within hours, LaPoint was in custody.

For Murphy, Yohe and their "firemen," such triumphs are welcome indeed, and today they are occurring with encouraging frequency. No one claims that the threat of air piracy has passed; indeed, just last June the International Federation of Air Line Pilots' Associations held a one-day strike to call attention to the continuing menace. Yet the odds against a successful hijacking have increased dramatically. Airports have tightened security; so have the airlines. On July 7, on orders from President Nixon, the FAA issued an emergency order that all passengers of shuttle-type flights be given security checks. Flight crews have received hundreds of hours of specialized training.

"Our hijack defense system isn't foolproof," says FAA administrator Shaffer. "But I think the problem is coming under control."



Basic Ingredient. What children expect from grownups is not to be understood, but only to be loved, even though this love may be expressed clumsily or in sternness. Intimacy does not exist between generations—only trust.

—Carl Zuckmayer, *A Part of Myself* (Harcourt Brace Jovanovich)

An interview with MITCHELL S. ROSENTHAL, M.D.

By STANLEY L. ENGLEBARDT

Why Young People Turn to Drugs

A distinguished psychiatrist discusses "druggism"—the use of psychoactive chemicals to avoid facing reality—which is today assuming the proportions of a national catastrophe

Q. Dr. Rosenthal, recent studies show that drug use has moved out of the inner cities into affluent suburbs and even rural areas. Does this mean we are losing the battle against drug abuse?

A. Unequivocally, yes. Today the misuse of drugs is pandemic, with no segment of society spared. Heroin addiction, for example, used to be primarily a ghetto problem. Now we find increasing numbers of heroin addicts among white, middle-

class boys and girls in their early teens. But more significant is the number of young people using psychoactive drugs such as LSD or mescaline, amphetamines, tranquilizers and sleeping pills. One college medical officer says there is an even chance that a youngster will have tried one or more mood-altering drugs by the time he is of college age, and a one-in-five chance that he is a regular user.

Q. Does this mean that 20 percent of all college students today are addicts?

A. Not at all. What has hit our society in the last few years is an epidemic of what I call "druggism"

—the habitual use of psychoactive drugs as a means of avoiding reality. Very few of these users fit the medical definition of an addict. They have no physical need for the drug they are taking, and suffer no physiological withdrawal symptoms when they stop. Nevertheless, these youngsters are just as sick as if they were physically hooked on heroin.

Q. Is it fair to say that there are different degrees of druggism?

A. Some parents try to make distinctions between drugs. *But there is no difference.* If your 14-year-old daughter came home reeling drunk, it wouldn't make any difference whether she'd got that way on beer or bourbon. Why, then, draw lines between other forms of mood-altering drugs?

Q. But don't some psychoactive drugs have a beneficial effect? When psychoactive drugs were first introduced about 20 years ago, they were hailed as a major breakthrough in the treatment of emotional ills. Has this changed?

A. The emergence of mood-altering drugs had a dramatic effect on mental hospitals. Doors were unlocked, window bars were removed, patients were allowed to leave some institutions for the first time in decades. But psychotic patients were not being cured by these drugs; they were only being managed to the point where they were more amenable to treatment and able to function in society without being a threat to themselves or others.

While psychiatrists recognized this fact, the general public—and many physicians—seized on the new chemicals as a means of handling a wide range of human problems. Thus a huge spurt in psychoactive drug purchases was launched—by the nervous grandmother, the harried housewife, the anxious businessman, the tense bride-to-be, the chubby teen-ager, the sleepy truck-driver, the cramming student. What started as a chemical breakthrough in the management of institutionalized psychotics turned into a search for a mass panacea. And a direct result of this search is the widespread druggism we find today.

Q. With all our scientific and technological know-how, why haven't we been able to control drug abuse?

A. As Ira Mothner and I explain in our book, *Drugs, Parents and Children*, drugs are laced into the whole frustrating tangle of the social stresses of our time. While we deplore the illegal use of marijuana by teen-agers, we permit their elders to blot out reality with alcohol. While we try to educate our youngsters about the perils of pill-popping, we send them home to parents who regularly use amphetamines, tranquilizers and sleeping pills. While we depict heroin users as depraved and criminally dangerous, we portray alcoholics on stage, screen and television as amusing, even benevolent characters—though alcoholics are responsible for more violence

PSYCHIATRIST Mitchell S. Rosenthal is director of New York City's Phoenix House, a therapeutic community for drug addicts, and co-author with Ira Mothner of *Drugs, Parents and Children: The Three-Way Connection*.

and social ills in this country than all the drug users put together.

Q. Who is responsible for the present climate of druggism?

A. Doctors must take part of the blame. Unwittingly, they have become the biggest purveyors of drugs in the nation today. In 1970, licensed physicians wrote 202 million prescriptions for mood-altering drugs. Last year, the figure went up to 225 million—enough to keep every man, woman and child in this country either “up,” “down” or “out of it” for a solid month. This year the total will be higher.

Q. But aren't these prescribed drugs being used for a specific medical problem?

A. Often they are not. Two out of every three people who visit a doctor today have no real disease; the anxiety or tiredness they complain of can't be traced to an organic malfunction. A doctor can't *make* these people better, but he can try to make them *feel* better. So, he writes a prescription for a mood-altering drug which gives the temporary illusion of well-being.

Q. Since doctors aren't solely responsible for the present epidemic of druggism, what are the other sources?

A. It's the rare child who hasn't spent a considerable portion of his formative years in front of a television tube listening to an endless parade of commercial messages that equate the good and bright life with common drug use. Want to feel young? Take a laxative. Can't sleep?

Take a sleeping tablet. Upset? Swallow a few analgesics, and you'll be able to tolerate anything. Hour after hour, the point is driven home: you don't have to grapple with human problems, because somewhere on the shelves of your neighborhood drugstore is a miracle chemical just for you.

Of course, we can't place all the blame on television or on advertising for the current epidemic of druggism—any more than we can single out doctors or the pharmaceutical industry. They *all* must share the blame for a climate which says: Drugs are necessary, drugs are good, drugs are here to be used when you want to change things.

Q. You paint a gloomy picture of drug abuse in the United States today, Dr. Rosenthal. Is there anything we can do to break the vicious cycle?

A. Let's start with what I consider to be the biggest factor—the dispensing of billions of legally prescribed psychoactive pills and tablets each year. These drugs constitute a hazard in several ways. They provide a stockpile which youngsters can tap without much trouble; they create and encourage drug dependency among millions of adults and school-children; and they support a climate of drug use and abuse which says to our kids, “It's all right to use something—anything—to help you get through the trials and tribulations of this tough old world.” Unless this torrential flow is brought under control, it will be virtually impos-

sible to break the cycle of druggism.

We must have much tighter governmental restrictions on the manufacture of psychoactive drugs, so that the very magnitude of the supply doesn't create a market for their use. Also, we must change the method of prescribing these mood-altering chemicals. I have heard it seriously suggested that the only answer is to take psychoactive drugs out of the hands of general physicians and put them at the disposal of qualified psychiatrists only, so that they may be dispensed solely for psychiatric problems.

Q. Is there anything parents can do to prevent their children from turning to drugs?

A. Of paramount importance is an attitude in the home of not using drugs—pills or alcohol—as a means of solving life's problems. This doesn't mean that the occasional social drink is taboo; it means only that the old “monkey see, monkey do” rule is just as valid in this area as it is anywhere else. Youngsters who grow up in an atmosphere of drug abuse will be among the first to try marijuana or pills when confronted with their own problems.

Another thing that parents can do is to re-evaluate their relationship with their children. The father who was very close to his son during the Little League era of life may have tuned him out now that the boy is 15, long-haired and interested only in girls and fast cars. The mother who fussed over the pretty girl of six may prefer to ignore the sloppy,

jeans-wearing teen-ager. In so doing, both father and mother are likely to create a gap across which certain significant vibrations may not flow. While they'll never recapture the closeness of the younger years, they *can* retain a relationship that will go a long way toward ensuring healthy development. How do they do this? By listening to what their youngsters have to say. By taking—or making—the time to spend with them. And by maintaining parental control, even at the cost of some resentment and bitterness.

Q. What if all this fails and drug troubles come to one's home?

A. Be ready to stick by your attitudes, and make your attitudes stick. You cannot wait for druggism to “burn out” with age and maturity. You must use your parental authority right away by establishing a rule of “No drugs” and holding to it. To many modern parents such a blanket drug prohibition sounds autocratic. But this is an extremely serious matter, and there can be no compromise when it comes to the health and well-being of your family.

Q. How do you establish a rule of “No drugs”?

A. One notion parents often have is that their child is a precious piece of pottery who is going to break apart when they tell him to stop whatever he is doing. This just isn't the case. If you make clear demands and set limits, he will probably follow them. He'll do it, or she'll do it, because if there has been any kind of sound relationship between you

and your child, your child will want to please you, will want you to have a high regard for him.

The opposite is also true. If your youngster gets away with murder, if you give him license to disregard or ignore what you believe is important, then he doesn't put a very high value on either himself or you.

Q. Can't such rigid demands alienate the child from his parents?

A. There is a purpose to childhood, and that is to learn how to live successfully in the adult world. The parental relationship is not an end in itself but a way of preparing youngsters to have constructive relationships with other people. Sometimes parents lose sight of this and find it difficult to make demands of their children, because they feel they cannot risk being the autocrat, the "bad guy."

Q. Shouldn't parents concern themselves with the reasons why their children are using drugs?

A. Certainly, but they have to deal with the *fact* of drug use first. When they fulfill their responsibility as parents, and make their children responsible for what *they* are doing, parents put themselves in position to take the next step. If

their children can't smoke marijuana to burn their worries away, and their anxieties are no longer going up in smoke, they may well come to their parents and talk about other things that give them concern.

Q. What can we do as a society to halt the epidemic of drug abuse?

A. First, we must recognize that this is a national catastrophe and treat it as such. Americans are a very responsive people who have reacted quickly and positively to other problems of national concern. Drug abuse—a condition so rampant that tens of thousands of young people are killed or crippled by it each year—is that kind of problem. Yet so far we have done relatively little to deal with it.

So let's start right now with a massive program of control—control at the manufacturing source, control in the medical profession where most of the pills originate, and control at home where a climate of druggism is fostered, and where too many parents fail to deal with their children's drug abuse before it becomes critical.



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Oblique Angles

"HAVE a good day," a friend said to a little old lady. The latter replied, "Thank you. But I have other plans."

—Herb Caen in *San Francisco Chronicle*

A HUSBAND asked his wife what the garage man had said was wrong with a low tire. She reported, "He said the air was beginning to show through."

—General Features Corp.

BY JAMES A. MICHENER

To Moscow: A Mission for Peace

In February 1972, Pulitzer Prize-winning author James Michener accompanied President Nixon on his precedent-breaking visit to China, returning home to tell the story of that dramatic week in "China Diary" (The Reader's Digest, June '72). In May, he traveled with the Presidential party again—this time to Russia for the historic Soviet-American summit meeting. In the following exclusive report, Michener assesses the importance of what happened in Moscow, and records his vivid, personal impressions of the country and its people.

THE Soviet-American summit meeting in May involved two miracles. The first was that it took place at all. The second was that it accomplished so much.

Twice in recent years, U.S. Presidents have been on the verge of meeting with Soviet leaders, only to see their good intentions torpedoed at the last moment. In the spring of 1960, two weeks before President Eisenhower and Nikita Khrushchev were scheduled to meet in Paris,

Lt. Francis Gary Powers' U-2 photo-reconnaissance plane was shot down over central Russia. *Bang* went that summit. Then, in August 1968, when Soviet tanks invaded Czechoslovakia to put down that nation's modest attempts to achieve more freedom, another summit was aborted.

In the spring of 1972, pessimists were predicting a repeat. Their reasoning: just two weeks before this third scheduled summit was to be-

gin, President Nixon ordered the mining of North Vietnam's Haiphong Harbor and the bombing of military targets in the Hanoi area. If the tactic worked, Russia could hardly afford to have Nixon gloating in Moscow. If it failed, increasing the danger to American troops, Nixon would not want to be away from Washington hobnobbing with the enemy.

Others knew better. Recalls James Yuenger, a tall young American who had worked in Moscow for 14 months for the Chicago *Tribune* press service: "I never once doubted that the summit would take place. I knew scores of Russians, and they were terribly eager to meet with the Americans. Their constant concern is China, and they would accept any difficulty, even the bombing of Haiphong, in order to prevent an American-Chinese alliance." So the great summit, one of the crucial confrontations in recent history, convened.

The Quarterback and the Linebackers. On a chilly spring day, with rain falling over Moscow, President Nixon arrived. As his plane came in sight of the airport, a ground man radioed the unwelcome news: "Brezhnev not here." A Russian newsman explained: "If Mao didn't greet Nixon in Peking, why should our Party chief, Brezhnev, meet him in Moscow?"

Premier Aleksei Kosygin, dour and silent, was there, accompanied by big, smiling President Nikolai Podgorny, who looked like the twin

of Nikita Khrushchev. So were four detachments of tall, handsomely outfitted military personnel, who startled the Americans by goose-stepping in the best Prussian tradition. In the days that followed, President Nixon would see these goose-stepping soldiers wherever he went.

The leaders got right down to work. Those who watched the beginning of the first official meeting thought that President Nixon was like a frail quarterback facing three giant linebackers. For the Soviet Union, Podgorny was the president and head of state, Kosygin the premier, Brezhnev the boss of the Party and real leader. For our side, Nixon had to perform each of these functions.

He did his job well. During more than 42 hours of head-to-head negotiation, he worked out the final details of seven major agreements (six successes, one failure). The Russians worked him so hard that at public functions he looked as if he needed sleep. But at the end of the long period there was universal agreement that the summit had been worth the effort.

Its two supreme accomplishments were these: Soviet Russia now stood on the world stage as our equal, so that any inferiority complexes which might have perverted her judgment on foreign affairs could be eliminated. And the world's two great military powers took initial steps to bring nuclear power under some kind of control.

Seed Pearls. During the first days of the summit, five rather routine agreements were signed with stunning panoply in the Kremlin's Hall of St. Vladimir, with its ornate red carpets, shimmering gold chandelier and graceful staircases. These agreements, which had been reached long in advance, could have been signed quietly at any time over the past months, but it was proper to keep them on ice until the summit, for their ceremonial signings helped set the stage for what was to follow. Under their terms, the two nations will (1) study together problems of environment; (2) adopt better rules for avoiding incidents at sea; (3) work together on medical research dealing with heart disease, cancer and public health; (4) conduct joint space operations, including a docking experiment in 1975; (5) exchange findings in science and technology.

These agreements were like five little seed pearls used in the setting of a ring. Of no overwhelming value in themselves, they added luster. But the real value of the ring would depend upon what pearl was set in the middle. For that spot, Nixon and Brezhnev saved a beauty.

But first we must look at the agreement which failed. Before the summit, there were substantial hopes that large-scale trade would be arranged. As the days passed, however, it became apparent that something had gone wrong. The trade talks finally sputtered out with a weak announcement that Soviet

and American officials would investigate the matter further, starting in July. Nixon and Brezhnev concealed any disappointment they might have had, but the fact is that a major hope had been dashed.*

Deadly Arithmetic. The climax of the summit was reached when the Strategic Arms Limitation Talks decisions were announced. The Talks had been proposed in 1967, had been under way for 2½ years in Vienna and Helsinki, and were completed in hectic last-minute negotiations only a few hours before the official signing. The end result was one of the most extraordinary documents of recent world history.

There was a treaty covering defensive weapons, requiring Senate ratification by a two-thirds vote, which stated that since each power now had more than enough capacity to destroy the other, neither would spend any further money or effort to defend itself. Vast anti-ballistic-missile systems would be discontinued, except that each nation could, if it wished, defend its capital and one missile-launching site, each with a set of 100 missiles.

There was also an agreement covering some offensive weapons. This did not require formal Senate ratification, but President Nixon has voluntarily submitted it to House and Senate for approving resolu-

*On July 8, President Nixon announced a 3-year agreement to sell the Soviet Union at least \$750 million worth of American wheat, corn and other grains. Officials describe it as the biggest grain transaction in history between two nations.

tions requiring a mere majority. This agreement's provisions are extremely complicated in that they attempt to balance off various types of weapons: one nuclear submarine equals so many missiles, and so on.

In recent years, the Soviet Union has been building nuclear submarines at the rate of eight or nine a year, while we have been building none. If this were to continue indefinitely, the Russians would eventually swamp us. Therefore, the agreement states, the Soviets will be entitled to an ultimate total of 62 such submarines to our 44, but to attain this advantage the Soviets would have to dismantle other weapons they now have.

The Soviets would also be allowed 1618 intercontinental ballistic missiles to our 1054. But since there would be no restriction on the number of warheads each missile could contain, and since we have the capacity for multiple independently targeted re-entry vehicles while Russia apparently does not, this discrepancy is currently not real. In total deliverable nuclear warheads, we would have 7200 to their 2500.

Two facts concerning both the treaty and the agreement must be kept in mind. They do *not* constitute disarmament, but merely the limitation of existing arms. And they do *not* mean any significant cut in defense spending; indeed, since we may have to institute crash programs on devices not covered by the talks, our defense budget may well have to increase.

Waltzing With the Bear. With the promulgation of these agreements, the world has entered a new stage in which the great powers confess that they can no longer defend themselves against a determined nuclear aggressor. Each power retains the capacity to destroy the other, even after an initial sneak attack. But each seeks some kind of relaxation of the nuclear tension.

How good are the agreements? Only as good as the intentions of the two parties, and the Soviets do not have an enviable record for keeping agreements. Nevertheless, Presidential adviser Henry Kissinger voiced the hope of the President and of many Americans when he summarized our attitude toward the summit: "I do not want to give the impression here that we have gone suddenly soft-minded. We do not exclude that one could return to this previous period [of the Cold War]. But we assume that the Soviet leaders are serious people and that they would not sign such a document in a rather solemn ceremony unless they had some serious intention."

At the conclusion of the summit, one thing seemed clear. The United States and the Soviet Union are determined to cooperate. We have started waltzing with a bear, and the music could become lively.

WHAT is our tentative new partner like? Russia today remains a relentless and often cruel dictatorship. Its people live within a prison from which they cannot escape.

What they see, do and think is rigidly controlled. I cannot see where the returns they get from this system justify their loss of freedom and their lack of food, good clothing and other consumer items.

In Moscow, I noted that, starting at about 7 a.m., men and women alike began to queue up at stores that would not open until 8. Word had got out that this or that lucky store was going to have brief supplies of meat or shoes or canned goods and, if you weren't in line right at the start, you might not get any for another week. Although prices for what food was available were reasonable, the cost of clothing appalled me. Men's shoes, of dreadful quality, sold for \$53 a pair, when a man's salary might be \$116 a month. A suit would cost \$125.

The repression that accompanies this lag in consumer goods and food is deadening. Of the 246 million Russians, only 14 million are permitted membership in the Communist Party. The rest live under the stern laws of the Party, whose enforcing arm is the KGB, a secret police surpassed by none.

Again and again, during our stay in Russia, groups of us would assemble with a properly registered guide and set out to visit some innocuous site like a garden or a tomb. But when we got there, some KGB man would look at us, not like what he saw, and say "Nyet!" No amount of pleading by the guide or by us had any effect on him, and we would be turned away.

Muscle and Mystification. One morning I watched in amazement as Courtney Sheldon of *The Christian Science Monitor*, a slight, well-behaved gentleman, presented his credentials to a KGB man. For some reason, the official took a sharp dislike to Sheldon and began pushing him around. Sheldon would have been prevented from covering a story to which he had been assigned by the White House had not one of our Secret Service men recognized him and muscled him into the meeting.

I was even more mystified when the KGB men began giving our black newsmen a rough time. Robert Johnson, the dignified editor of *Jet*, was standing with a group of white Americans at Moscow University when a KGB man started harassing him. He showed his credentials, to no avail. The KGB man sequestered him for some 45 minutes, intimated that he might be expelled both from the university and from Russia, and then released him when other American newsmen convinced him that Johnson was an honored member of our party.

Mal Johnson, a stately black woman who broadcasts for the Cox network, also had problems with the secret police. She was subjected to indignities and threatened with arrest before Robert Pierpoint of CBS happened to see her plight and rescued her.

Bob Johnson explained the experience this way: "The Russians have

been told so much about blacks in America that they simply cannot believe that people like Mal and me hold the jobs we do. If we claimed to be newsmen, just like Walter Cronkite, they couldn't accept it because they knew that in America blacks couldn't hold such jobs."

I was constantly bewildered by the thinking of the secret police. I arrived in Moscow one day ahead of the Presidential party and tried to establish my credentials. To do so, I had to get a pass from the press room. But to get into the press room, I had to have the pass. The police saw nothing ridiculous in this situation, and I tried vainly for one whole day to explain it to the chief guard. "No pass, no room," he said. "How do I get the pass?" I asked. "In the room," he explained.

Another correspondent ran into the same problem. In order to pick up his pass, he had to pay for his photograph, in rubles. But the bank would not change his dollars into rubles until he had his pass, and no one thought either rule unreasonable.

I had been warned, prior to entering Russia; to watch myself. "Americans have got into serious trouble with the secret police in four ways. Girls pick them up and take them to rooms fitted with infrared cameras, so that it doesn't matter whether the lights are on or not. Male homosexuals pick you up and take you to the same rooms. You must never change your money on the black market. And, above all, don't sell any of your

clothing to people you meet on the street who speak good English. That's contravening the laws which govern trade."

Seven different people tried to buy my shoes. The official rate of exchange was one ruble for \$1.21, but I was offered rubles at rates of 80 cents, 60 cents and 15 cents. And in Kiev, about one o'clock in the morning, when Lloyd Shearer of *Parade* and I were sharing a room at the local hotel, our phone rang and a girl with a most attractive voice wanted to know if there was anything special we needed.

Comparing Notes. Among the many news people who accompanied President Nixon to Moscow were some three dozen who had also been with him in Peking. Inevitably, we compared notes. By a huge majority, we preferred China, and for reasons which were sometimes surprising.

First, the Chinese were admirably organized. Whatever they said they would do, they did. The Russians were crudely organized. A lot of things went off track, and often they didn't do what they said they would.

Second, the Chinese provided us with first-class working quarters, adequate space, things well arranged and whatever tools we needed. The Russians seemed to have little concept of what an international press headquarters ought to be.

Third, the Chinese made us feel as if we were honored guests in a timeless land that had always known dignity. The Russians were down-

right grudging in their hospitality and insolent in their service—unless we tipped well.

Fourth, in China, we were not oppressed by the feeling of being constantly watched, even though we must have been. In Russia, the surveillance was heavy-handed and ungracious.

I would give the wrong impression, however, if I failed to report that things in Russia today are conspicuously better than when I was last there, in 1964. People are much better dressed; more automobiles are visible; restaurants flourish; stores have more goods for sale. Life on the streets seems more relaxed, and one hears more laughter.

We were not foolish enough to believe that the preferences mentioned above were substantial, or adequate for making a comparison between two great nations. We acknowledged that America's relationships with Soviet Russia are of primary concern, whereas those with China are only secondary. To get along amiably with China is desirable; to cooperate with Russia is a "must."



Scoop!

WHEN reporters accompanying President Nixon to Peking last February had their first chance to stroll through the streets, they felt somewhat hampered by being, themselves, the objects of great curiosity. Finally, two Americans stumbled on what looked like an indigenous commotion. They quickly pushed through the crowds, cameras at the ready, to witness the argument or accident or whatever it was. When they reached the center of the crowd, they found themselves staring only into another camera and standing beside Walter Cronkite.

—Max Frankel in *New York Times*

What Kind of Prize? I got the impression that Soviet Russia could do almost anything it set its mind to. For the present, it has put its money and energy into munitions and space exploration. If it wanted to feed its people adequately, it could. It could give them more consumer goods anytime it wished. It is a great nation, of enormous potential. And now it is our equal on the world stage.

Finally, it is greatly to the credit of Richard Nixon and his advisers that America has not tried in the last 18 months to play China off against Russia or vice versa. It would have been easy to move from one capital to the other, exacerbating the fears of each and hoping thereby to gain some advantage. President Nixon did not fall into this trap.

As the Moscow trip ended, someone in the plane carrying us home said, "If Willy Brandt got the Nobel Peace Prize for arranging a détente between two lesser powers like West and East Germany, what kind of prize will they give President Nixon for furthering peace among the three most powerful nations?"

Press Section

NOTES AND COMMENT ON THE NEWS

Chicago Daily News

To Get Action on Gripes

UNHAPPY about faulty merchandise or government foot-dragging? Send a Telagripe—a one-page form designed to get action at the top.

Boston businessmen George Perraudin and Bernard Triber, of Infact Systems, Inc., interviewed hundreds of men and women who had complaints but weren't sure what to say, how to say it, or to whom. Talks with business and government people revealed that some 75 percent of complaints they received couldn't be acted on immediately because pertinent facts were missing.

The commercial kit that Infact Systems, Inc., has put together as a result of the interviews includes systematic checkoff lists in red-and-white envelopes, and a manual on how to complain effectively. ("Don't delay your complaint. Send it to the highest responsible official. Don't get emotional. Keep carbon copies.")

Perraudin knew the idea was a good one when he sent a Telagripe to the head of a firm complaining that some plastic foam cups he had purchased were ripped. A few weeks later, a case of 480 cups arrived with a letter from the manufacturer, thanking Perraudin for helping him locate a flaw in the production machinery. Perraudin also got his street fixed three days after the local government received his Telagripe.

—Dee Wedemeyer, AP

U.S. News & World Report

Gifts From the Heart

LAST YEAR, American citizens, foundations and corporations gave \$21 billion to philanthropic causes—up from \$9.4 billion in 1961. Another all-time high is being forecast for 1972—perhaps as much as 23 billion dollars. Individuals account for 75 percent of the total.

Religion, health and education, in that order, received more than 72 percent of the private contributions last year. The rest went into social-welfare, civic, cultural and foreign-aid activities.

In releasing the above figures, the American Association of Fund-Raising Counsel, Inc., warned: "Today, there are those who 'speak out' for reforms which can adversely affect many areas of private giving. It is essential that we educate these individuals on the importance of philanthropic organizations to our way of life. Americans *do* still care—and they are willing to back their convictions with dollars."

The Christian Science Monitor

Less Gore In the Living Room

THE BRITISH Broadcasting Corporation has ordered a softening of violence and bloodletting on Britain's television screens—even in news bulletins. The new code follows a BBC-

Press Section

sponsored survey, covering BBC and ITA (Independent Television Authority) programs in the London area. The survey said that half of the BBC and ITA television programs contain violence—and 60 percent of the "violent" group are U.S. imports.

Instructions to BBC producers, directors and writers by Programs Director David Attenborough give special attention to children's programs. Scenes showing cruelty to children, family quarrels and animal death

scenes of violence unless their news value outweighs likely objections. The BBC is not being asked, Attenborough says, to portray a never-never land. "To exclude all scenes of violence would be to falsify the picture of life presented. But," he emphasizes, "we must also pay regard to a sense of responsibility and a general feeling that physical violence is a bad thing." —AP

Sports Illustrated

Clouded Crystal Ball

PROF. K. WILLIAM KAPP, of Basel University in Switzerland, at an international conference on the quality of life, said: "Had there been a computer in 1872, it would probably have predicted that by now there would be so many horse-drawn vehicles it would be almost impossible to clear up all the manure."

The Public Interest

Physician, Heal Thyself!

INFLATION will not be stopped, our economic commentators tell us, until large corporations and big unions quit pushing up prices and wages. If public authorities monitor these elements, they say, inflation can be cured. It is becoming clear, however, that public officials themselves are in need of monitoring.

Government payrolls now constitute more than one fifth of total non-agricultural wages in the United States; over the last ten years federal government workers have received larger



"That's better, but the blood still looks much too watery."

should be sparingly portrayed; and things that may seem trivial to adults can be tragedies for youngsters. A cliff-hanger series should always show the hero safe, because for children "tomorrow is a long way off, next week an eternity away."

News bulletins and documentaries are difficult to control, says Attenborough. But producers must edit out

CARTOON BY LEO BURRELL. © 1970 BY TRUE FOR TODAY'S MAN

Press Section

wage increases than workers in private industry. This has not been an attempt to catch up or stay abreast. The reverse seems true: corporate employees have sought wage increases to help pay ever higher prices and taxes, pushed up to a large extent by the rising cost of public service.

With governments (federal, state and local) now buying goods and services at the rate of \$250 billion a year—about 23 percent of the Gross National Product—their inflationary potential is too great for anyone to ignore. Instead of merely blaming big business and big labor, all government officials are going to have to recognize their own responsibility for a major share of our economic difficulties if our battle against inflation is to be won.

—James W. Kuhn, Professor of Industrial Relations,
Columbia University School of Business

The National Observer

Getting the Message Straight

KCMO, most powerful radio station in the Kansas City area, announced last spring that it would not accept paid political advertisements during the 1972 election campaign. Instead, it would offer more time to candidates—free. "A campaign should not be a test of advertising agencies' skills, but of the issues," explained KCMO's news director Mike McGee, who with other station officials determine format and which races to feature.

Following KCMO's lead, the station's owner, Meredith Broadcasting, is also passing up political advertising for more credible coverage on its stations in Phoenix and Syracuse. And some radio stations in other cities have adopted the plan.

—Robert P. Sigman

Would You Like Reprints? Copies of the following articles in this issue are available. (Prices for reprints of other articles may be obtained on request.)

Why Young People Turn to Drugspage 22

The Plain Truth About VDpage 69

The Book Almost Nobody Readspage 108

Prices: 10—50¢; 50—\$2; 100—\$3.50; 500—\$12.50; 1000—\$20.

Sets of the 18 articles on "Joe's" various organs and on "Jane's" breast are also available at \$1.50 per set.

Write Reprint Editor, The Reader's Digest, Pleasantville, N.Y. 10570. Prices, in U.S. dollars, postpaid to one address.

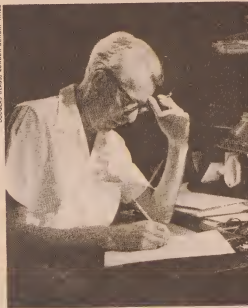
Despite his own unique tragedy, he wrote and drew with such carefree charm that he is widely considered the most versatile of American humorists

THE world of James Thurber was a very special one. His writing was peopled with addled relatives, bellicose wives, dotty husbands, dumb athletes and demented dogs. His strange, amorphous cartoons had an other-world quality—as if they had been drawn under water. An artist once demanded of Harold Ross, editor of the *New Yorker* magazine, why he used so many cartoons from "a fifth-rate artist like Thurber."

"Thurber is *not* a fifth-rate artist," Ross replied loyally. "He's third-rate."

Even Thurber didn't think much of himself as a cartoonist. In fact, many of his cartoons were doodled in self-defense during boring staff meetings at the *New Yorker*. Once he drew a seal perched on a rock, looking at a couple of dots. Under it was scrawled the caption, "Himmmm! Explorers." Studying the drawing, Thurber decided that the rock didn't really look like a rock. So he turned it into the headboard of a bed in which a couple were lying—a huffy woman and a baffled-looking man. The woman was saying indignantly, "All right, have it your way—you heard a seal bark." To this day, that remains one of the *New Yorker's* most memorable cartoons.

Despite this casual approach,



Enduring, Endearing James Thurber

Condensed from ROUNDUP
JOHN REDDY

ROUNDUP (JULY 9, 1972), © 1972 BY THE DENVER POST,
INC., DENVER, COLO. 80201

Thurber's work has an endearing quality that has seen it not only endure but flourish. Although he has been dead for more than ten years, his work is being viewed now by vastly more people than when he originally created it. A TV series, based on his writings and cartoons, "My World and Welcome to It," is being run this summer on CBS after running previously on NBC. Two books are being written about him, and a play based on his "life and hard times," as he called his autobiography of sorts, will open in November at a new theater at Ohio State University, his alma mater.

At a time when relevance is a measuring stick for so much of the lively arts, Thurber has found a new audience in people who weren't even born during his heyday. Perhaps the reason is that, under the guise of humor, Thurber dealt with universal themes. "His is a form of humor which is also a way of saying something serious," the poet T.S. Eliot once observed. "There is a criticism of life at the bottom of it."

Emaciated Sheepdog. James Thurber's own life was never easy. He was born in Columbus, Ohio, of middle-class but particularly colorful parents. At the age of six, he was shot in the eye with an arrow by one of his brothers. The accident cost him an eye, and set him on a long and irreversible road to total blindness. At Ohio State University, he was a shy, gangling student who looked like an emaciated sheepdog. Although he eventually became edi-

tor of the University's humor magazine, he dropped out of college in his senior year to work at the American embassy in Paris. Later, he became a reporter, and wrote columns for papers in Columbus, Paris and New York. In his spare time, he wrote humorous pieces, which he sent to the then new and struggling *New Yorker*. The *New Yorker* sent them back.

One day, his wife Althea, whom he had met at Ohio State, suggested that he was "worrying his material to death." So Thurber worked out a system: he set an alarm clock to go off after 45 minutes, which was all the time he would allow himself for a piece. It rang the bell. Not only was the first story written under the new system accepted by the *New Yorker*, but he was hired as its managing editor.

Therapeutic Doodling. A thin, impatient man, Thurber obviously was not cut out to be an executive. "His mind was unbelievably restless," recalls writer E.B. White, who shared an office with him. "His thoughts were a tangle of baseball scores, Civil War tactical problems, Henry James, personal maladjustments, terrier puppies, literary tide rips, ancient myths and modern apprehensions. Through this jungle stalked the unpredictable ghosts of his relatives in Columbus, Ohio."

Editor Ross finally threw in the towel and told Thurber he could stop being managing editor and be a writer. At the same time, Thurber casually continued drawing his car-

toons of strange, ghostly creatures—men, women and dogs confusing each other. He and just about everyone else considered this only a form of therapeutic doodling. E.B. White, however, saw more in the cartoons than met the casual eye. When White and Thurber wrote a satirical book titled *Is Sex Necessary?*, White insisted that Thurber's drawings be used as illustrations. Dubiously, the publisher agreed. The book became a hit, and Thurber was launched as a cartoonist.

Harold Ross, who had always scoffed at the cartoons, began using them in the *New Yorker*. He continued, though, to be perplexed by the absurdity of some of them. One that particularly baffled him showed a nude female crouched atop a bookcase while a man explains to a visitor: "That's my first wife up there, and this is the present Mrs. Harris."

Ross called Thurber at his home in Connecticut to find out what the cartoon meant. "Is that woman on the bookcase alive or stuffed or just dead?" he asked. Thurber said he would ponder the matter and phone back. "She has to be alive," he announced on returning the call. "My doctor says a dead woman couldn't support herself on all fours, and my taxidermist says you can't stuff a woman."

"Then what's she doing in the house of her former husband and his new wife—naked?" Ross demanded.

"You have me there," Thurber replied. "I'm not responsible

for the behavior of my characters." Ross gave up, declaring Thurber crazy. But the cartoon became an all-time popular favorite.

There was a special quality about Thurber's characters, whether in writing or drawing. They seemed to expect so little of life, to remember the old discouragements and await the new. Said writer Dorothy Parker of his cartoons: "The people that Thurber has turned loose upon us have the outer semblance of unbaked cookies—and the women are of a dowdiness so overwhelming that it becomes tremendous style." Someone once complained that Thurber's women had no sex appeal. "They have for Thurber men," playwright Marc Connelly declared.

"Ta-Pocketa-Pocketa." As Thurber's fortunes improved, the old restlessness took over. He left the *New Yorker* (although he continued to contribute stories and cartoons) and with his second wife, Helen Wismer, began to travel through France and England, and to the island of Bermuda. Wherever he was, he worked hard but joyously—"like a child skipping rope," as E.B. White said.

One day, he sat down and started pecking out on his typewriter a story that began:

"We're going through!" The commander's voice was like thin ice breaking. He wore his full-dress uniform with the heavily braided cap pulled down rakishly over one cold, gray eye.

"We can't make it, sir. It's spoiling for a hurricane if you ask me."



"That's my first wife up there, and this is the present Mrs. Harris"



"Well, if I called the wrong number, why did you answer the phone?"



"Touché!"



"It's a naïve domestic Burgundy without any breeding, but I think you'll be amused by its presumption"

"I'm not asking you, Lieutenant Berg," said the commander. "Throw on the power lights! Rev her up to 8500! We're going through!"

The pounding of the cylinders increased, ta-pocketa-pocketa-pocketa-pocketa...

"Not so fast! You're driving too fast!" said Mrs. Mitty. "What are you driving so fast for?"

"Hm-mm-mm!" said Walter Mitty. He looked at his wife, in the seat beside him, with astonishment. . . .



"You said a moment ago that everybody you look at seems to be a rabbit. Now just what do you mean by that, Mrs. Sprague?"



"What have you done with Dr. Millmoss?"



"All right, have it your way—you heard a seal bark"

The story, of course, is "The Secret Life of Walter Mitty," the saga of an ordinary little man who dreams of performing heroic deeds, and it became Thurber's best-known work. Millions of men could identify with Thurber's day-dreamer. (The prestigious British medical journal *The Lancet* has even referred to the delusion of grandiose accomplishments as the "Walter Mitty syndrome.") Now recognition of Thurber's talent came from other sources. He was generally hailed as America's foremost humorist, and specifically by Ernest Hemingway as the best writer in America.

Yet Thurber's pleasure in recognition was mitigated by his failing eyesight. After years of seeing out of only one eye, he underwent a series of painful operations for cataract and glaucoma, which left him with only a faint blur of vision. As even this dimmed, he began using grease crayons on big sheets of yellow paper to draw cartoons, peering at them through a large instrument called a Zeiss loupe. Finally, his sight failed entirely, and he had to give up his drawing. "You mustn't grieve about my not being able to draw," he told his friend John

Gude. "But if I couldn't write, I couldn't live."

Blindness was a crushing blow to such an impulsive, creative man, and Thurber went through an interlude of despair. Gradually and painfully, however, with the aid of his "seeing-eye wife" Helen, he resumed working and eventually reached a philosophical state where he could even joke about his condition.

A Glimpse of Ever After. Although he was instinctively funny, and warmly gregarious with friends, Thurber was not a kindly old charmer. He had a quick temper, and was easily aroused by what he considered injustice. He sounded off indignantly when Sen. Joe McCarthy was accusing many prominent Americans of disloyalty. When a columnist reported that the *New Yorker* was "red from top to bottom," Thurber countered that it wasn't even "read from cover to cover." After playwright Arthur Miller's passport was revoked, Thurber wrote a hot letter of protest to the *New York Times*. This prompted someone to ask a Congressman why Thurber himself hadn't been investigated for defying McCarthy. "Because," the lawmaker replied, "our wives and daughters wouldn't allow it."

Thurber's last years were crowned by a remarkable final achievement. Some of his best-known stories were collected in a revue titled *A Thurber Carnival*, which had a successful run on Broadway. And Thurber, even though blind, was able to play himself in a sketch about a frustrated

author trying to stem a tide of books being mistakenly sent to him by his publisher at various addresses where he had not lived for years.

Becoming an actor at age 65 was not difficult for Thurber, who had a gift for mimicry and was a talented raconteur. The tremendous ovations that greeted his curtain calls were not only for his genuine skill as an actor but for his courage and the pleasure he had given so many for so long.

A year after the show closed on Broadway, the final curtain fell on the full but troubled life of James Thurber. Reminiscing about his old friend, author Peter DeVries observed, "Malcolm Muggeridge has said of him, with surprising simplicity, that he 'tells the truth.' Oddly, he does it best in the fantasies to which he so often lovingly repaired."

One of the most enchanting of these fantasies is *The 13 Clocks*, which features a prince and princess who marry in the end. In the story, Thurber expresses through a character called the Golux the essence of the lovely fantasies that streamed through his world of darkness. "Keep warm," the Golux tells the prince and princess. "Ride close together. Remember laughter. You'll need it even in the blessed isles of Ever After." A fair wind stood for Yarrow and, looking far to sea, the Princess Saralinda thought she saw, as people think they see, on clear and windless days, the distant, shining shores of Ever After. *****

Thailand's Friendship Highway

Conceived first as a military route, the new highway has become a road to progress and development for thousands of Thai families

BY RUTH SHELDON KNOWLES



BEGINNING in Bangkok on the Gulf of Thailand, a two-lane modern highway runs northeast through a prosperous agricultural valley in the formidable, jungle-covered Petchabun mountain range which bisects Thailand north and south. It then stretches across a gently undulating, tropical plain and terminates, some 500 miles from Bangkok, at Nong Khai on the upper Mekong River which forms the boundary between Thailand and Laos. Built by Thai-American coöperation, the road is known as the Friendship Highway. But it might as well have been called the Miracle Highway.

The road was built primarily as part of military strategy to combat

a communist invasion and insurgency threat to Northeast Thailand. However, what was conceived as a means of moving troops and supplies has turned dense jungle into rich cornfields and provided new agricultural opportunities for thousands of poor farmers.

Recently I drove the highway north from Bangkok. Coming south in the valley, called Pakchong, I encountered a steady stream of gaily decorated trucks piled high with bright yellow corn, crates of fruit, vegetables and poultry for Bangkok's markets and for export. A decade ago, such a sight was nonexistent. Then, the 11 million Thais living in the poor and backward Northeast were isolated from the rest of the country. A single railroad line built in the 1890s, and an unpaved, rough road, impassable in the rainy season, provided the only communication through the mountain range and thick, tropical forests.

Although the Pakchong Valley abounded in natural resources and offered the most direct route to the Northeast, the old road wound a tortuous route far to the north to avoid it. The valley had been known for centuries as the "Valley of Death" or the "Jungle of the Cold Demon." It was practically uninhabited because many of those who entered it fell ill with malaria.

It was through this valley that the vital, pioneering segment of the

Friendship Highway, financed by the U. S. Agency for International Development (AID), was constructed, connecting central Thailand with Korat, the gateway city of the Northeast. Although this portion of the highway is only 89 miles long, it was estimated that it would take 32 months to construct at a cost of \$8,500,000. No advance preparations had been made. Road-building equipment had to be imported, Thai workmen trained, rock quarries and asphalt and concrete-pipe plants established. Malaria control went forward simultaneously with jungle clearing. Ground was first broken in November 1955, and the road was finished by June 1958, two months ahead of schedule, at a cost of a million dollars less than the original estimate.

When the pioneer stretch of highway was officially dedicated and opened to traffic by the King of Thailand and the American ambassador, the real drama of the Northeast area began.

In the heart of the Pakchong Valley, just off the highway, I visited the 250-acre corn, cotton and vegetable farm belonging to Amphorn Na Pombejra, a big, genial, dynamic farmer in his 40s who lived in the valley before the highway was constructed.

"When I came here in 1950," Amphorn relates, "there were some 4000 people scattered through the valley with subsistence patches of rice and corn. There were no roads,

only bullock trails. My second year, I brought the first tractor into the area and plowed land for myself and other farmers. The land was rich, but there was little outlet for our products. However, when construction of the Friendship Highway began, I could see the valley would have a bright future. I went to the United States on a Department of State leadership grant to study American agricultural methods."

When the road was finished, AID agricultural specialists introduced a new, high-yield Guatemalan corn into the valley, and it was an instant success. The news spread, and settlers poured in.

"Now," says Amphorn, "the land is worth \$12,000 an acre, if you can buy it." The valley produces a third of Thailand's corn and has made Thailand the world's fourth-largest corn exporter.

The new, fast road also gave farmers of the valley incentive to grow vegetables and fruits for Bangkok. Before the highway, produce sent from Pakchong by train often spoiled before it reached Bangkok. Today fruit and vegetable trucks reach the Bangkok market in two hours and 15 minutes. Cabbages which used to bring only 2½ cents a pound at Pakchong now bring 11½.

With Thai government and AID help, Amphorn persuaded the local farmers to organize a credit cooperative to expand production.

There are now 400 tractors in the Pakchong Valley area. Three years ago cotton was introduced and is now a better cash crop than corn. The booming town of Pakchong has three cotton gins, a gunnysack factory, a zinc-roof ironworks, an ice plant, four gravel plants, machine shops, three banks, a seven-story hotel, restaurants and bars.

As I left Pakchong and drove northeast into the savannah uplands, I found that the corn miracle was supplanted by that of *kenaf*, which is used to make gunnysacks. This fiber has grown wild, or under cultivation, in this part of Thailand for centuries, but only in small amounts. In eight years kenaf production leaped from 30,000 tons a year to a peak of 670,000 tons in 1966, making it one of Thailand's most valuable domestic and export crops.

Beyond Korat, the terminal of the pioneering segment of the highway, the traffic diminishes greatly on the way to the Mekong River, but the road continues to unfold a panoramic record of progress. I passed new logging industries, sawmills, brick plants, sugar-bag plants, a livestock breeding center and new villages. Billboards advertised television sets, vitamins, medicine and the government's program to promote greater production of poultry, sorghum and cattle.

At one prospering roadside village, Hat Kon Fanthav, a 51-year-old native farmer, told me that

before the highway opened only 15 families lived there. Now there are 150. He had been a subsistence farmer with 12 acres of rice land, growing scarcely enough to feed his family of 13. Now, in addition to rice, he grows kenaf, vegetables, fruit and chickens. By planting two acres in watermelons he has added \$150 a year to his income—a considerable feat in view of the fact that the average annual income per capita in Thailand is \$130.

Two thirds of the way up the highway is the bustling city of Khonkaen, site of the only university in the Northeast, and distribution center for equipment and supplies for the whole area. Here the Australian government, prompted by the strategic and economic success of the Friendship Highway, established a road-building center for the Thai government. The Australians carried out a \$3 million program to build a large number of all-weather and access roads leading out from the city. The results were surprising.

"We built one 15-mile, all-weather road from the city and discovered that there were 300,000 people in villages who were isolated for three months of every year in the rainy season," the Australian program director told me. "On the old road, it would take five hours to go 15 miles in the dry season. Now the trip takes half an hour. Young people are coming to Khonkaen to go to high school and the university.

People can get to hospitals. The bank managers have been amazed at the tremendous amount of business that has been developed and the money people have brought in to deposit."

From Khonkaen to the Mekong River, highway traffic is light. But as I reached the end of the Friendship Highway, I found that its story had not ended but is just beginning. The new highway is like a great river, and smaller roads taking off from it are like streams which not only feed into it but draw new resources from it. These "streams" reach into the heart of the remote area on the Laos border where communist insurgency is still active and military traffic is heavy. Since the program began in 1965, more than 1600 miles of all-weather roads and 500 miles of pioneer roads have been built. By the end of 1972 there will be a road within three miles of every village of 500 or more population in the entire Northeast.

Behind the bulldozers have come health, education and agricultural services in a government Accelerated Rural Development program, assisted by AID. Enterprising traders with trucks have come too. When one farm-to-market road was poked over two mountain ridges for a distance of five miles, a trader discovered the villagers had 20,000 brooms to sell. The villagers had been making them during the rainy seasons, thinking that

someday they might try to sell them, but the trip over the ridges was too difficult.

In another town, farmers had to travel 20 miles of trail to sell bamboo sprouts for 1/2 cent a pound. When a service road brought the trucks to their door, they sold them for 2 1/2 cents a pound because they could be delivered fresh in an hour or two.

Buses are now running between villages. What this means to the forgotten people of these remote areas is typified by the experience of an old man, the oldest in his small village, who had never left it from the day he was born. He caught the early market bus one morning to a large center, now connected to his village. He had the most remarkable experience of his life. He saw a movie. And he returned to his village the same day. The outing cost him 75 cents—equivalent to a week's income—but no around-the-world tourist ever derived more satisfaction from a journey.

As the villagers realized the benefits the roads were bringing, many were anxious to build their own to help accelerate the "accelerated" program. The headman of a village of 3000 came to Homer Garton, an AID field representative, saying

that his people wanted to build their own seven-mile road and had 700 water buffalo and oxen, but no tools. Garton devised a small scraper that could be made out of old barrels to be pulled by animals to level the road. "It is important to help the villagers to do things themselves," says Garton. "Then they become part of what the government is trying to do."

The roads and rural development programs are demonstrating to the people that constructive actions of the legal government improve their welfare whereas illegal insurgents bring only destruction, death and promises. This is something the peasant can understand. Of equal importance is the fact that the government itself has become enthusiastic about development for the people's sake and not just as a counterinsurgency matter. It has given priority to the overall development of the Northeast and is establishing irrigation, electrical, agricultural, educational and health programs.

Many problems remain to be solved. But the multiple benefits which have resulted from the construction of the Friendship Highway have laid the base for their solution. The road to lasting progress has been built.



Call Order. An unusual routing request received by the Auto Club of Maryland: a member asked to have a route mapped to Florida so that all bridges on the way would be at least 14 feet high. He was pulling a trailer with a giraffe in it.

Points to Ponder

John Prutting, M.D.:

It may seem odd to hear a medical physician speak about such things as love and courage; but, in terms of stress, these are two of the most protective qualities to cultivate. While it's true that the abilities to love and to be brave are formed early in life, it is also true that sometimes, simply by acting, the appropriate emotion will follow. If we are generous and kind toward others, we usually find that we begin to feel good toward them. If we behave with courage, even when we are inwardly afraid, we often feel braver for having acted that way. This is not altruism—this is medical advice.

—With Patricia Curtis in *Family Circle*

Robert F. Goheen, former president of Princeton University:

A saving grace of the adult condition is the capacity to be as amused by one's own follies as by those of others.

—*New York Times*

Joyce Brothers:

The popular idea that females can't keep secrets and males can is a myth. The ability to keep a secret has absolutely nothing to do with sex, some psychologists say. It does have to do with birth order. Experiments have shown that first-born children are best able to keep secrets. Later-born children acquire the habit of running to older siblings with any important news; they never completely lose this inclination.

—*Harper's Bazaar*

Hillel, Jewish teacher famous at the time of Christ's birth:

If I am not for myself, who will be? But if I am only for myself, what am I?

Salvador Dali says Jean Cocteau gave him the best advice on clichés he ever received: "He told me that the man who was the first to say, 'Her cheek is like a rose petal,' was a poet. The second man to say it was an idiot."

—Bob Talbert in *Detroit Free Press*

Konrad Z. Lorenz in *King Solomon's Ring*:

Let us not say to ourselves that we need the dog as a protection for our house. We do need him—but not only as a watchdog. I have often stood in need of my dog's company, and I have derived, from the mere fact of his existence, a great sense of inward security. In the almost film-like flitting-by of modern life, a man needs something to tell him, from time to time, that he is still himself, and nothing can give him this assurance in so comforting a manner as the four feet trotting behind.

—Thomas Y. Crowell

G. K. Chesterton, when he wrote his autobiography near the end of a long and useful life, set himself the task of defining in a single sentence the most important lesson he had learned. He concluded that the critical thing was whether one took things for granted or took them with gratitude.

—James Reston, *Sketches in the Sand* (Knopf)



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From her personal experience, Mrs. Nixon describes the benefits and rewards that come from helping others

FIRST LADY, FIRST VOLUNTEER

*An interview with MRS. RICHARD NIXON
Condensed from the book,
"PEOPLE HELPING PEOPLE"*

Q Mrs. Nixon, why did you, as the nation's First Lady, make volunteer service your special concern?

A. I have always believed that there is nothing that cannot be done by individuals working together and doing their "own thing," no matter how small it seems. If everyone spent just 20 minutes a day helping others, we could change the entire quality of our life.

As you know, we have many serious problems in this country: in deteriorating cities, in health, in education. I feel that individuals working where they are needed, singly or in groups, can often accomplish things that legislation alone cannot. This is where I think I can help, encouraging what my husband has called those "small, splendid efforts" of persons trying to make life



Mrs. Nixon with children and staff at Christamore House, which provides a variety of social services in Indianapolis

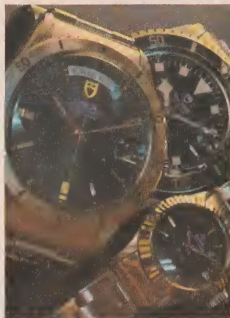
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The Time Of The Tudors

By Rolex of Geneva

A few centuries ago the royal name of Tudor was famous throughout the world. The magnificent Tudor kings and queens ruled England for over 100 years to bring her wealth and happiness, stability and success. They say all the Tudors were perfectionists—they certainly worked hard, and even today the Tudor name means perfection in craftsmanship. Now it's Tudor time again. 1972 brings you a new era of Tudors, an exciting range of watches by Rolex of Geneva destined to be just as renowned as their



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better for others. There is an unusual quality about Americans—we have a long history of helping others.

Q. What are some of the areas where volunteers are needed now?

A. There are hundreds! But, somehow, I always think of a child. He is our future citizen, and anything we can do for him now will improve his chances to lead a more constructive, happier life. We need a great deal of help in the schools with tutoring; or a teaching assistant can relieve the teacher of the responsibility of taking attendance and that sort of thing, freeing the teacher to give more attention to the individual child. I started teaching in 1937. Schools did not have volunteers then, but individual attention was so important. The time spent on a one-to-one basis with children, you know—*love* was what mattered. Letting children know that you cared about them, that you were willing to help them out if they had difficulties—just that you were concerned with them—made all the difference.

I am involved in a program now for the National Reading Council which is trying to do something in this area. The number of our young people who cannot read is astounding—about one in four. In New York City today, about half of the unemployed young read below the fifth-grade level. There are slow readers who get no encouragement at all. Some parents cannot read. Help from volunteers can make a big difference here. The Council's

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right-to-read program needs ten million tutors. So far, I think they've got about a quarter of a million. We are trying to find one tutor for each person who needs help.

Q. At a right-to-read conference in Washington, one speaker said that "too much reliance on volunteers to implement the right-to-read effort can obscure our failure to make a meaningful financial commitment to its goals." How do you feel about that?

A. Even if we had all the money in the world, we couldn't rely on that alone to help these children. People have got to have heart and concern—it's the human, personal involvement that reaches another person. You don't always have to have special skills. Often just knowing how to read is enough. Children need love and encouragement if we are ever going to reach our goal of giving everyone the ability to read and make something of himself.

Q. Would you be in favor of something like a National Service Corps, a universal, compulsory service corps, as has been suggested?

A. No, I would not be in favor of anything compulsory. Government has taken over too much already. I believe, as my husband does, that the responsibility must begin flowing back to the states and to the local level, to the people. Government tends to be cold and impersonal—but these are human problems. People should be challenged, instead, and made to feel like doing something about our problems.

Q. What volunteer role do you see for young people?

A. Quite a large one. In fact, young people are already doing a tremendous job. They're involved in tutoring, in recreation, in care for the aged, the mentally retarded; they help in mental institutions, prisons and courts. Unfortunately, the six percent of the young who demonstrate get the headlines. The others get no notice at all.

Recently, I visited Drake University in Des Moines, Iowa, and out of about 5500 students I found that 450 are involved in the reading program alone. At Michigan State University, there are more than 10,000 volunteers tutoring in Head Start and day-care programs, acting as big brothers or sisters, and doing work in mental institutions. At the University of Colorado, I saw some of the work that students were doing with emotionally disturbed and mentally retarded children—it was remarkable. About a quarter of a million students all across the country are working now as volunteers.

Q. We are told that our high crime rate is due in part to the fact that so many resume a career of crime as soon as they are released from prison. Do you think that volunteers can do useful work in this area?

A. I do. Instead of having a parole officer, a prisoner on parole may be assigned to a volunteer who will befriend him, talk things out with him, help him find a job, transportation—that kind of thing. I think

this is a very important field. People just out of prison have paid for their mistake; they have the same right as anyone else to become part of our society.

Q. What could volunteers do in our decaying cities?

A. A clean-up campaign! As I travel around this country, the amount of trash and litter I see lying in our cities is unbelievable. We could start by mobilizing people in the community, contacting them through neighborhood leaders who know the people, how to work with them, what they're thinking.

People have to want things cleaned up in their own neighborhoods, and they must be willing to help do it themselves before it will begin to happen. I saw one remarkable project when I visited Portland, Ore. Mrs. Viviane Barnett had the imagination to take a vacant lot, full of trash and litter and weeds, and turn it into vegetable gardens. All of the neighborhood families were in on it, working together on the project. And not only did they have fresh food, but the lot became something beautiful, and working together brought the families closer.

In Oregon, I also saw local people undertaking storefront services—nursery schools and schools for illiterate adults. Volunteers were starting right at the basics so that these people could get along, improve the quality of their lives. There are storefront activities now in many cities—for recreation, or



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for reading or for citizen education.

I visited one in Chicago that was staffed by postmen. A postman knows everyone in his delivery area—the families and what they're doing. The National Postal Street Academy Program has set up centers in six cities—Chicago, Detroit, San Francisco, Atlanta, Washington, D.C., and Newark—to train drop-outs, motivate them to acquire skills or to finish their education. So far, they have enrolled more than 1600 between the ages of 16 and 21.

Q. What about volunteers in health?

A. They are needed everywhere. During the war, I volunteered in the Red Cross, and I saw many wonderful volunteers in action. The candy-strippers in the hospitals certainly do a wonderful job—writing letters, doing favors, or just making conversation. Thousands of people are helping the mentally retarded—teaching them to swim and play and speak and read—working with the blind, the handicapped. I saw the volunteer work that our GIs were doing in

the hospitals and orphanages in South Vietnam. It was their own decision to do something—and they were terrific working with the children.

Q. How can people learn where they're needed?

A. In some cities there are clearinghouses—volunteer bureaus for people who do not know how to help. For example, a hospital may need volunteers, and it reports this to the clearinghouse. In Southern California alone there are 17 bureaus. Or you can write to Clearinghouse, National Center for Voluntary Action, 1735 I St. N.W., Washington, D.C. 20006, and get ideas about what others have done throughout the country.

But, you know, you don't need even a specific cause. Anyone can be a volunteer, just by doing a little act of kindness. A smile, a friendly word doesn't take much time—it takes heart. It is the caring for others, the unselfishness that creates the spirit of a nation. As I've said, it's love that counts.

+++++

Selling Strategies

Sign in a busy shoe-shine parlor: "We shine one shoe free." — *Allo 18, France*

A DOVER, N.J., service station gives U.S. postage stamps rather than trading stamps with purchases. The station owner claims it has doubled business.

— *The Wall Street Journal*

ON OUR company bulletin board, an executive listed his six-year-old car for sale. We all knew the car was a lemon, except for an elaborate stereo tape deck recently installed. Nevertheless, he soon found a buyer by offering: "A stereo listening compartment with car-like features."

— *Contributed by Paulette Ladach*

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MALAYSIA: Amateur Photo Stores (M) Sdn. Bhd., 54 Jalan Raja Laut, Kuala Lumpur 64 Bishop St., Penang.

News From the World of Medicine



GET THE TENDERIZER!

A CHEAP and effective antidote for painful insect stings (except in rare cases of serious shock) is readily available in the kitchen, according to a letter in the *A.M.A. Journal* by Dr. Harry Arnold, Jr., a Honolulu dermatologist. His prescription: a quarter-teaspoon of meat tenderizer dissolved in a teaspoon or two of water and rubbed into the skin around the bite. The tenderizer, Arnold explains, contains papain, a protein-dissolving enzyme, which probably breaks down the venom. If applied immediately, Arnold says, it will stop the pain of most insect stings in seconds.

—Time

COMMON COLD OUTWITS VACCINE RESEARCHERS

FOR MANY years after it was proved that the common cold was caused by viruses, scientists hoped to develop a preventive vaccine. Now the National Institute of Allergy and Infectious Diseases has largely given up hope.

"When we started working on the problem," Dr. Dorland J. Davis, director of the Institute, told a Congressional subcommittee in closed-hearing testimony recently released, "we hoped that one or two viruses, or maybe ten, would be the most common causes, and then we might develop a vaccine."

As the years went by, Dr. Davis said, it was found that colds were caused by many different kinds of viruses; an effective vaccine would have to contain killed or deactivated representatives of each type. At present, 113 cold viruses are known—a number that cannot be combined in one or even a reasonably small number of injections. Moreover, Dr. Davis said, some scientists estimate that there may be as many as 100 more cold viruses not yet discovered.

Although the early concept of a vaccine had to be discarded, Dr. Davis said that there is still hope of developing antiviral drugs capable of stopping an infection once it has started.

—Boyce Rensberger in *New York Times*

STRETCH GLOVES RELIEVE ARTHRITIS STIFFNESS

MEN and women with arthritis find significant relief from "morning stiffness" by wearing stretch gloves overnight, according to a Philadelphia rheumatologist, Dr. George E. Ehrlich. He first heard of the idea, says a report in *Medical World News*, when some of his women patients told him that wearing stretch dress gloves during the day made their hands feel so good that they wore them all night. In his study of 56 women patients, he found that for all but three the gloves

A warning to people who use cooking oil that is not polyunsaturated

Oil that is not polyunsaturated could damage your family's health.

You can buy two types of cooking oil. One group, probably including the one you are using now, consists of oils which contain a large amount of saturated fats. These oils include coconut oil, lard and butter.

These oils—with their high content of saturated fats—when eaten could cause a build-up of serum cholesterol in your blood stream. A high blood cholesterol level is frequently associated with thickening of the arteries. Such thickening of the arteries could result in a restricted flow of blood to the heart resulting in heart attacks.

As recently as January 1972, Dr. Christian Barnard was quoted by *Women's Home Journal* as saying "People who eat a diet high in animal fats (which have a high content of saturated fats) have a higher incidence of coronary heart disease than those who don't."

Polyunsaturated Cooking Oil is Good For You

Vegetable oils vary in the amount of saturated fats content. For example, coconut oil is very saturated whereas sunflower seed oil contains a very small amount of such saturated fats. Some vegetable oils contain a lot of the opposite of saturated fats. These are known as 'polyunsaturated' fats—or more often as 'polyunsaturates'.

Polyunsaturated oil does two things:

1. Because it contains very little saturated fats, there is less build-up in your cholesterol level.
2. Because it contains a very high percentage of polyunsaturates, the cholesterol level you may have before taking it is lowered (made safer) because polyunsaturates in your body cancel out the saturated fats. The best, most healthy oil for you to use is Flora which has a lot of polyunsaturates and very little saturated fats.

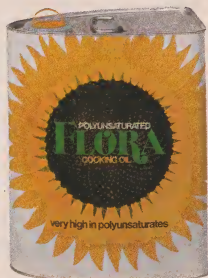
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Malaysia Flora oil. Now you can get a cooking oil which has more natural polyunsaturates than any corn oil or any leading brand of cooking oil available. We hope for your whole family's sake that you will begin to use Flora Polyunsaturated Oil.

If you want to know more about the problems of heart diseases or what you should eat, or why cooking oil is so important, please write to us for our free booklet, "Eat Your Way To Good Health."

Send your name and address to Lever Brothers (M) Sdn. Bhd., Department MR2, 12th Floor, Wisma Damansara, Jalan Semantan, Kuala Lumpur, or call in and pick up a copy.



New FLORA Polyunsaturated Oil - For a longer and more active life.

"completely or markedly reduced morning stiffness." Also, the gloves led to increased grip strength and relief of annoying night-time symptoms such as tingling and the feeling of swelling. Subsequent study has indicated that the idea works well for men, too. Dr. Ehrlich says he does not yet know why the gloves provide relief.

—R. C. Smith in *Today's Health*

SURVIVAL STRETCHER SYSTEM FOR HEART VICTIMS

THE middle-aged male receptionist at the General Motors building in New York City entered the lobby, walked a few feet, then slowly sank to the floor. Within a minute, two guards were bending over him—one applying external massage, the other applying mouth-to-mouth resuscitation. A third, on desk duty, telephoned the company's medical department.

Eight minutes after he collapsed, the heart-attack victim was outside on a stretcher, with an oxygen mask covering his face, a heart-massaging machine on his chest, an electrocardiograph giving readings, and tubes

carrying intravenous medication strapped to one arm. A defibrillator and a pacemaker (to restore the heart's pumping action) and an aspirator (to suction obstructive liquids from breathing passages) were ready for use. An ambulance was at the curb.

A few minutes later, the patient, guards, physicians and nurses returned elated to the lobby. The receptionist had not suffered a heart attack at all. He and the others had been demonstrating the Survival Stretcher System GM has acquired. A compact, lightweight setup on wheels, it is designed to save the lives of heart victims during the most critical period—the first four to six minutes after an attack.

Dr. Nicholas A. Pace, the company's New York City medical director, designed the unit. Baxter Laboratories made it. "Its usefulness is not limited to office buildings or to heart attacks," Dr. Pace says. "It can serve wherever large numbers of people gather—sports stadiums, factories, racetracks, airports." The U.S. Public Health Service has ordered six units, and many corporations have bought them.

Max H. Seigel in *New York Times*

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BY KARL E. KRISTOFFERSON

FIRST VOYAGE TO THE STARS

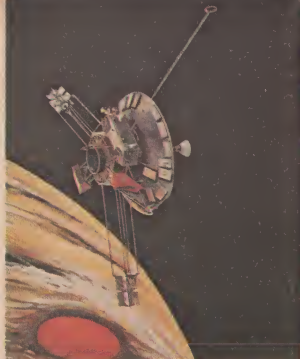
Join Pioneer 10 on the most
fantastic journey ever undertaken.
Destination: Infinity.
Flight time: Forever.

Last March, an odd, saucer-shaped craft vaulted into the sky from Cape Kennedy on a scientific odyssey that boggles the imagination. The 570-pound unmanned spaceship, named Pioneer 10, is off to infinity. After swinging past the giant planet Jupiter, it will charge out of the Solar System into the Milky Way Galaxy. One quad-

trillion, 800 trillion miles later—sometime around the year 8,000,000 A.D.—it will bore into the Constellation of Taurus (the Bull), graze the star El Nath and then plunge blindly into the great galactic veil beyond.

During Pioneer's remarkable transit of the Universe, it will travel farther and faster than any object

ARTIST'S CONCEPT: COURTESY OF NASA



ever made by man. Its nuclear-powered instrumentation will return a wealth of valuable information from the very outposts of the Solar System. And, in case "somebody" out there is watching, it carries a plaque of gold-anodized aluminum which shows the figures of a man and a woman and bears a message describing the Earth and our Solar System, supposedly decipherable by intelligent beings anywhere.

Perhaps someday man himself will follow in Pioneer's footsteps. Until then, however, we can only trace Pioneer's fantastic journey through the eye of the imagination. So, let's imagine—let's step aboard Pioneer 10. What follows is the actual mission profile—but you are there. Next stop: the stars.

It is 8:49 on the evening of March 2, 1972, and the engines of the Atlas-Centaur booster have just rammed you skyward in a fiery spectacle of light and sound. Within minutes you are hurtling away from Earth at a record-breaking 31,000-m.p.h. clip.

For the next two hours, your craft undergoes a series of complicated maneuvers. Small, computer-controlled jets are fired to send the spaceship into a slow turn of five revolutions per minute. This "rotisserie" effect equalizes solar heat on the ship's exterior and allows the

scientific instruments to scan a full circle five times each minute. Next, the automatic navigation system, working in combination with delicate light sensors, executes a triangular lock on the Sun, Earth and the star Canopus, orienting the spacecraft so that its all-important antenna dish faces Earth. You are now irrevocably committed to a complex course computed months earlier by scientists and mathematicians.

Gulping distance in nine-miles-per-second strides, Pioneer takes you past the Moon in a mere 11 hours. Eighty-three days after leaving Earth, you glide past the orbital path of Mars, eclipsing all previous distance marks set by U.S. and Russian spacecraft.

Celestial Shooting Gallery. Approximately 50 days later, nearly 120 million miles from home, your spaceship enters the mysterious Asteroid Belt, a region of rock-like fragments and particles 50 million miles thick. This celestial shooting gallery is thought to consist of many shattered tiny worlds that never combined to form a planet. Although Ceres, the largest of these bodies, has a diameter of 480 miles, the majority are merely boulders, rocks and pebbles trundling through space.

Collision with an asteroid is, of course, a possibility. Even the smallest such fragment, moving at speeds up to 18 miles per second, could completely destroy your ship. But for once the awesome immensity of

space is your ally. It is unlikely that your spaceship and some wandering object would occupy the same point at exactly the same instant. Still . . .

Twelve months after launch, Pioneer emerges from the Asteroid Belt. Earth, a staggering 415 million miles away, has become no more than a bright star in the heavens, while distance has reduced the Sun to a shimmering white disc about the size of a pencil eraser.

Eighteen months into the mission, Jupiter hangs before you like a striped baseball. Your straight-line distance from Earth is now almost a half-billion miles. Put another way, it takes radio signals traveling at the speed of light—186,000 miles per second—45 minutes to reach you.

Nineteen days before Jupiter encounter, your speed, which has dropped off to a modest 23,000 m.p.h., begins to increase again as your ship is slowly sucked in by the planet's massive gravitational field. At a distance of 20 million miles, Jupiter is the most conspicuous object in space. Still, you find it almost impossible to grasp the planet's real size. Here is the second-largest body in the Solar System, with a volume 1300 times greater than Earth's. Against this bulk, all of Earth's continents and oceans would appear no larger than Japan appears on a terrestrial globe. Jupiter's year equals 12 Earth-years, but despite its tremendous girth it rotates so rapidly that a Jovian day ticks off every ten hours.

Nightmare Landscape. As Pioneer sweeps in from Jupiter's sunlit side (at 81,000 m.p.h.), you find it difficult to believe you are not being drawn to your destruction by the gravitational pull. You stare fascinated as the huge curvature of the planet slowly eclipses the bright and tiny Sun. For a few moments, a strange, golden twilight envelops your spaceship; then, suddenly, you are engulfed by the monstrous shadow of the planet. Yet your world is not completely dark. Intermingling rivers of colored gases flow from horizon to horizon, the aftermath of vast disturbances in the planet's atmosphere.

What is it like down there? You can only guess. Several thousand miles beneath the planet's primordial atmosphere of helium, hydrogen, ammonia, methane and water—the chemical soup believed to have produced life on Earth four billion years ago—scientists envision a world of fantastic proportions, a world where atmospheric pressures up to 200,000 times greater than on Earth have fashioned a terrifying landscape of solid-hydrogen continents "floating" on oceans of liquid hydrogen. From this nightmarish caldron, gigantic eruptions spew columns of gases the size of the Pacific Ocean into the surrounding atmosphere, triggering electrical storms of unimaginable fury. It is a hellish world where men and machines cannot venture.

Moving too swiftly to be captured by Jupiter's gravity, Pioneer climbs

KARL E. KRISTOFFERSON has been associated with America's space program since 1963. He heads a team of engineering writers who helped prepare the launch documentation for the Pioneer 10 mission.

straight up the planet's glowing face and crosses the equator into the northern hemisphere. Almost immediately, you observe a bright-orange object racing toward you over the horizon from the planet's sunlit side. This is Io, one of Jupiter's 12 moons. Jupiter's night sky would be a paradise for lovers; but Jovian moonwatchers would need a slide rule to keep track. Eight of the planet's moons move in one direction; four whirl in the opposite direction.

Traversing the back side of Jupiter, you are likely to feel an overwhelming loneliness. The bulk of the planet now lies between you and Earth, cutting off all communication. After an hour that seems an eternity, a band of crimson light rushes at you from far ahead. The crimson turns to pink . . . gold . . . then explodes in a burst of chromatic glory. Moments later, you are heading out of Jupiter's shadows into the light of a new Jovian day. Almost immediately, radio signals from Earth hit the spaceship as it emerges from behind Jupiter, and Pioneer resumes its radio transmissions. Within seconds, the precious cargo of information from Jupiter's back side that Pioneer's instruments and telescopic camera have been gathering is hurtling through space toward Earth.

Avalanche of Data. Now comes a significant maneuver. Having added a portion of Jupiter's orbital speed about the Sun to its own, Pioneer is whipped slingshot fashion back

into space. The precisely planned sequence is absolutely vital for extended journeys into the outer Solar System. At the top of the swing, your speed reaches a fantastic 81,000 m.p.h. Ahead: the cold, lonely domain of the outer planets, and beyond these silent worlds the greatest adventure of all—the galaxy.

Over two years and another half-billion miles still separate you from the next milestone, the orbital pathway of gloriously ringed Saturn. Meanwhile, Pioneer is busy. It detects incoming galactic cosmic rays from sources such as supernovas (exploding stars) and pulsars (collapsing stars). Its magnetometers observe the hurricane gusts of the Sun's solar wind, a million-mile-an-hour blast of hot plasma that bathes the circling planets in high-energy particles. It probes the interplanetary gas for neutral hydrogen atoms, the primordial building blocks of the Sun and planets. Ultraviolet photometers keep watch on starlit cosmic dust and gas. Detectors count the incidence of micrometeoroids and cometary particles. And all the time this treasury of data flows back to Earth at the rate of several hundred bits (numerical units of information) per second.

The raw material contributed by Pioneer will keep scientists busy for years, perhaps decades. Much of it will have immediate application. For example, knowledge of Jupiter's rapidly rotating atmosphere will lead to a better understanding of Earth's atmospheric circulation and

hence its weather cycles. Some of the data will be stored, to be pondered by future generations possessing a more advanced technology. This legacy of Pioneer eventually may help unlock the secrets of creation.

Over four years after lift-off, your spaceship crosses the orbit of Saturn. Radio signals from Earth, a billion miles away, now take hours to reach you. At 1.8 billion miles from Earth, Pioneer passes Uranus. Communication ceases. The distance is too far. Pioneer has become a deaf-mute. Another billion-mile step and you intersect the orbit of Neptune. Earth is no longer visible to the naked eye. The Sun has shrunk to a bright dot.

To the Utmost Fringes. Fifteen years from Earth, Pioneer hurdles the orbit of far-off Pluto. Earth, four billion miles away, is all but forgotten. You have crossed the outer boundary of the Solar System and entered the cold wastes of interstellar space. Behind you, the Solar System of your origin has vanished forever into the velvety blackness of the Universe. The Sun—your sun—is just another twinkling star among 100 billion others in our galaxy.

As you race toward the beckoning giants of Taurus, your mind grapples with the awesome aspects of infinity. In this eternal sameness, your spaceship is like a tiny, complex toy floating inert in the void. Though you are moving at a veloc-

ity of seven miles per second, you have no way of knowing it.

Weeks pass. Months. A year. Then one day Pioneer begins to die. One by one, its atom-powered generators deplete their supply of plutonium-238 dioxide. As the final day grows steadily closer, a profound quiet chills your soul. Now you must contemplate the eternity that yawns ahead.

Inevitably, your thoughts must reach across the chasm of time to the beckoning stars light-years away. How many, you wonder, have solar systems like your own? Surely, in this huge bowl of stars, there must be hundreds, maybe thousands, of Earths inhabited by intelligent beings all asking the same question.

Eighty thousand centuries from now, long after your thoughts are stilled, when man has mastered his solar system or vanished as a species from the Universe, Pioneer's lifeless bulk will intrude into the great star clusters of Taurus. There, near the star El Nath, its first port of call in the galaxy, it may by chance wander into some alien solar system and be captured. Then others may examine the plaque it carries and realize that they are not the only creatures sailing the cosmic sea.

Beyond El Nath? Who knows. But Pioneer is in no hurry. It has all the time there is.



How you use today will determine how tomorrow uses you.

—Quoted by Earl Wilson, Publishers-Hall Syndicate



Drama in Real Life®

Inferno in Farmington No. 9

Condensed from CINCINNATI ENQUIRER MAGAZINE

*LEW WALLACE, Chairman of the History Department,
Northern Kentucky State College*

When the nightmare explosion occurred, 99 men were deep in the coal shafts at work. How to help them out?

AT MIDNIGHT ON Tuesday, November 19, 1968, the "cat-eye" crew of Farmington No. 9 mine, operated by the Mountaineer Division of Consolidation Coal Co., descended to its work deep below ground a few miles from Monongah, W.Va. The shift started with the usual joking and horseplay, with nothing to indicate that this night would be any different from the ones before.

Or perhaps this is not quite true. For every miner, on every shift, carries someplace in his mind an awareness of the bloody history of his

occupation—a chronicle of death, injury and disease, the casualty records so high they can only be guessed. In 1907, a mine at Monongah had exploded, causing the worst mining disaster in U.S. history, with 362 dead. Sixteen had been killed in this very mine in a 1954 explosion; four more in another explosion in 1965. So, every miner takes with him the vague idea that "sooner or later, sometime, someday—but not today, not here..."

By 5 a.m., the crew was well along in its work. Long productive, the mine resembled a city underground,

CINCINNATI ENQUIRER MAGAZINE (OCTOBER 31, '72) © 1992 BY THE CINCINNATI ENQUIRER, 617 VINE ST., CINCINNATI, OHIO 45202

with seven miles of already-worked coal tunnels laid out in symmetrical lanes of access, crisscrossing like city streets. The men were surrounded by safety devices and means of exit. They shared the general impression that Farmington No. 9 was a safe mine, although gassy.

But mining always involves a delicate balance between production and safety. At 5:25 a.m., something happened which threw these factors into deadly imbalance. According to later speculation, some of the crew may have cut into an uncharted gas well. Whatever the cause, whatever the accident, something sparked an explosion of nightmarish proportions.

"Get Out!" Aboveground, the explosion was first a deep and ominous rumble, then a shock wave hurtling through the earth. In Fairmont, 12 miles away, a sleepy motel clerk was rocked forward, then back, in his chair. He thought the back section of the motel had blown up. In other places in the area, most of the day-shift miners were preparing for work. They realized in an instant the meaning of the sound and tremor that reached them. Instinctively, they rushed toward the mine.

By now, No. 9 was an inferno. The fire spread rapidly, feeding on combustible coal dust and methane gas. At the Llewellyn portal, the mine's newest entrance shaft, the fire and heat turned upward, throwing the elevator carriage into the air and concrete blocks onto the parking lot. Lit by flames, smoke

billowed 150 feet into the sky.

Deep underground, the explosion sent ahead small clues: the swish of air and dust, the collapse of power circuits. Nathaniel Stephens, a mainline motorman, was about two miles from the blast's origin. Someone rushed by, telling him to park his buggy and "get out as fast as possible." A 26-year veteran of the mines, Stephens asked no questions. He parked his buggy and ran. In all, 13 miners were able to walk or ride out of the mine comparatively quickly. For others, escape was not so easy.

Nine members of a crew headed by section foreman George Wilson were working near a 600-foot-deep air shaft when a rush of warm air and blinding swirls of coal dust hit them. A quick count showed one man missing, Paul Frank Henderson, who was supposed to be about 1000 feet behind the others. Alva Davis volunteered to go back in search of him. He found only Henderson's dinner bucket and dust mask, so he did the only thing he could think of: writing with his finger in the dust on a coal car, he left word telling where the crew was going, in case Henderson found his way forward. Henderson never did.

Holding onto each other, occasionally hugging one another to keep spirits up, the eight remaining crew members groped their way to the ventilation shaft. They were still far from safe, since no one aboveground knew where they were. Despite their terror, the men showed

presence of mind: knowing that the smallest spark could ignite the gases around them, they chose a piece of wood to pound out a signal on the pipes leading to the surface. Hours passed, and the sound of wood on metal seemed increasingly hollow and dim. Then, suddenly, there was hope. A stream of fresh air came down the shaft, indicating that someone had heard the signal and turned on a ventilating unit. The men's joy was tempered, however, by the fear that they would not be reached in time.

And that, indeed, was a problem. The crew at the top of the shaft had no sophisticated rescue equipment at hand. What they did was to execute a beautifully simple improvisation. A nearby crane was moved to the edge of the shaft, and a bucket was attached to it and lowered to the men below. By twos and threes, the eight men were pulled from the mine. They were exhausted, near shock, and black with coal dust—but they were safe.

Confusion and Curiosity. In the four-hour interval between the original explosion and the rescue of Wilson's crew, affairs aboveground were jumbled and confused. The all-important personnel records, housed in an office beside the wrecked and burning Llewellyn portal, were out of reach. Without them, it was impossible to know how many men were below or where to focus rescue operations. In any case, there was frustratingly little that the hastily assembled rescue

units could do. The intense heat and smoke, the danger from continuing explosions, made any attempt to enter the mine an act of folly.

The rescue teams did what they could, checking portals and air shafts. Duplicate personnel records were located in Mountaineer headquarters; a check on each miner carried on the rolls for the midnight shift indicated that 78 of the shift's 99 men were still underground.

As word of the disaster spread, scores of people began pouring into the area. Miners, law officers and relatives of the trapped men were joined by crowds of others who simply answered the pull of shocked curiosity. The growing numbers of people and cars added to the hazards of the situation. The road leading to the No. 9 slope at Farmington was curved, narrow and hilly, easily jammed. The crowd milling around was in danger from fire, flying debris and further explosions. Arriving newsmen and photographers were discouraged from venturing too close, at first courteously. Later, as tempers shortened and confusion and horror mounted, they were bluntly told to "get the hell out of here."

By Thursday, many high-ranking mining officials, union representatives and politicians had joined local mine officers at the site, including Consolidation Coal's president, John Corcoran. Corcoran was the man who would have to decide when—and if—the mine should be sealed over the men below in order to pre-

vent continued fires and explosions. From the first, his face showed the strain of that awful responsibility. Nearly all of the questions directed to him were about the seal. His answer, repeated again and again: the mine would not be closed as long as there was the slightest hope for anyone below.

Dilemma. As the hours added up to days, relatives watched while roads were built, machinery came in, experts selected sites for sinking bore holes which would determine if the men below were alive. To them, progress seemed agonizingly slow and explanations as to the technical reasons for the slow pace madeningly circular.

On Saturday, November 23, the first really heated exchange broke through the tension. Consolidation Vice President William Poundstone, one of the earliest officials on the scene and sleepless over the long hours, was officiating at the latest in a series of news briefings. While summarizing the course of rescue operations, he was suddenly interrupted by two questions from Tony Megna, brother of one of the missing miners: "Why don't you get more drills in here to contact any miners who may be alive? Or would it cost too much money?"

Visibly shaken, Poundstone replied, "It's not a matter of money, I can assure you." With that he slowly gathered up his notes and, nearly in tears, walked out of the crowded conference room.

Those unaccounted for had now

been in the depths of the mine for more than 80 hours. Privately, the experts in every phase of mine rescue who had arrived at Farmington were pessimistic. At least six miles of the eight-mile mine contained "roaring, raging infernos." Those areas not on fire were filled with deadly smoke, dust and gases.

The dilemma of the mine owners was obvious. How far could one prolong a dangerous crisis without becoming truly irresponsible? Yet how could one close the door on the frail hopes of relatives without appearing oblivious to suffering or seeming to be concerned with saving the mine rather than men?

Siren in the Depths. The devastating power being generated by the fires below had been demonstrated on Friday when two temporary concrete caps—weighing 15 tons each—had been thrown like pebbles out of their shafts. Late that same night, in their efforts to check the fires, officials hit upon the idea of using temporary plugs of crushed limestone. So, a total of 35 truckloads of crushed limestone was dumped into these two shafts. Fortunately, the limestone plugs held.

Late Sunday afternoon, two rescue teams entered the Atha Run portal, fanned out in two directions, and began cautiously exploring the eastern and western parts of the mine. They sounded signal horns and yelled, and then listened. Only the echoes of the horns and of their own voices cut through the ominous silence.

On Wednesday, an explosion hit Mahan's shaft, a portal previously free of violence. Thursday, the rescue teams decided to try one last desperate scheme to reach out to anyone who might still be alive. They lowered a siren into a bore hole drilled into a tunnel where men were known to have been working. The siren was turned on, and for 20 minutes the huge Dantesque caverns below were filled with its eerie scream. The crews then lowered a light and a microphone down the hole. For two hours the men at the top waited. Knowing that these moments marked the end of the line for the miners below, they willed the sound of a voice or the knock of a signal. They heard only the steady drip of water falling from the bottom of the bore.

In the nine days since the initial explosion, 20 major explosions and many smaller disturbances had ripped through Farmington No. 9. The last one came on Friday, November 29. Late that day, President Corcoran walked into the local James Fork Church and told the assembled families of the doomed min-

ers that he had to seal off the mine. Some accepted the dreaded decision in stoic sorrow. Most could not, and Corcoran himself was rent with emotion. A minister started a prayer. He never finished. His words were drowned out by the inconsolable weeping that filled the small church.

On Saturday morning, November 30, ten days after it all began, the last seal was in place. And so 78 miners of the cat-eye crew of Farmington No. 9 had started an eight-hour shift and had stayed for the long season of death.

Across the country, Americans responded to the disaster with a quick sense of horror, with sympathy for the victims, and charity for the survivors. And with the constructive thought that someone should do something about such situations. Of the fact that the real crisis was not the exploding mine but the complicated social and economic problems that created the conditions under which miners work, they were unaware. Thus they would be prepared to respond with a similar quick sense of horror and sympathy to the next crisis. And the next.



Kid Bits

OUR youngest child had to have a physical examination before entering school. The doctor asked him, "Do you have any trouble with your ears or nose?" "Yes," he replied. "They are always in the way when I take off my T-shirt."

—Mrs. Harry Wilbourn in *Grit*

A KINDERGARTNER arrived in school for the first day with this note attached to her jacket: "The opinions expressed by this child may not necessarily be those of her family."

—Arnold Fine in Brooklyn, N.Y., *Jewish Press*



BY GEORGE H. GALLUP

What Young Americans Believe—And Why

"It's one of the most revealing studies we've done in a decade," says our best-known poll-taker

THOSE of us who have certain fixed ideas about youth in this age of highly publicized protest and conflict had better be prepared to revise our views. For example, would you say that the young have considerable disdain for the forces of law and order? *Not* so. The FBI wins highest praise from well over half of the young people we interviewed. And the police

GEORGE H. GALLUP, founder and director of the American Institute of Public Opinion, is author of *The Pulse of Democracy, Guide to Public Opinion Polls*, and the recent *The Sophisticated Poll Watcher's Guide* (Princeton Opinion Press).

fare well among young non-whites.

Another eye-opener: Our interviewers asked for reactions to 11 well-known individuals—Senators Muskie, Humphrey and Kennedy, President Nixon, Fidel Castro, John Lindsay, Billy Graham, General Westmoreland, Vice President Agnew, Ralph Nader and George Wallace. The winner (who rated "highly favorable" with 44 percent and "highly unfavorable" with five percent): Billy Graham. The loser (with only one percent "highly favorable" and 48 percent "highly unfavorable"): Fidel Castro.



This is only a small sampling of the surprising, puzzling and occasionally disturbing answers revealed during an exhaustive recent study undertaken by our polling organization on the attitudes of men and women of ages 16 through 29. The survey covers the full range of youth—college students and graduates, and non-college individuals (more than two thirds of today's 20- and 21-year-olds do not attend college); black, white; left, middle, right. It has turned out to be one of the most revealing we have done in the last decade.

Contradictions. Our survey shows that contradictions frequently crop up in the attitudes of the young. For example, one young American

out of every seven—or 14 percent—could be described as a "militant leftist." Furthermore, one of every nine said he would like to leave the United States and spend the rest of his life in another country. Yet we also discovered that 72 percent of this entire 16- through 29-year-old group give the United States a "highly favorable" rating. And slightly over two thirds of our young believe that America is "the land of opportunity" where anyone "can get ahead if he wants to."

The Vietnam war is unquestionably unpopular, with 71 percent saying that our entry into that conflict was a mistake. Moreover, the college-educated group of today has developed such a strong anti-war sentiment that 37 percent approve the action of young men who have left the United States to avoid military service. Among all young persons, including non-college, 27 percent approve, but a substantial 63 percent disapprove.

Youthful contradictions regarding military spending and foreign policy are particularly apparent. A majority—56 percent—favor cutting defense expenditures, while among the college-educated 68 percent advocate this step. But both college and non-college young decisively express their desire to keep the United States militarily as strong as Russia. The survey further indicates that while our young have no love for the Soviet Union—only four percent give it a "highly favorable" rating—

62 percent say they have less fear of the U.S.S.R. as they get older.

Interestingly, we found that majorities of every age group, including those of differing political views, college and non-college, white and non-white, would approve a law requiring every man to spend one year in some form of service to the nation—either in the armed forces or in such public-service areas as conservation, hospital work, VISTA, the Peace Corps. Most surprising of all, when men are presented with these alternatives, nearly four in ten opt for military service. Under such a law, it would appear that the armed services could fill their requirements without resort to the draft. (About one fourth of all the males we interviewed had served in the military forces, and of them nearly three out of four said it was "good for me.")

Business, Labor, Politics. How do America's young assess business and labor? Business earns only a 27 percent "highly favorable" rating; an even lower 24 percent voted "highly favorable" for the unions. Asked if they felt that the government should place stricter controls on business, 49 percent said yes, 41 percent said no. In the case of labor unions, a higher percentage—57 percent—favored stricter controls, while 34 percent disagreed. Oddly enough, the extreme left holds virtually the same views with respect to more government control over unions as does the extreme right.

In the business area, an interest-

ing situation emerges. Ralph Nader rated fourth on our individual poll, behind Billy Graham, Senator Kennedy and President Nixon in that order. And ironically, General Motors—which has been the object of numerous attacks by Nader—comes out almost exactly where he does in popularity, rating a 27 percent "highly favorable."

Although neither of the major political parties evoked great enthusiasm, the young are slightly more inclined toward the Democratic side than their parents. Our respondents reported that their parents were 42 percent Democratic, 27 percent Republican. When asked, "If you had to make a choice, which party would you prefer to work for in the coming Presidential election?" 27 percent picked the Republican Party, 50 percent the Democratic.

Behind the Views. These are some of the specific findings of our questionnaire. To gain an insight into the "why" behind these views, we asked questions about family background, behavior and life-style, and studied these answers with particular attention to the differences between the extreme left and the extreme right.* By this technique I believe we uncovered many facts

*These extremes were identified by interviewees' answers to certain key questions. For example, the "extreme left" indicated approval of those who have quit the United States to avoid military service. The "extreme right" said they approved sending U.S. troops into Mexico if a communist group ever tried to overthrow the government there.

about our young not established by previous studies.

Young people, we found, tend to think as their parents do, especially if they love and respect them. Those young persons who have adopted far-to-the-left political views usually hold their parents in relatively low esteem. The evidence: only 54 percent of the extreme left give their fathers a +5 ("like very much") on our sentiment scale, while 58 percent of their mothers receive +5. Fifty-five percent of the extreme-left group report that there has been "friction" with their parents, compared with a 26 percent figure for those in the extreme-right group.

Among young people who make up the far left, only 41 percent regard themselves as "very happy," in contrast to 68 percent on the far right who feel that way. When asked, "What does happiness mean to you?" those on the extreme right think first of family life; those on the left think first of "peace of mind." Family, in fact, rates fourth with the latter group, behind peace of mind, freedom, and getting along with and helping others.

So we are led to conclude that a happy family life, or the lack of it, must be regarded as an important factor in determining a young person's political views. Furthermore, home discipline seems to be a major factor influencing this contrast in political views and contentment. For example, 23 percent of those in the left group say their parents were "not very" strict. Only eight percent

of those at the extreme right make this response.

The influence of schools and teachers on the political views of young voters is difficult to measure, but our questions do shed light on this. For example, those who have attended college, when compared with those of the same age group who have not, consistently take a more liberal-radical view. More would oppose sending troops to combat a communist takeover by arms of Mexico (44 percent to 29 percent). By a vote of 42 percent, they say that the communists pose "not very much" or "no" threat to the United States, while just 17 percent of non-collegians vote that way.

A total of 38 percent indicate that their teachers have influenced their political views. And when this college group is asked, "In what direction—toward the liberal left or the conservative right?" more than two out of three say "left."

Both Sides. Out of our analysis of attitudes, at least two general conclusions seem warranted:

1. The general trend toward the Democratic Party and the political left will probably continue during the foreseeable future. The Republican Party will continue in its minority status; in fact, the lead of the Democrats is likely to increase.

2. Even after the Vietnam war ends, our intervention in that conflict will influence the attitude of the young with respect to national security and the military establishment. Thus it will be progressively

more difficult to obtain defense appropriations of a size comparable to those of the past.

What can be done to bring the forces of left and right into better balance throughout the country? The responses of the young point the way. All the groups that we questioned, including both extremes, accept the principle that "high schools and colleges have a responsibility to see that students are presented with both sides when political issues are discussed." In not one of the groups was the vote in favor of this principle less than 87 percent. Moreover, the same agreement was found with respect to textbooks and reading matter used in courses that deal with political and social problems. The percentage of those who agree that "both liberal and conservative viewpoints should be presented" was also in the high 80s.

On a far tougher, more revealing question, a majority agreed with the

principle of maintaining ideological balance. The question was: "In colleges where a majority of the professors in the social sciences are conservative or liberal, should the next professors appointed be of the opposite view—assuming that they are equally qualified to teach?" The vote was 54 percent "yes," 27 percent "no."

The important fact is that young Americans accept the general principle that students should be exposed to both conservative and liberal viewpoints—with the opportunity and the right to make up their own minds on the basis of a full and fair presentation of both sides of political issues. This is a challenge from the young that our institutions of higher learning must now soberly consider—and act upon forthwith—if we are to have a truly informed electorate capable of making intelligent judgments in the critical years ahead.

Travel Log

A MAN who spent his vacation touring the country with his family was asked if they'd passed through much beautiful scenery. "We must have," he replied. "After all, we averaged 500 miles a day!" —*Sunshine Magazine*

It is always a heartwarming moment when tourists find something in common, such as that they grew up in the same zip code.

—Quoted in Jamaica, N.Y., *Long Island Press*

RETURNED travelers report an exciting vacation during which they witnessed or participated in two power outages, three air-pollution alerts and an oil slick.

—Bill Vaughan in *Kansas City Star*

AN AMERICAN, returning from rainy England, told friends, "It's a great country, but it sure needs a roof."

—Earl Wilson, *Publishers-Hall Syndicate*

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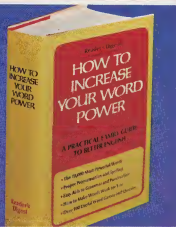
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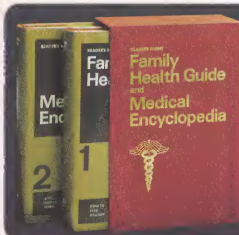
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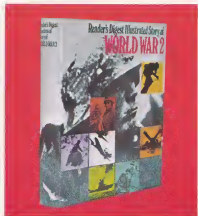
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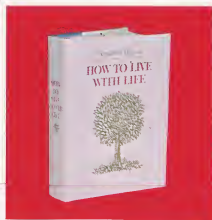
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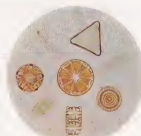
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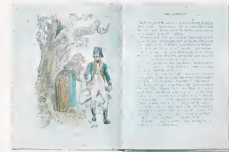
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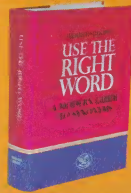
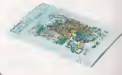
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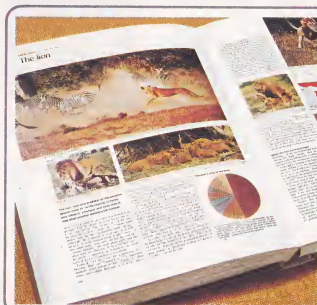
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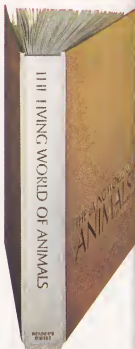
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At 5:32 on a chilly afternoon last November, the telephone rang on the desk of Ted Jones,* a special agent attached to a branch of the U.S. Strike Force Against Organized Crime. When Jones picked it up, a vibrantly husky voice whispered, "I've got something important to tell you."

"Okay," said Jones. "Meet me in the bar across the street."

Twenty minutes later, a long-legged, dark-haired girl joined Jones

in a booth and they clasped hands like lovers. Leaning forward as though about to kiss him, the girl whispered, "The bonds have been picked up in St. Louis. About \$20 million worth. They're coming in here for a big buy of raw junk. I'll tell you when as soon as I get the word."

"If they catch you, they'll kill you," Jones warned her.

"We made a deal," the girl said firmly. "You stick to your end, and I'll stick to mine."

The woman was Nina Bertrand, ostensibly the girl friend of Frank Lee, one of the top national fences of stolen securities. Nina had come to Jones shortly after her husband, a fringe employe of a hot-money ring, had gone to the penitentiary for a crime that he had committed under threat of death by his employers. She had read in a newspaper that the Justice Department had sent a strike force to her city empowered to grant government witnesses immunity, and to protect them and their families by relocation under new identities if their testimony placed their lives in danger.

Visiting her husband in prison, Nina attempted to convince him that only by testifying against his former associates could he gain freedom and a chance at a new life. Fearful of violent reprisal, he refused.

Desperate to get her husband out, and certain that by associating with Frank Lee she could herself obtain

*Most names and places in this article have been disguised for security reasons.

enough information to become a government witness, Nina boldly told Frankie that she would become his mistress. Then she called Jones.

Daily, at the risk of her life, Nina piled up evidence from her position in the heart of the gang. The Justice Department lived up to its end of the bargain, planning a new identity for Nina, her husband and her two children and their relocation hundreds of miles away after the trial.

When Nina told Jones that the \$20 million in bonds taken from a Wall Street bank were en route, the strike force was ready. As the courier got off the plane, he was arrested, and federal agents took Frankie and four other members of the gang into custody. At their trial, at which Nina was the key witness, every defendant was convicted.

"You are the bravest woman I've ever met," Jones told Nina before she stepped into a car driven by a U.S. marshal—and vanished. Where to? Only her family—and the U.S. government—know for sure.

The government has, over the years, relocated an occasional star witness to ensure his protection. Joe Valachi, for instance, was taken from the federal penitentiary in Atlanta in 1962 to a jail near New York, when he agreed to cooperate with federal officials and subsequently exposed the inner workings of the Cosa Nostra. But it took the Organized Crime Act of 1970 to make the practice widespread. Un-

der its provisions for elaborate safeguarding of witnesses who testify against organized crime, more than 200 witnesses have been assisted, by being relocated, or given new identities, or both. In the last two years, the Justice Department, via its 18 strike forces throughout the country, has indicted 196 high-echelon members of organized-crime syndicates and has obtained 85 convictions.

Witnesses have been businessmen whose failures or fondness for gambling have led them to the loan sharks, mobsters out to get revenge on former associates, or convicted criminals who want to get a reduction of sentence. John Bartels, former chief of the New Jersey strike force, says, "The Mafia code of silence is a myth. When the squeeze is on, they end up by being as willing to talk as anyone."

Take mobster Vinnie Teresa, who in 1969, was sentenced to 20 years for interstate transportation of stolen securities. He took this imprisonment stolidly until word reached him that his wife and children, supposedly being cared for by his associates, were being neglected. Then he became a government witness, was given a reduced sentence and, after parole, was relocated with his wife and children, given a new name and protection. Using Teresa's testimony, the federal government got 33 indictments and convicted 30 defendants.

Protection for a witness like Teresa starts immediately. This, plus the establishment of absolute secre-

cy about a witness's new name and home after a case is closed, is what has made the Justice Department program so effective.

Linchpin of the program is Gerald Shur, the stocky, bespectacled Chief of Criminal Intelligence in the Department of Justice. Shur has developed the care and handling of witnesses into an art. The moment a potential witness comes to the attention of one of the Department's strike forces, his story is expertly probed by a strike-force attorney for its truth and value, the possibility that the witness may crack under savage cross-examination, and the potential danger that the witness and his family will face as a result of testimony.

If the attorney and Shur concur about the witness's usefulness and consequent jeopardy, Shur places the witness and his family under the immediate protection of the U.S. Marshal Service, which moves them either to one of the maximum-security reserves maintained by the Justice Department or to another specially selected spot where they can be guarded around the clock. If the witness is already in prison, he is moved to a maximum-security facility. At the same time, Shur recommends to Henry Petersen, assistant attorney general of the criminal division, that the U.S. Marshal Service take the witness under the program.

Shur insists that the witness brief his family on his decision. "After the initial shock has worn off," says

Shur, "this ensures that everyone will work together and that all cards will be on the table. Wives tend to be understanding, realizing that it's a chance for a new life."

As soon as the decision to accept the witness's testimony is taken, Shur's team of intelligence coordinators dissects it. As closely guarded as the vaults of Fort Knox, the information is cross-referenced, computer-filed and checked for possible leads involving other syndicate figures and cases. Federal marshals are dispatched to seal off all leads that might reveal the witness's location: bank accounts are withdrawn to be deposited under new identities; children's school records are picked up and expertly altered; automobile titles and licenses are modified; new Social Security numbers and cards are issued under new names (which retain all benefits). All mail in and out is re-routed through special postal addresses, and household goods are moved to secret facilities to be held until final relocation.

The most difficult problems in relocation are those of psychological and economic nature faced by the witnesses and their families after they have been uprooted. To reduce this trauma, the U.S. Marshal Service tries to make certain that city people are not placed in the country or vice versa, and that job opportunities—carefully cultivated by Shur in secret meetings with top business executives—open to the witness provide as fair a chance for

advancement as possible. "Our biggest plus," says Shur, "is that America is a mobile country in which 13 percent of the population moves each year—and no one in a rapidly changing community is likely to ask too many questions when a new family moves in."

Although Shur makes all decisions about recommendations for relocation and change of identity, his own position is so sensitive that, by arrangement with the U.S. Marshal Service, in no case is he ever told the final identity and place of relocation chosen for a witness. He points out that if such knowledge were entrusted to any one person, it could endanger the security of the entire program. Says Shur, "The U.S. Marshal Service has put forth a remarkable effort, the success of which can be measured by the fact that not a single witness under the program has been harmed."

Many cases of successful rehabilitation have resulted from the program. One relocated witness barely avoided nomination as a Junior Chamber of Commerce "Man of the Year," an honor that would have blown his cover. And there's Joseph

Anthony, a young man from a major Eastern city who helped send a top Mafioso to prison.

Joe, who started in his teens as a numbers runner in his mother's candy store, had graduated by the time he was 23 to running a big-time numbers drop behind the front of a laundry. His take came to the attention of one of the Mafia "families," who greedily decided to cut themselves in. Running short on cash and unable to pay off his customers, Joe borrowed money from Mafia loan sharks at such exorbitant rates that he was squeezed dry. Caught between his threatening customers and the mob, he bought a rifle, determined to blow his brains out. His wife persuaded him to talk to the police instead.

Relocated after the trial that sent the Mafioso to prison, Joe has made good. Last Christmas, a large envelope arrived at one of the mail drops used by relocated witnesses to keep in touch with the Justice Department. Inside was a picture of Joe, his wife and family and a note: "I am sending this because it is the only way we can all say Thank You and Merry Christmas, Joe."



Cram Session

SOLD a large Oriental rug to two young men, who came for it in a Volkswagen. I doubted that they could get it into the small car, but they folded it to a size approximating the back seat and managed to cram it in. Whereupon one of them turned elatedly to me and said, "I guess that's what you would call 'snug as a rug in a bug!'"

—Contributed by Mrs. J. W. White

By GRACE NAIMSMITH

The Plain Truth About VD

"Historically, America has told youth about venereal disease in vague sign language. Now, let's tell it the way it is . . . in simple words. The Reader's Digest is to be commended for publishing this forthright article." —BRUCE WEBSTER, M.D.

President of the American Social Health Association; chairman of the National Commission on Venereal Disease

From July 1970 through June 1971 alone, there were 624,371 new cases of gonorrhea reported by U.S. public-health officials, plus 23,336 new cases of syphilis. These frightful figures represent only the tip of a fast-growing iceberg. For although all states require physicians to report venereal-disease cases to public-health authorities, only a fraction—perhaps fewer than one out of five—are actually reported. Which could mean that our VD epidemic is now reaching more than 2.5 million Americans annually.

Shocking—yes. But shouting headlines and uncomfortable statistics seem to mean little until you or someone you love contracts syphilis or gonorrhea. Then, suddenly, you want to

know all about VD. In this first article of a two-part series, The Reader's Digest presents some basic information on these diseases.

YOU'RE a girl, 18, and you love to play tennis. Coming from the court one day, you suddenly have an awful stomachache. You feel nauseated and throw up. Your mother calls the doctor. You have a fever. Your white blood count is high. The right side of your abdomen feels tender and swollen. The doctor thinks you may have appendicitis and that pus has spilled out and produced peritonitis. You are rushed to the hospital and operated on. There

is nothing wrong with your appendix, but the Fallopian tubes leading to your ovaries are "red hot."

You have gonorrhea. You won't believe it. Only once had you let your boy friend go beyond the point of petting. But diagnostic tests show gonococcal pelvic inflammatory disease. The infection has marched straight up through your vagina, through the uterus, through the Fallopian tubes, into the right ovary.

Sure, penicillin—or some other kind of medication—can kill the infection. But your tubes are swollen and scarred. The doctor says you may not ever be able to have a baby. As you lie in your hospital bed, you wish your father wouldn't come to see you—the pain in his eyes is worse than the pain in your side. You had been afraid you might become pregnant after that "one-night stand," but you had menstruated since and thought you were safe. You never once thought about VD.

Gonorrhea, according to Dr. Nicholas J. Fiumara, director of the Division of Communicable & Venereal Diseases of Massachusetts' Department of Public Health, is the most common cause of "acute" abdominal pain in girls between the ages of 15 and 25. This inflammation of the Fallopian tubes is called salpingitis. About eight percent of girls who have it will develop complications that require surgery.

You're a boy, 19, and you like sport cars and rock music. And girls.

About a week after a party, you

discover that when you urinate you have a burning sensation in your penis. It hurts so much that you try to avoid relieving yourself. When you can wait no longer, you turn pale with pain. Tears come. There is a pus-like discharge.

You don't want to tell your family doctor; he might tell your parents. After a few days of hell, you seek out a doctor in another part of town.

One of your sperm ducts has become infected, the doctor reports. The *vas deferens*, he calls it. "You should have had a shot of penicillin long before now," he says.

An operation is necessary, in a hospital. It is awkward, having your parents know, and you don't dare see the girl. Besides, you aren't even sure which girl might have given you gonorrhea. Some gift!

Gonorrhea gets passed back and forth like a football. Not long ago, for example, a Los Angeles high-school football team "went sour." The players couldn't win. They felt sluggish, dokey. A public-health officer became suspicious and found that nine members of the team had gonorrhea. They were treated immediately—and successfully. It wasn't so easy to track down the other 39 boys and girls who had contracted the disease from them, but it had to be done.

YOUR HUSBAND is a successful young executive. You live in a pretty house in a "respectable" community and belong to an exclusive country club.

You're pregnant, and having that first baby by the man you love is everything you want in this world.

At last, the nine months are up. It's a boy! But within 72 hours his eyes become red and swollen-shut with a gonococcal infection he caught in your birth canal. Fortunately, treatment saves the baby from blindness. But the shock to you is almost unbearable.

Where could you have contracted gonorrhea? Your husband knows. He thought he had been pretty choosy about his extra-marital sex partners. He hadn't.

Most women don't know when they get gonorrhea, for the symptoms don't show on the external genital areas as they do in men, nor is there often any discharge or irritation. The germs are hidden inside, waiting to destroy. Waiting to be passed on.

You're a 13-year-old girl. You have gonorrhea, the school nurse says. VD. The nurse knows because a boy in school told her where he got the "drip." You don't even know what VD is. You see, only an inadequate sex-education course is taught in this suburban town outside New York City. You learned about sex itself when a boy pushed you down in the bushes. It felt good, and now you're the most popular girl in your class. And spreading germs throughout the school.

The school nurse explains as best she can, and sends you to a private doctor. (There is no public-health

clinic worth mentioning in the entire county.) The doctor cures you of the disease that you didn't know you had, and sends you back to school. Nobody there tries to make clear to you what has happened, because they aren't supposed to. But they do try to find out the names of all the boys who've taken you out in the bushes. And who now have the "drip."

That's the way it is in this suburb, a prosperous one. In the big cities, the story of this girl and these boys is multiplied thousands of times. The U.S. Venereal Disease Branch of the Center for Disease Control in Atlanta reports that VD rates in "inner cities" are 10 to 12 times as high as in other parts of the country. The rate of increase in gonorrhea alone during the past year was 15 percent. U.S. taxpayers laid out \$32.5 million in 1969 to support the thousands of syphilis in our mental hospitals. We spent \$4.7 million in 1969 just for the syphilitic blind.

You look in on a venereal-disease clinic in St. Louis—the only public-health clinic in the city in which VD is diagnosed and treated. Most of the "visitors" are boys. They have come because they have, they say, the "drip." They are called by number—no names. No reports to family, doctor, school or boss. And no charge. Almost all states now have laws that permit minors to be treated without parental consent.

As the boys enter the doctor's office individually, their fears begin

to show. Their eyes seek a large, colored picture on the wall showing some of the symptoms of untreated VD: the chancre (pronounced "shanker") of primary syphilis, a reddish lesion, button-shaped, usually on the penis, which shows up from 10 to 90 days after sexual contact with someone infected with

syphilis. Another picture shows the rash of secondary syphilis on the chest of a sailor, humorless under a tattooed cupid. The most frightening picture shows a man in the final stages of syphilis—his body covered with sores, his joints swollen painfully and deformed, his brain useless. The boys are fascinated, and

What You Should Know About VD

Syphilis

Q. Can you get syphilis from kissing?

A. The most common way to get syphilis is through sexual intercourse. But if the person you kiss happens to have the infection in his mouth, you can get it, too.

Q. Can a person get syphilis from a toilet seat?

A. No. And you can't get it from using someone's comb, or from holding hands.

Q. If a condom is used, am I safe?

A. You're safer than if you don't use one, because you avoid contact of penis and vagina. But it is no sure guarantee against infection.

Q. Is there anything else I can do to protect myself?

A. Wash your genital area with soap and water before and after intercourse. That goes for your partner, too. This will reduce the chance of infection.

Q. How would I know if I had it?

A. In the first stage, a woman may have a painless sore in or near the vagina. A male may have a hard, painless sore on the penis. Or the chancre can sometimes appear on the lips or in the mouth or around the rectum.

Q. What are the signs of the second stage of syphilis?

A. A common sign is a rash all over the body, which may appear in a few weeks. There can be other signs, too—such as lesions in the mouth, or a rash on the hands and feet rather than the body.

Q. What can syphilis do to me if it is not treated?

A. It can destroy the cells in your brain, or ravage your spinal cord, or damage your heart and blood vessels. In other words, it can drive you insane, paralyze you or cripple you.

Q. You can't die from syphilis, can you?

A. Fifteen to 25 percent of victims of untreated syphilis die prematurely.

Q. If a pregnant woman has syphilis, will her baby be born with the disease?

A. If she doesn't get treated, syphilis may cause a stillbirth. If she does have the baby, the odds are that it will carry the infection.

Q. Isn't syphilis a simple thing to cure?

A. Yes—especially in the early stage. A series of penicillin shots is all it takes,

horror-stricken. They ask questions by the dozen before going into the treatment room for the penicillin which will, if given in time, prevent the tragic sequence of both syphilis and gonorrhea. If given in time.

Alas, many of the boys treated today will be back next week, or the week after. Their girl friends will

have given them a return ticket to the VD clinic. You see—it's free.

In a forthcoming issue, The Reader's Digest will look at causes behind the spiraling VD epidemic, and at what is being done about it.

For information on reprints of this article, see page 36

provided you take the number of injections required. The trouble is, a lot of people don't bother to get them, because they don't know they have syphilis. Or, if they do take the injections, they don't finish the series.

Q. Once you're cured, do you become immune to syphilis?

A. No. Having syphilis once is no guarantee that you won't get it again.

Gonorrhea

Q. How do you get gonorrhea?

A. The same way you get syphilis. Through sexual contact with someone who has the disease.

Q. What are the signs in a male?

A. He usually gets a painful, burning sensation when he urinates, and a yellow-white discharge from his penis.

Q. What are the signs in a female?

A. Four out of five women who have gonorrhea show no immediate signs at all.

Q. What can gonorrhea do to me?

A. If you don't get treatment, it can damage you in a lot of different ways. If you're a male, it can injure your sperm ducts. If you're a female, it can injure your Fallopian tubes. In both cases, it can make you sterile. If you have the germs on your hands and accidentally rub your eyes, you could find yourself with a bad eye infection. It can also lead to a crippling form of arthritis or heart disease.

Q. How long does it take for gonorrhea to appear?

A. Three to five days after contact.

Q. If I am cured of gonorrhea, can I get it again?

A. You can get it again and again. There is no immunity against gonorrhea.

Q. If I have VD, what should I do about others who may be infected?

A. If you have been diagnosed and are undergoing treatment for VD do *not* conceal the names of your sex partners—you are not doing them any favor. Early diagnosis and treatment are important; so, names and addresses should be given to medical and public-health workers. It's their job to give confidential treatment for VD and to help stop the spread of the disease.

Personal Glimpses

ASTRONAUT John Young learned, on his return from the moon, that a Georgia Tech professor had petitioned the university to erase a D he had given Young some 20 years ago and to replace it with an A, since the astronaut-to-be had had excellent grades otherwise. Young wrote to the professor: "Thank you for the Mech 302 grade-change consideration. Unfortunately, I can assure you that the D grade was earned fair and square. Therefore I would appreciate it if you would let the grade remain a D."

"It would grieve me considerably to think that Georgia Tech was getting soft or that Tech professors ever made 'errors in judgment' that they would admit to anyone. After all, Georgia Tech is an outstanding—but tough—engineering institute.

"Yours for keeping it that way. Warm regards, John Young."

—Hugh Park in *Atlanta Journal*

SHARON PERCY ROCKEFELLER, daughter of Republican Sen. Charles Percy of Illinois, and wife of West Virginia's Secretary of State, Democrat Jay Rockefeller, considers herself a "true Democrat." She says that her father would never try to bring her back into the fold, but has not given up on his grandchildren. When Sharon's now two-year-old son, Jamie, was born, Percy sent the baby a present with this note: "Your Republican precinct captain is as close as the nearest telephone."

—Kandy Stroud in *W*

PIANIST Artur Rubinstein is fascinated by audience reactions. What he considers as perhaps his greatest success with the public took place on an occasion when an audience overflow was accommodated by chairs on the platform. At the end of the program, he gave several encores, retiring backstage after each. "After the last one," he recalls, "I was passing through the crowd seated on the stage to take another bow, and there was an old lady in one of the aisle seats trying to get up and put on her coat. Well, I was born in Poland, you know, where one is very polite toward ladies. So I just stopped a moment and helped her on with her coat." He grinned. "And I had the greatest ovation of my life! Much more than for my playing."

—G. M. Loney in *The Saturday Evening Post*

FOOTBALL coach Joe Paterno, whose Penn State teams have had records second to none—including winning streaks of 15 and 31 games—said, "I like the idea of Saturday-morning classes. It takes their minds off football. I tell the kids, 'Enjoy yourself.' There is so much besides football. Art, history, literature, music, politics, the changing society. I consider football just another extracurricular activity, like debating, the band, or anything else on campus. It should never be taken out of that context. When a kid takes a look around Penn State and says, 'Gee, there's nothing to do,' I tell him I suppose there was nothing for

the Romantic poets to do in the Lake District of England."

—Cleveland Amory in *Saturday Review*

WHEN Charlie Chaplin met Albert Einstein, he asked the scientist to discuss his theory of relativity. Einstein suggested that it would not be proper to try to explain it just then. "It would be," he said, "as if I were to ask you to do some acting for me right now. You probably couldn't do it."

For the next hour, however, Chaplin expounded in mystical terms on mathematical theories until the confused Einstein was exhausted. The next morning, a messenger brought Einstein a photo of Chaplin, inscribed: "To a great mathematician. I hope you liked my acting."

—Leonard Lyons

In his younger days, French painter Maurice Utrillo drank heavily. Every time he went on a bender, he would get in a brawl and the police would cart him off, kicking and punching, to jail. They would release him after he sobered up, but in a week or two the scene would be replayed.

At first, the painter and the constabulary were antipathetic, but as the years passed, their attitudes softened. Utrillo permitted himself to be led away without a struggle, and the police came to regard him as a guest rather than an inmate. They also kept a supply of paints and brushes at the jail so he could continue his work during his incarceration. Utrillo knew he had really won them over when they reserved a cell for him with a north light!

—E. E. Edgar

PERSONAL GLIMPSES

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ELEANOR ROOSEVELT was sometimes humorous about what was required of the wife of a public man—especially when he was campaigning for office: "Always be on time. Never try to make any personal engagements. Do as little talking as humanly possible. Never be disturbed by anything. Always do what you're told to do, as quickly as possible. Remember to lean back in a parade so that people can see your husband. Don't get too fat to ride three on a seat. Get out of the way as quickly as you're not needed."

—Joseph P. Lash, *Eleanor and Franklin* (Norton)

PRODUCER Jules Dassin once submitted a play to Katharine Hepburn. She read it, then went to her desk and wrote: "My dear Mr. Dassin: Thank you so much for sending me this fascinating play. I found it most interesting, but unfortunately . . ."

She stopped, offended by her false tone, and began again: "Dear Jules Dassin: Try as I will, I cannot make head or tail of this confusing manuscript . . ." She stopped again and tried once more: "Mr. Dassin: This is the most idiotic and depressing piece of claptrap I have ever . . ."

No, she had gone too far, she thought. Finally: "Dear Mr. Dassin: I am grateful to you for thinking of me, but I am not available . . ." No, again. Why lie?

Later, she told friends of her struggle to find the proper response. Asked what she finally decided, she said, "Oh, I just put all four of them into an envelope and sent it off to him!"

—Garson Kanin, *Tracy and Hepburn* (Viking)

Readers' contributions are solicited for this department. See page 14 for information concerning payment.



BY BLAKE CLARK

What You Can Learn From Your Dreams

Intelligently analyzed, our dreams can give us significant insights into our problems and our relationships with others

HAROLD, a professional man who had worked in a government office for many years, had a fearful dream. In it, he found himself in a land where small slug-like animals with slimy tentacles lived on people's bodies. The people tolerated the loathsome creatures because after many years they grew into elephants which then became the nation's system of transport, carrying everyone wherever he wanted to go. Harold suddenly real-

ized that he himself was covered with these things, and he woke up screaming.

In a vivid sequence of pictures, this dream dramatized for the man who experienced it what he had never been able to put into words: he saw himself as letting society feed on his body in his early years so it would carry him around when he retired. He later threw off the "security bug" and took up freelance work.

Mary had a series of dreams in which she spoiled social occasions for her successful executive husband. In one, she fell into her native country brogue, though her cultivated speech was perfect; in an-

other, instead of a fine dinner, she served sausage and beans to important guests; in a third, the maid spilled soup on the table.

Thinking about these dreams, the executive's wife realized that they told her just how insecure she really felt. From a lower social level than her husband, and not as well educated, she had nevertheless kept up with him in his climb to success; in waking life, she felt no inferiority. But, unconsciously, she felt the strain and resented it.

Diane dreamed of a man dressed in chain mail running down a street. As he passed, he knocked her down, then kept right on going. Though she was not injured, she was very angry. She determined to get even by suing him for all he was worth.

Next morning, Diane realized that the man in the dream was her husband, who had recently left her for another woman. Speaking in puns, as dreams often do, this one made clear what she had never admitted to herself in waking life: that her husband was a "chained male" breaking loose from her domination, and that she was greatly exaggerating her hurt to make him suffer. Recognizing this made her change her whole attitude toward the situation.

These examples show how dreams can help us understand ourselves. The first one answered the dreamer's question, "How do I see my world?" The second, "How do I see myself?" And the third, "How do I see others?" In each case, the

answer was important to the dreamer.

These people were not under psychiatric care. And they interpreted their own dreams.

Do you dream? Whether you think you do or not, the answer is yes. Experts estimate that the average person has about 1000 dreams a year.

Can these dreams help you and me? From the earliest times, a large percentage of the people on earth have believed that dreams can be a source of important information for the conduct of their lives. But, with the upsurge of science in the 19th century, the dream was reduced to a triviality unworthy of investigation. Then, at the turn of the century, Sigmund Freud theorized that dream analysis leads to the identification of repressed aggressions. He declared that dreams are almost always sexual and refer to experiences of infancy.

A young colleague, Carl Jung, accepted Freud's view that dreams are messages from the unconscious mind, but rejected the idea that they all go back to infancy and sex. He thought they were concerned with present problems and were revelations rather than elaborate disguises of what was going on below the surface of the mind. Today, many psychotherapists are coming to believe, following American dream researcher Calvin Hall, that any intelligent person can successfully interpret his own dreams to acquire new insights into his own character and the na-

This article is based on the book *Dream Power* by Dr. Ann Faraday (copyright ©1972 by Ann Faraday and published at \$6.95 by Coward, McCann & Geoghegan, Inc.) and on interviews with Dr. Faraday, a leading British psychotherapist.

ture of his relationships with others.

Dr. Ann Faraday, a leading British psychotherapist and dream researcher, goes even further in urging people to interpret their own dreams. Her book *Dream Power* spells out a three-stage process by which any dreamer can examine his dreams for different kinds of meaning. First, Dr. Faraday says, examine your dream for its objective content, its obvious meaning. Dreams often bring to our attention things that have escaped notice during waking hours. It may be a simple notification, as in the case of a young woman who dreamed she was in the labor ward of a maternity hospital giving birth to a baby. She awoke with a start, remembering that she had forgotten to take her contraceptive pill. While this dream might be interpreted, comments Dr. Faraday, as a "Freudian" wish to have another baby, its "objective content" was a clear and present reminder.

The extraordinary power of the subconscious mind to assimilate and dramatize material only vaguely apprehended by the conscious may explain most so-called clairvoyant dreams. As a schoolgirl, Dr. Faraday once dreamed that a teacher, Miss R., had eloped with the school gardener. The stimulus for the dream was the headmistress's announcement that morning that Miss R. had left to nurse her mother, who had suddenly been taken ill.

Young Ann Faraday reported her dream at breakfast, and the girls "giggled at the thought of our

rather uptight Miss R. marrying our rather handsome young gardener." But, a few weeks later, word came that the marriage had occurred, and the dreamer was tempted to become a seeress.

She recalled, however, that once or twice she had seen Miss R. walking with the gardener in the grounds. Also, he had left a few days before Miss R. And, while passing the teacher in the corridor one day, Ann Faraday had heard her humming a love song. The sleeping brain, says Dr. Faraday, pulled all this together in its nightly turnover of daytime materials and presented it in terms of a picture story.

Tremendously important messages can come on this objective level. Psychoanalyst Eric Fromm says that we often are more intelligent, wiser and capable of better judgment when we dream than when awake, and some spectacular examples support his view.

Physiologist Otto Loewi had been thinking about the transmission of nerve impulses when one night he dreamed of an experiment with two frogs which would determine if his hypothesis was correct. Though it was 3 a.m., he hurried to the laboratory, set up the experiment exactly as he had dreamed it—and it worked. This inspiration established the chemical transmission of nerve impulses and gained its creator the Nobel Prize.

Chemist Friedrich August Kekulé had always visualized the atoms

of the benzene molecule arranged in a straight line. Asleep one night, he saw them as a dancing snake which suddenly caught its tail in its mouth, forming a circle. This inspired Kekulé to run laboratory tests which proved that the atoms were so arranged. This discovery has been called the most brilliant piece of prediction to be found in the whole range of organic chemistry.

If nothing direct and obvious appears in your dreams, says Dr. Faraday, then look into them next as a mirror of your attitudes and prejudices, your opinion of yourself and others.

She gives an example of a young man who was worrying about whether to give up a lucrative job in an advertising agency for the freedom—and insecurity—of free-lance work. In a dream he saw himself leaving a picnic and being caught in the rain while clambering up a steep cliff. Suddenly a friend appeared at the top of the cliff and helped him to safety. The friend in real life was another businessman who had taken the same feared path to freelancedom and survived.

In these dreams reflecting attitudes, the mind is at its most creative, inventing symbol after symbol to deliver its message. A young married woman, Joanna, dreamed that her maid, in a church-like castle, asked if she should clean the gold and silver. Joanna said no, since the masonry was crumbling. She awoke frantic with anxiety as

the entire structure collapsed about her.

To Joanna, the message was that her marriage held many precious things, symbolized by the gold and silver, and also religious significance, shown by the architecture. But it was falling to pieces. She knew that her marriage was in trouble, but had kept telling herself that it would work out. The dream told her what she *really* thought and alerted her to try harder to save the relationship by discussing the situation openly and honestly with her husband.

A third way of exploiting dreams is to probe them for hidden sources of our personality problems. An example of this approach is the way Dr. Faraday analyzed a recurring dream in which she had to choose between two houses, a modern one made almost entirely of glass on a hilltop and a cozy cottage by the sea. To her, this immediately reflected her mental conflict between a public career (the glass house) and domesticity (the cozy house by the sea). But to look more deeply inward, to discover basic causes of her conflicts, she asked the parts of the dream to speak for themselves, to converse with her. The assumption underlying this approach is that all dream images, at the deepest level, express aspects of the dreamer's own personality.

When Dr. Faraday allowed the house on the beach to "speak for itself," it brought out that its family feared the sea and the angry waves

that threatened their security. The sea replied that to remain calm and placid was not in its nature. Their quarrel made Dr. Faraday realize that in the conflict between stern control and free expression of emotion, she had repressed emotion.

"The message of the dream became clear," she noted, "when the sea—my emotions—said, 'I have a right to express myself.' It was then up to me to do something about it."

To interpret your dreams, you must remember them. Dream researchers have observed that, although apparently everyone has dreams every night, the average person recalls only one about every third morning and others no more than one a month or one a year. And even the most prolific dreamers find their visions of the night slipping from consciousness unless

they make a real effort to retain them.

Dr. Faraday urges using the power of suggestion by saying to yourself several times before you fall asleep, "I will catch a dream tonight." Then have pencil and paper nearby with which to write it down immediately upon awakening. Include any ideas of what it means to you and what associations you think you recognize in parts of it. Work over your notes the following day, if possible, along the lines already suggested.

A dream that is not understood, says the Talmud, is like an unopened letter. Every night we have important messages from the unconscious. Whether we are in a car plunging down a steep slope, or piloting a plane through heavenly skies, we will do well to ask why our unconscious put us there.



Hot Tips

ON A DAY of 100-degree heat, I looked out of my kitchen window and saw my neighbor dash out of her air-conditioned home with a broiler pan of steaks, put them on the front seat of her car, which was standing in the driveway, lock the car door and dash back into the house. I phoned her and asked what *that* was all about. "Oh," she laughed, "Bill just called and told me he is bringing an old buddy home to dinner and to get some steaks thawed in a hurry."

—Contributed by Maurine Hall

MY HUSBAND is not a lazy man—he simply finds the easiest and pleasantest way to perform necessary chores. I wasn't too surprised to walk outdoors one warm day and find him lying stretched out on his side in a shady spot, watering the lawn. But late one afternoon, I went out in the yard to find him lying in a lounge chair while he watched the roast I had put on the barbecue spit. Every time the fire flared up, he picked up our daughter's water pistol, filled it from the can at his side and shot out the flames.

—Contributed by Anita Osmus



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KNOWLEDGE

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Here are six words
you can communicate
better without



Like,
I Mean, You Know, Right?

Condensed from THE CHRISTIAN SCIENCE MONITOR
RODERICK NORDELL

IF ONLY everyone talked the way
we do in my household. I mean
... if only everyone ... like ...
talked ... you know ... the way we
do ... right?

It would be so much ... like ...
easier to ... you know ... under-
stand ... right? If the 16th para-
graph of the federal ... you know

... income-tax instruction had said:

"If ... like ... you qualify as a
... you know ... Certain Married
Individual Living Apart ... right?
... check the ... like ... Single box
... I mean ... on Line 1 as ... like
... your filing status ... right? ...
unless you also qualify as Unmar-
ried ... you know ... Head of

THE CHRISTIAN SCIENCE MONITOR (MARCH 16, '73), © 1972 BY THE
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Household. In that case . . . like . . . check the Unmarried Head of Household Box . . . right? . . . on Line 4."

Isn't it time for official language to catch up to this common tongue, to these six little words—like, I mean, you know, right?—which are taking the place of punctuation and meaning in certain American families? I speak in defiance of my wife, who . . . like . . . periodically tries to . . . you know . . . ban the persistent little fellows.

I mean . . . she has not been without . . . like . . . effect. Especially on the telephone, for some reason, I have begun to notice my "you know" frequency. Swallowing the phrase when I am aware of it in time, I wonder what the . . . you know . . . person at the other end of the line thinks is happening.

Should one blame one's children as carriers of the six little words? Certainly we are no match for them in imaginative placement and speed of delivery, for they score even with the difficult like-at-the-beginning-of-the-sentence play.

But their innovative usages would not take root if one were not weak, weak, weak. Notice how all these words are not assertive but defensive, apologetic, hedging. They don't sharpen statements but round them down. They can hardly be considered character-building.

In years past, the undefined "you know" was sometimes used to express the inexpressible between people who thought alike. Now it is a hopeful substitute for precise utterance to strangers.

"Like" used to connect ideas. Now it replaces them.

"Right?" used to be a challenge. Now it is padding.

"I mean" must have meant something sometime.

Obviously, it is deplorable that these words have taken over the language. But this doesn't mean we should wait forever to recognize them. No, we must face facts and put them in our books:

"Friends, Romans, countrymen . . . lend me your ears . . . I mean . . . I come to bury Caesar . . . right? . . . not to . . . you know . . . praise him."

"By the shores of Gitchee . . . you know . . . Gumees,

"I mean . . . By the shining Big-Sea-Water . . . right?

"Stood the . . . like . . . wigwam of Nokomis,

"Daughter of the . . . you know . . . Moon, Nokomis."

"Like . . . fourscore and . . . you know . . . seven years ago . . . right? . . . our fathers . . . like . . . brought forth . . . I mean . . . on this continent a new . . . like . . . nation . . ."

Anyone, of course, is welcome to disagree. I mean, like, you know, right?



Sign in a little shop in Chicago: "Kindness spoken here."

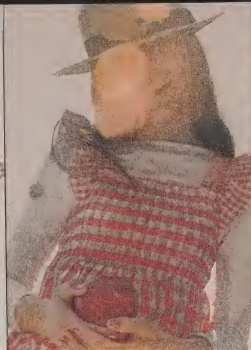
—Contributed by Mildred E. Kordenat

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Left: Super-Multi-Coated Takumar lens Right: Conventional lens

Pentax wasn't here



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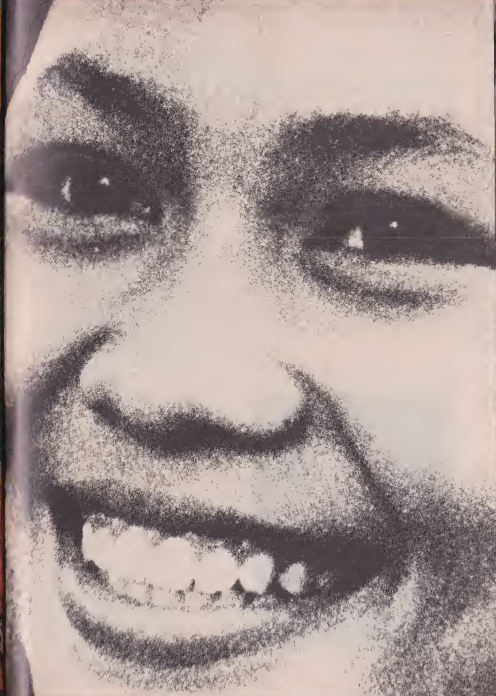
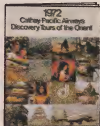


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Meet the Host With the Most

Condensed from TIME

With showmanship and savvy, this down-to-earth entrepreneur has built the largest and fastest-spreading chain of motels in the world

"LET'S STOP right-cheer," drawled the sandy-haired American speeding along a highway outside São Paulo, Brazil. What had caught his darting blue eyes was a sign on an open lot proclaiming *Vende-Se*. "That means 'for sale'—and those are the only words I understand in this language," the American explained. Then he bounded out of the car and swiftly paced off the dimensions of the property, rattling a staccato of questions to a tag-along group of aides: "Who is the owner? What's the tax rate? How many cars go by here?"

Charles Kemmons Wilson, 59, founder and chairman of Holiday Inns, Inc., was doing what he likes best: scouting new locations for the world's largest and fastest-growing lodging chain. "Looking for land," he says, "is like going on an Easter-



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egg hunt. Sometimes you find the golden egg."

Kemmons Wilson has been finding a lot of golden eggs lately. On the average, a new Holiday Inn is opened every three days—or one new room every 36 minutes. Already, Wilson has 1457 inns in 50 states and 25 foreign countries or territories—in places as varied as Greece and Swaziland, Switzerland and Spain, Morocco and Nassau. Last year they served 72 million guests, and produced after-tax earnings of \$42 million on revenues of \$708 million. Despite competition from a host of imitators, Holiday Inns, Inc., has more than four times as many rooms—217,865—as its closest rival in the hotel or motel field, Ramada Inns.

Holiday Inns has ridden out front by offering a host of new services that Wilson has devised over the years to lure travelers. It was the first national chain to put up children at no cost when they share a room with parents; the first to offer free cribs for babies, as well as free TV sets in every room, a swimming pool at every motel and a kennel for traveling dogs. It was also the first to place ice machines and soft-drink dispensers in hallways, thus sparing the traveler the cost of room service. Today every Holiday Inn has a local doctor and dentist on call, and 875 of the inns are served by clergymen who volunteer spiritual counseling.

"A Wonderful World." A risk-taking entrepreneur in the age of prudent professional managers, Wil-

son has built his empire in only 20 years. With a personal fortune estimated to exceed \$100 million, he is a visible refutation of the common belief that a self-made man can no longer pile up great wealth in a highly developed capitalist economy. Three years ago, the *Sunday Times* of London listed him among the 1000 most important men of the 20th century, along with Winston Churchill and Franklin Roosevelt.

This accolade came to Wilson because he practically created the modern motor-inn industry. Until 1952, when he founded Holiday Inns, motels were often shabby and faintly disreputable places that catered mainly to casual lovers and transient salesmen. Wilson was among the first to foresee that the fast post-World War II rise in U.S. personal income would lead to a rapid expansion in both business and leisure travel. He also sensed that people on the move would prefer to stay in lodges that offered, in addition to a place to park their car, a standardized level of cleanliness, comfort and food at moderate prices. (In 1971, the average price for a room in a Holiday Inn was \$16.34 vs. \$16.60 for other motels with restaurants in this country and \$21.23 for hotels in leading cities.)

Today the lodging business is surging in the midst of a sharp economic rise. An all-time estimated high of 123.5 million Americans will hit the road on overnight trips this year, joined by a record 14.7 million foreign visitors to the

United States. Every night, close to 200,000 of these travelers will stay in Holiday Inns.

The originator and chief executive of the chain is a bluff, zesty man who believes absolutely in the company motto that is imprinted on his necktie: "It's a wonderful world." A high-school dropout, Kemmons Wilson is fond of remarking with put-on bad grammar: "When you ain't got no education, you just got to use your brains." Like many visionaries, he takes an uncomplicated view of the world. "When you get an idea," he says, "you got to think of a reason for doing it, not of a reason for not doing it."

At work, Wilson runs mostly a one-man show (though he is quick to give credit to his management team). For example, he can swiftly thumb down a motel site proposed to him by an aide after weeks of study because "I don't like the smell of it." Says Wilson, "I've been accused of lots of things, but never indecision."

For all his wealth, Wilson remains determinedly middle-class in his values, tastes and habits. For the past 26 years he has lived and raised five children in the same comfortable but far from palatial six-bedroom house in the Red Acres section of East Memphis. He and his wife, Dorothy, whom he married 31 years ago, are openly affectionate; he likes to hold her hand in public or squeeze her knee when sitting beside her. He also talks over many

of his big plans with her. Both Methodists, the Wilsons are regular churchgoers, though he occasionally nods off during a sermon.

Popcorn and Pinball. Born in Osceola, Ark. (pop. 7204), Wilson had a youth that was laced with adversity. His father died when he was nine months old, and his mother, Ruby, took her infant to Memphis, where she got a job as a dental assistant at \$11 a week. When she lost her job during the Depression, Wilson, who had held part-time jobs almost since he could walk, quit high school and went to work for good.

He bought a \$50 popcorn machine and set up shop inside a Memphis theater. As he recalls: "I was soon making more than the theater manager, so he threw me out and took over the concession himself." Wilson sold the manager the machine in 1931 for the original \$50, then invested the money in five pinball machines. (He later bought the popper back, and it now stands in his office.) By 1933, he had saved \$1700 and used it to build a house. Soon after, Wilson was able to borrow \$6500 on the house from a bank. "Right then," he says, "I decided to go into the building business."

He went on to build more houses, buy apartments, acquire theaters and take over a jukebox distributorship. By the time World War II hit, Wilson was rich. But he sold out everything for \$250,000, joined the Air Transport Command and piloted C-47s over the Himalayan hump,

probably the hairiest air-transport route of the war. After being mustered out, he went back to construction and built a million-dollar fortune, all the while sharpening his skills in choosing real estate that had potential for large increases in value.

In 1951, Wilson packed his family into a car and drove to Washington, D.C., for what turned out to be a fateful vacation. The family stayed in motels, but all were costly, cramped and uncomfortable. "As soon as I got back to Memphis," says Wilson, "I decided to build a motel that had all the things we missed." The draftsman who designed it, Eddie Bluestein, scrawled a title across the bottom of the plans: Holiday Inns. He got the name from an old Bing Crosby movie that he had seen the night before.

Wilson borrowed \$300,000 from a bank, and in 1952 the first Holiday Inn opened on a main approach road to Memphis. Business was so good that within 20 months he built three almost identical inns on other roads leading into the city. "You just had to go by a Holiday Inn to get into Memphis," he says.

To Maintain Standards. Restlessly, Wilson dreamed of building a national franchise chain of 400 motels. He turned for contacts and credit help to a fellow Memphian, Wallace E. Johnson, one of the country's biggest real-estate developers and then a director of the National Association of Home Builders. Johnson became president of Holiday Inns (he is now vice

chairman), and helped recruit franchisees from among his business friends all over the country. Wilson and Johnson sold the first franchise in Clarksdale, Miss., for \$500 and a flat fee of five cents per night for each occupied room. In return, the franchisee got Holiday Inns' plans and national advertising. Applications began to flow in.

Today, Holiday Inns, Inc., fields about 10,000 requests for franchises a year, but only 200 or so are granted—mostly to people who already own inns and are proven winners. (The parent company itself retains ownership of almost one fifth of the inns in the chain.) A typical 100 room motel costs about \$1,100,000, of which the franchisee (an individual or a group) puts up around \$350,000; on this the franchisee can expect an after-tax return of just over \$50,000—a handsome 15 percent or more on the investment. For such a motel, Holiday Inns charges an initial fee of \$15,000, plus royalties and fees of about six percent on annual gross. Many franchisees have become millionaires.

Keeping the Holiday Inns global enterprise running smoothly is an exquisite exercise in managing millions of minute details. Success is measured in holding costs to a minimum through volume purchasing while seeming to stint on nothing, and guaranteeing about the same level of service at all inns. The standards are maintained by 40 full-time investigators, who make surprise calls at most inns four times a

year. They check everything—swimming pool, restaurant, even the carpeting—according to a strict point system. If carpets are worn or dirty, for instance, the inspector takes off 30 points. Should the inn fail to get at least 850 points out of a possible total of 1000, the manager is given a month to make things right. If a follow-up check finds no improvement, the manager is fired—and, in the case of a franchise, the contract is canceled.

Homespun Verities. The key to efficiency is the performance of employees, notably the innkeepers. All managers, American or foreign, attend a training course, to be headquartered, starting this month, at Holiday Inn University in Olive Branch, Miss., where dormitories, classrooms and meeting halls are set in a landscaped 88-acre campus. The classes, ranging from industrial insurance to reservation policy, stress the Holiday Inn attitude—a mixture of homespun verities and relentless optimism wrapped in a kind of revivalist fervor. The company also produces and distributes to its inns more than 35 job-training film strips, with titles like *Care and Control of Swimming Pools* and *A Race for Space*. One-film strip, titled *Once Around*, teaches chambermaids to

make a bed in less than three minutes by stacking linens in the order in which they are used and finishing one side of the bed at a time.

Holiday Inns' canny management is matched by its aggressive marketing. For example, it uses its computerized Holidex reservation system (in a few seconds, a guest at one inn can get confirmed reservations at other Holiday inns anywhere in the United States) to find out which areas produce the most bookings, then directs its heaviest advertising to them. Each motel manager is expected to make at least five sales calls a week, visiting local civic and fraternal clubs to hymn the benefits of using his inn for meetings. Some managers look through newspapers for engagement announcements, and send bracelets and other gifts to prospective brides, along with a pitch to honeymoon at Holiday Inns.

Wilson sees the role of his company as more than a great money machine, however. He has a global sense of mission. Says he: "I think we can do more for world peace through tourism and building Holiday Inns around the world than anything else. We get to know other people that way, and they get to know us, and that's good."



Bare Fact

A NEW MEXICO nudist club collected 725 pounds of clothing and donated all to charity. The response of the media was mixed. Newspapers said they gave the event *coverage*; television programs said they gave it *exposure*.

—Lenora Williamson in Editor & Publisher

Long steeped in the staid atmosphere of the Vatican, this hallowed institution has caught up with the times and is now preparing its students for the year 2000

The "Greg" – Think-Tank for the Roman Catholic Church

By JEAN EGEN

Six of the last eight popes, including Pius XII and Paul VI, graduated from its institutes. For the Vatican, it is the equivalent of Harvard, Oxford or the Sorbonne. Its name is the *Pontificia Universitas Gregoriana*, and it plays a unique role as the training ground for the top echelons of the Roman Catholic Church.

Its ten institutes, whose curricula range from the social sciences to spirituality, occupy a grandiose architectural ensemble on the Piazza della Pilotta in Rome. There, more than 2700 students of some 75 nationalities steep themselves in the complexities of today's fast-changing theology. Except for about 300 laymen, all have been handpicked and sent there by their seminaries. Says Father Hervé Carrier, the Canadian Jesuit from Grand'Mère, Que., who bears the title of *Rector Magnificus*: "Although it is almost 2000 years old, the church is a modern organization. And like all modern organizations, it needs gray matter. In this perspective, I may say that the Gregorian University is a significant investment."

The "Greg," as it is commonly called, was born as the Roman College, established in 1553 by Ignatius of Loyola, founder of the Company of Jesus, to provide Catholicism with the tough-minded thinkers it needed to combat Protestant intellectuals. Three decades later, Pope Gregory XIII transform-

ed it into a "college of all nations" and it was given its present name. Ever since, it has been arming elite young minds for the spiritual, and often social, combat being waged by the church.

Before the Vatican Council which ended in 1965, Rome was the summit of Catholicism and the Greg was the best springboard for promotion in its hierarchy. But today Rome is more like the hub of a wheel of which the universal church is the rim and the national churches form the spokes. The Greg has accordingly become a forum for theologians of all persuasions, and the changes have been striking.

Casual Attire. As recently as five years ago, courses were taught only in Latin, mostly limited to the sacred sciences, and addressed to an exclusively male audience. Dress was formal, even fastidious, with students wearing brilliant-colored cassocks and sashes. Students and faculty, like all priests in Rome, could not enter a Rome cinema without special authorization and everyone who lived at the Greg or in the colleges normally had to be back by 10 p.m.

Today the students wear casual jackets; some sport artistic beards or let their hair grow long. Now they go to the movies, lectures are given in Italian, and female students are admitted. In short, the Greg has brought itself up to date, and although it still produces high-

ranking clergy for the Eternal Church, it now primarily prepares its students for the church of the year 2000.

In their classrooms, these students are hammering out new concepts that will have a profound impact on the church and the world. Fresh attitudes are emerging to such burning social questions as birth control, divorce, poverty, revolution. Whatever direction the church takes in the third millennium of its existence, its roots will be in the august halls of the Greg.

For a major institution, its budget is modest: a mere \$700,000 a year. Its revenue comes mainly from tuition (paid by either the dioceses or the laymen's families) and donations. The 160 teachers from 26 countries are all superbly qualified, but since they are almost all ecclesiastics, they draw no salary.

Theology of Love. One day, in a large hall where the students gather before classes, I chatted with six of them: an American, a German, a Frenchman, a Chilean, an Indian and a Dutchman. Did they, I asked, eventually hope to receive the bishop's crozier, the cardinal's purple or even the papal tiara? All six smiled and shook their heads. Their feelings were summed up by the American: "We are not here to compete for honors but to prepare ourselves for responsibilities."

That attitude was echoed by a Brazilian girl I met later. "The

position of laymen in the church has changed—they are beginning to speak out and advise," she said. "Women represent a good half of the laity, but they have yet to acquire serious responsibilities. I've come to the Greg to assume some of them."

What responsibilities? To this crucial question, neither the students nor the faculty have a precise answer. A professor, formerly at the Greg for more than a dozen years, says: "No one can predict what the function and role of tomorrow's priests, bishops or popes will be. A Greg graduate should be prepared for any change, and should even be capable of being pope!"

The basic fact is that theologians are no longer what they used to be. In the past they proclaimed and condemned; today they search, discuss, and even welcome what they once rejected. Listening to the church with one ear and to the world with the other, they have discovered that the knowledge of man is as important as the knowledge of God. For if doctrine is one and unchanging, men are diverse and change enormously. Thus the teachings of Catholicism must be adapted to this diversity and change.

Today's students are acutely aware of this need. When our conversation touched on this point, another professor remarked: "Our world no longer needs a theology

of miracles. It gets enough of those from science. What it needs is a theology of love. We shall not offer the world saints who cure toothaches or help find lost umbrellas, but a God who transforms men and thus changes the world."

The effects of this evolution in theology are evident in the classrooms. The day I heard Father Jan Witte lecture on Martin Luther, he criticized traditional Catholic theologians for examining Protestant doctrine exclusively through writings that condemn it. And although Father Witte is himself a Jesuit, he quoted a turn-of-the-century Jesuit author as an example of the anti-Protestant "foolishness" that used to be published on the subject. His own analysis of Luther's thought was remarkably sympathetic.

Marxist Studies. The new wind of the ecumenical spirit has blown into every corner of the Greg. Non-Catholic theologians are no longer regarded as adversaries who teach errors, but as colleagues following their own road toward the truth. To date, two Protestants and a Jew—all Americans—have occupied chairs at the Greg. Others are awaited.

This new open-mindedness takes some unexpected forms. The Greg has a brand-new Center of Marxist Studies, whose library includes 20,000 books brimming with revolutionary thought, nine tenths of them in Russian. To those who find

it surprising that a famous Catholic university should include studies of Marxist ideas, Father Eduard Huber, one of the assistant directors of the Center, points out that it would be even more surprising to see it shut out a philosophy which rules almost half the world.

The Greg also has an International Center of Sociological Research. There student teams undertake research projects probing into the psychosocial effects of agrarian reform in a community near Naples, or the factors that influence the Italian public's choice of a film. In addition, they sometimes make extensive field trips to study such things as religious rituals in Bolivia or racial integration in the Mozambique schools, using computers to analyze the results of their investigations.

The Greg's students do not merely study the multifarious nature of God; they also pray to Him and serve Him. But whereas their predecessors used to pray in the gilded splendor of Rome's churches, today's students more often serve God among the shabby tenements of run-down neighborhoods, playing the guitar in working-class parishes, or even turning themselves into junkmen and donating the money to the needy.

Little Canada. The ecclesiastical students live in the houses of their orders or in their national colleges, and wandering among them is like taking a trip around the world.

When a visitor enters the refectory of the *Germanicum Collegium* (the German College), his hosts rise to their feet as a single man and bow in perfect unison. The food is solidly Teutonic, and the conversation is dense metaphysics. At the *Anglorum Venerabile Collegium* (the British College), the atmosphere is completely British: tea, pipes, armchairs and dry humor. And the evening at the *Pontificium Seminarium Gallicum* (the French College) is generally spent among the clink of glasses, reconstructing the Roman Catholic Church and the rest of the world as well.

The *Collegium Pontificium Canadianense* (the Canadian College) is a little Canada within Italy. French and English are freely spoken and the menus incorporate such stand-bys as breakfast cereal and peanut-butter sandwiches. As for the *Seminarium Immaculae Conceptionis* (the United States College), it is a piece of Americana fallen on the Janiculum hill. A shiny metal gate opens automatically onto a vast plain of asphalt. In a massive building the boys greet the visitor with a slap on the back, take him out to their magnificent athletic field for some exercise, feed him a hot dog and proceed to give him their ideas on the ecclesiology of Saint Nicephorus.

All this diversity has not transformed the Greg into a Tower of Babel. If Latin was long a unifying factor, Italian presently fills that

role. And there are plans to internationalize the Greg's curriculum still more, by teaching it also in English. Meanwhile the students are all learning several languages. One Dutch student I met is fluent in four and proficient in two others, and his example is by no means uncommon.

What about the future role of the Greg? When I asked the rector, Father Carrier, he mentioned that in some church circles it used to be said in jest that three conditions were necessary to become a bishop: to be male, to have been baptized and to have attended the Greg. Was it still true? "It never has been," he replied. "All one can say is that the Gregorian wishes to go on training an elite clergy for the church. However, if the church of tomorrow chooses its bishops and its popes from among our students, that will do us the greatest honor." There was silence and a smile: "And it will maintain the traditions."



It was the race of the year—a genial parish priest versus a leftwing labor leader, and the loser promised not to talk politics for 12 months.

The Rev. Eraldo Armosino, 51, won the race when he beat Leopoldo Trinchero, a 42-year-old carpenter union official, by two minutes in the six-kilometer event in Ferrere Di Asti, Italy. Nearly every man, woman and child in this town of 1316 turned out to cheer the popular priest.

—UPI

Reader's
Digest

Themes For Gracious Living

An attractive home need owe little to wealth, but a lot to imagination, good taste and decorating flair. "Themes for Gracious Living" will help you indulge your penchant for an exclusive interior—one that reflects your individuality.

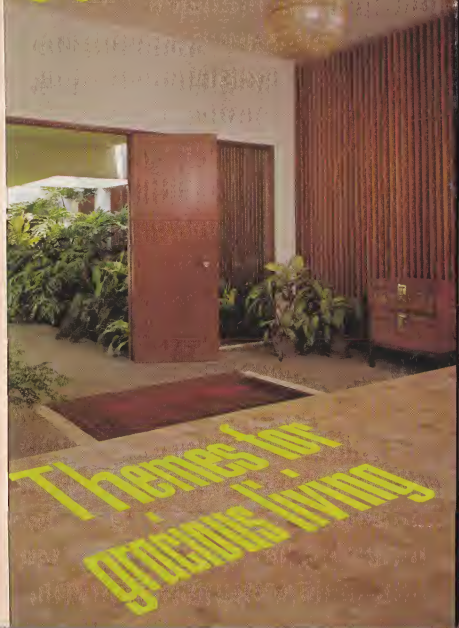
Our pictures show what others have done to express their personalities and tastes in their private homes, and our special market report brings you up-to-date with what's new in furniture, fabrics, floor and wall coverings, tiles and light fittings.

All the opportunities are there, dear reader, for you to make your home chic, elegant and personal.

Imposing split-level entrance hall at Mr. and Mrs. Peter Howell's home in Kuala Lumpur, opening off a garden walkway. At ground level a Persian rug, Chinese red lacquer marriage chests and temple dogs continue the tonal warmth of polished timbers.

Reader's
Digest

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Turquoise and gold furnishings against white-painted walls and off-white terrazzo-tiled floor create an elegant living-room setting in the Singapore home of Mr. and Mrs. William Chen. The Chens recently restored the century-old house, giving it a gracious Mediterranean look with arches and patios.



Go, little book, and wish to all
Flowers in the garden, meat in the hall,
A bin of wine, a spice of wit,
A house with lawns enclosing it,
A living river by the door,
A nightingale in the sycamore.

— Robert Louis Stevenson

Your Home Need Not Be A Museum

Down through the ages man has evolved many kinds of dwellings, each with a characteristic style of interior furnishing and finish: the Japanese perfected simplicity of line and manner in their houses and living style; the Chinese took porcelain-making, painting and other of the fine arts to a superlative degree to establish a background for gracious living; the English developed a range of living styles from rural Tudor with its rough-hewn richness, to sophisticated Georgian with its Golden Age of Furniture; early America produced a fine colonial style, unique and clean-cut; France bestowed upon the world the elegant Louis court and provincial furnishing styles; while the Dutch, Germans and Italians offered no less a diversity of decors for living.

More recently, the Scandinavians pointed the way to uncluttered functionalism of design as a counterpoint to the stresses of modern life.

Which of these styles should one choose when setting the scene for one's own life pattern? The answer is that we need not limit ourselves to one particular style.

Your home need not be a museum. Ideally, one's home ought to be an extension of oneself: one's personality, tastes, idiosyncrasies. A room should have character. But character need not be stereotyped; it can emerge through a blending of furnishing styles. If you like the comfort and simplicity of modern furniture, yet have a yen for antiques, there is no reason why you cannot successfully mix both.

Singapore hostess and interior decorator Mrs. William Chan relaxes in a gold-brocaded chair in the living-room of her Nassim Road house



The Glasshouse in cinema magnate Tan Sri Runme Shaw's Spanish Mission home in Singapore is in striking contrast to the rest of the formal home



A cathedral polished timber ceiling, panelled and stone walls and white marble floor give tonal and textural background interest to this charming living-room at the home of the Australian Trade Commissioner and Mrs. Robert Holberton in Kuala Lumpur

To achieve a harmonious interior should be one's aim. This need not be done haphazardly. Far from it. You can plot and plan a room from the word go. You can choose the character you wish the room to have, then combine the elements of line, texture, pattern and color to evoke that mood.

Suitability of a piece of furniture depends on the underlying decorating idea rather than on a particular historical period or nationality. Of course, if your aim is to reproduce an authentic period room, it naturally will have only pieces in the style of that era. But not everyone wants to be so restricted; indeed, most of us have a few unrelated pieces to start with, and we would like to assimilate them into our home. A room may be enriched by mixing furniture styles and then keynoting the basic idea with carefully chosen ornaments.

Consider these points when mixing furniture:

line — straight, geometric, curves
scale — large or small, heavy or light
character of wood — fine or coarse, plain or grained
wood finish — bright, medium, dull
character of other materials — metallic, glazed, leathery, plastic
texture and pattern of fabric — fine or rough, delicate or bold

All these elements will decide whether a particular piece is suitable for its setting. Will it enhance the setting, or jar it? If your aim is a simple, austere room, you will include a cottage side-board, but not a highly polished formal sofa. Balance is a good guide: is a piece too heavy and formidable for the rest of the furniture in the room?

Often a room can "come alive" with the addition of an unexpected piece of furniture: an old Portuguese chest can add charm to a plain, modern room; a glass-topped coffee table can sit serenely in almost any setting. But the surprise item should not be in discord with its surroundings.

Along with furniture and fabrics, color sets the mood of a room. Earth tones, rust, mustard, dull green will help create an austere, or "intellectual" background; they would be disastrous in a formal room, which demands soft colors, rose, blue, beige, or rich, full-bodied shades, wine or royal blue. Color may also enhance or detract from a particular wood. Rosewood, polished to a reddish finish, is complemented by traditional colors — sage green, grey, crimson — but not by rust, crude greens or "shrill" tones.

In shaping a room, your starting-point might be the character you have pre-determined it shall have, in which

case you will combine colors, furniture, fabrics and accessories to evoke that character; or it might be any one of these things. A painting might start you off. You might have a motley collection of furniture. Take a good look at it and see what unifying factor there is. Perhaps a common wood color, line, or decorative motif. This can be your starting-point.

You may have a preference for special textures. Rustic woods, shaggy wools, coarse linens; create an informal, cottage-style interior and you can lavish it with such materials. Or fine, polished woods, silks and taffetas; create an elegant, formal setting. Perhaps you have a piece of furniture that would fit in with the room you are planning, but its color or texture is wrong. Don't discard it; recover it, revarnish, repaint, cut off the legs — adapt it to your requirements.

Textures need not always be akin; they can be pleasantly contrasted to achieve interesting effects: wool and silk, velvet and leather, coarse-grained wood and glass.

Prized possessions may be your starting-point. You may wish to emphasize the lovely mellow woods of a few pieces of furniture, so you will create a special background to show off their beauty. Do you collect copper and brass? You may plan a room around your hobby, using colors to bring out the warmth and richness of the metals. Silver may be your passion. Then you will put it in an elegant, cool setting.

Starting-point decided, you now can joyously go ahead and create, through judicious use of all the interior elements, the kind of room you wish to have, without being a slave to a museum style.

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Grilled and open archways seen from the entrance hall of Mr. and Mrs. William Chen's Singapore home capture a Mediterranean mood



For all the windows and all the walls
Were painted with gold, both towers and halls.
Pillars and doors were all of brass,
Windows of latten were set with glass.

— Anon.

The Entrance Hall— What It Says About You

The entrance hall of your house may not be so richly endowed as the scene described in the lines above—but is it inviting?

The hall is the tell tale room of the house. It betrays us, for it describes what sort of folk live within. It is the space your visitor steps into first. So it should be welcoming, arousing an agreeable feeling. It is also the space your visitor leaves last—and have you noticed how long goodbyes can take?

Most of the large houses in Singapore and Malaysia have halls. Think of some belonging to your friends. Can you recall them with pleasure?

It is not difficult to turn a drab hall into a distinguished area. First, the floor. Black and white tiles are smart and always fashionable, and allow plenty of scope for color elsewhere. Combine them with decorated wall tiles. Or draw the eye upward with a moulded, "sculptured" ceiling, or a stunning chandelier or cluster of lamps. Wallpapered halls offer a warm, gracious welcome. Color can add glamor: black and gold, for example.

Why not let your hall reveal something of your interests? If you are

sports-loving, hang a collection of old guns and field-glasses; use lots of sporting prints; have a chequered tile floor. If you collect oriental objects d'art, dazzle visitors with some Persian rugs, and an outside porcelain urn. Or let paintings dominate.

Simplicity can be striking if you use significant objects. A pair of old rosewood chairs, a Malacca red-and-gold chest, an old rich floor rug, or a first-rate wallpaper can make the entrance compelling. A charming entrance hall in a Singapore home has a Spanish lamp, a mirror set in a large gilded picture frame, a pearl-inlaid chair and a small Persian rug.

There are many ways to make a small hall look larger. Paint the walls white, and relieve the whiteness with touches of lacquer red, polished brass, a decorated bowl. One good piece is worth many mediocre pieces. A handsome mirror can practically furnish a small hall, and looks better than a galaxy of nondescript items.

A chair, or bench, in the hall is a mark of thoughtfulness and guests in such an entrance undoubtedly would gladly sign the visitors' book.

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Large oil paintings on oak-panelled walls are a fine backdrop to the long table and tapestry-covered chairs in this formal dining-room at Tan Sri Runme Shaw's Singapore home



Since Eve ate apples, much depends on dinner!

— Lord Byron

The Dining-Room: Good Food First, Then Comfort

Good food, of course, comes first in the dining-room. But after that, comes comfort. This means comfortable chairs at a well-shaped table; good lighting; the right room temperature; and lastly, interesting accessories.

The dining table is the focal point of the dining-room. A round table is generally conceded to be practical — it can seat just that one more, and is conducive to a friendly atmosphere. Nobody feels "left out" at the end of a line. On the other hand, a long rectangular table has graciousness and formality and can be made to appear grand and stately. A happy compromise between these two is the oblong table with curved ends, or the oval-shaped table. At either table, guests will not feel too far apart.

No matter how handsome the table, it will quickly lose its charm if the chairs around it are not comfortable. No one will enjoy a meal while shifting uneasily on a delicate, elegant chair that was made to grace the eye but not the rest of the body. Whether your dining chairs are antique gems, or modern in design, make sure they are sturdy and shaped for comfort.

An attractive setting greatly adds to the value of good food. Even in the tropics, nothing looks nicer than a large floor rug under the table and chairs. But be sure the rug is large enough so that the chairs, when pulled out, are still on the rug. The back chair legs should not stand on the bare floor area.

No room lends itself more to "atmosphere" than the dining-room. And here one can safely go a little overboard in developing a character setting. No room may be more romantic, more richly embellished, more austere, more quaint. Whether yours is to be a formal, informal, light and gay, sombre and rich room, there is on the market today everything to help you achieve the look you want. Good glassware from Europe, fine wood pieces from Scandinavia, silver cutlery from Britain, tablecloths from China or Ireland, crystal goblets from Germany, Selangor Pewter from Singapore and Malaysia... a host of quality things to establish your style of dining-room.

Any dining-room can look attractive if the right elements are combined for a



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An intimate corner for pre-dinner drinks at the Singapore home of Mr. and Mrs. Desmond Fennesy.

pleasant, harmonious, balanced look. Don't use heavy, squat Finnish glass wine cups with ornate silver candelabra; but do use them with solid, simple colored glass candle branches, or a grouping of painted wooden candle pots. Avoid a massive bowl of flowers on a light, informal luncheon table. Similarly, choose a tablecloth or mats to suit the style of the table setting.

Distinctive dining-rooms owe little to wealth and a lot to good taste, flair and imagination. Consider these rooms:

A small, vividly designed dining-room using a bold flower-and-pheasant wallpaper which extends over the door to the kitchen to give an unbroken line. An oval table is dressed with a plain cloth and floral plates. White antique chairs are upholstered in dark red leather.

In a simple dining area off the living-room, plain, rustic wooden furniture is used. The table cloth is rough-textured, striped and fringed. There are pottery plates. The room is decorated with a modern painting, plants, a bowl of colourful, mixed flowers.

Decorative antique Chinese tiles and Japanese prints focus interest on the walls in this quiet dining-room at Mr. and Mrs. John Clinton's Kuala Lumpur home.

The dining-room is a perfect place for accessories — paintings, prints, porcelains, floor rugs, flowers. Here are some ways to use them effectively:

Arrange flowers in pairs. Two small bowls of button chrysanthemums on a lace cloth look delightful.

Group prints geometrically on the wall — one large picture in the centre, several smaller pictures around it.

Look for the most unconventional object to do a practical job. An old trolley converts to a superb table to hold all the ingredients for a good salad. The iron base of an old sewing machine makes a useful table for serving food.

A pair of old lamps adds atmosphere to dining. Look in marketplaces for fine brass or glass specimens.

Use patterned plates on a plain tablecloth, or vice versa.

Decorate the dining table with a distinctive centrepiece — a Selangor pewter candelabra, a pair of silver pheasants, or Dresden china shepherdesses.

Serve food in antique casserole dishes — they add a charming note to the table.



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A traditional bedroom made vibrant with colors of olive-gold and orange. Comfort is keynoted in the wall-to-wall carpet, upholstered chair and quilted bedcover scattered with cushions

The white washed wall, the nicely varnished floor.
The varnished clock that ticked behind the door.
The chest contrived a double debt to pay,
A bed by night, a chest of drawers by day.

— Oliver Goldsmith

Beauty In The Bedroom

A chest of drawers that doubles as a bed is, to say the least, rare. But it is not unusual to find a bed that transforms into a comfortable couch by day. And the base of one studio bed-cum-couch does conceal a useful set of drawers. Ideal for the student or bachelor girl in a one-room flat.

A bedroom, whether in tiny flat or mansion, should be comfortable, practical, and then beautiful. Once the practical considerations are dealt with, it is a simple matter to beautify the room, for never has there been such a choice selection of fabrics for bedspreads and curtains, floor rugs, wallpapers and lighting as on the market today.

The most important piece of furniture in the bedroom is the bed. It, therefore, is a logical starting-point in planning the room. Beds range from a stately draped four-poster to a simple studio couch in the bed-sitting room.

The four-poster had its heyday in centuries past, but its charm is still

wide-spread. It can be hung with a simple tester panel, a shallow roof (cover with glazed chintz and repeat the chintz on chairs or sofa); or it can be dressed splendidly with full canopy—in flowered cretonne, silk, muslin, brocade, or even gingham.

If you haven't a four-poster but wish to simulate one, you can achieve a countrified version by adding a half-tester canopy to an ordinary bed. Attach the tester to the bed-head wall and add soft, billowing draperies.

Brass beds, cast-iron beds, plain modern beds... whatever the style, the bed dominates the bedroom and is the cue for the decorating theme.

A bedroom should be quiet and relaxing, but it can still have plenty of character. Here are some different types of bedrooms:

The country bedroom: Pale-colored or flower-papered walls; flower-patterned quilted bedspread; chintz-covered

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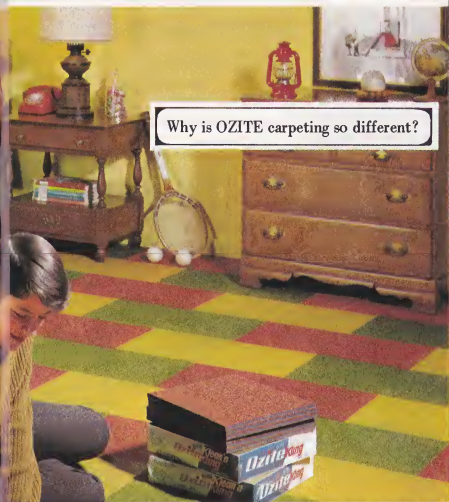
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Practical adjunct to bedroom and bathroom is this spacious, well-designed dressing-room in Puan Sri Runme Shaw's home

Inviting French Provincial guest bedroom at Mr. and Mrs. Robert Holberton's Kuala Lumpur home. Orange-and-green silk covers accent white-and-beige beds

sofa; wooden rocker; lamps and pictures; gay floor rugs; bamboo furniture.

The modern bedroom: Plain furniture; book racks extending from bed-head; check Thai silk bedspread; red-and-white papered wall behind bed; floor urn with plant rising grandly towards ceiling; an elaborate chair for interest.

The ultra-modern bedroom: Expanse of glass linking outdoors and indoors; fibreglass curtains; plain spheroid lamps; colored blankets as bedcovers; or shaggy wool rugs; tub chairs covered in raw silk.

The traditional bedroom: Pale grey painted walls and one wall papered in striped green and white; rustic-style bed with box spread and bolster in rough green silk; pale grey ladder-back chair upholstered in moss-green silk; a rocker; a round table covered with white crocheted cloth, and on it a tall porcelain lamp with white glass shade; a small Chinese screen; fringed floral rugs; a round red-lacquered mirror.

The French Provincial bedroom: Ivory-colored, or "old cream" furniture,

delicate in line; lots of cane; soft prints on walls; softly patterned carpet or rugs; green and gold accents; taffeta bedspread and curtains.

The Mediterranean bedroom: Cast-iron bed, chocolate-colored, with yellow muslin canopy; curtains repeating the fabric; pinkish floor tiles; white walls; white-painted small iron tables; chocolate and white striped sofa. An alternative scheme for this style of bedroom might be: stark black and white "Spanish" theme, with tawny red and yellow tiled floor.

The Oriental bedroom: Malacca four-poster brass bed with canopy of embroidered silk; the silk repeated in borders on bed-cover and curtains; plain chairs covered in Thai cotton or silk; small Persian rugs; porcelain urns.

The study-bedroom: Desk; convertible day-bed; comfortable chairs; book-cases; china cabinet or sideboard containing a "collection"; paintings; adjustable lamps.

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At Mr. & Mrs. William Chen's home in Singapore — a bathroom with white Italian mosaic floor and a sunken Roman marble bath

At Mr. & Mrs. John Clinton's home in Kuala Lumpur — a bathroom with a snowy white wall-to-wall carpet and raised bath. It is not often that a bath looks directly on to the garden, but this one does, through open antique Chinese green tiles

Beauty and luxury by a spring
Where forget shades did hide
The cold's blue, the heat's red
The cold's blue, the heat's red

Bathrooms With Joie De Vivre

To bathe by a spring may be poetic, but it is hardly practical. Far better to take your bath luxuriously in one of today's modern bathrooms. For the bathroom, once a chilly, cheerless, clinical unit, has become important, and is painted, papered and tiled, even carpeted — and filled sometimes with flowers, books and paintings.

The bathroom is now also a dressing-room, a relaxing room, and for some, a library. The owner of a well-stocked bookcase in his bathroom says that steam has not damaged the pages or binding. Another bathroom fan has filled the room with prints and objects d'art, including a reproduction of a Tang horse; and another has turned the bathroom into a veritable garden, with vines creeping all over the papered walls, and potted plants sitting on the vanity unit. Bathrooms with joie de vivre!

The tiredst bathroom can have a new lease of life with tiles and glass. The modern range of tiles is extensive... colorful mosaics, glossy, decorated tiles, earthy quarry tiles. Tiles immediately set the character of the bathroom. They can be gay, austere, traditional, sophisticated, earthy, romantic. They can be used monochromatically, or strikingly contrasted. Tiles can trick the eye — visually enlarging a small space, making a large area more intimate.

Black and white or brown tiles make a good floor, allowing imaginative use of wall tiles, paint and wallpaper. Small-patterned mosaic tiles and mirrors bring a bathroom alive. Blue and white tiles help achieve clarity and brilliance and, combined with generous mirror area, can give an illusion of space. Even the toilet can be fitted into tiles.

The smallest bathroom — one indeed that has no space even for a bath — can be made perfectly functional and charming. Use solid, deep blue tiles on the floor and walls of the shower recess; a romantic pale blue and white flowered tile on the bathroom walls; and a small plain parchment tile on the floor.

Tiles can be color-matched to hand-basins and baths which now appear in many fashionable shades. Ceramic vanity units with inset oval bowls are now delightfully colored in such shades as moss green, hyacinth and white, Bahama beige.

Every bathroom should have a chair or stool. Chintz-covered cane is refreshing. Now plastic has gone "chintzy" and there are demure chairs completely covered in bright, washable, flowered plastic.

Decorating a bathroom can be fun, and in no room can one yield more to whimsical notions.

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A grand and beautiful character kitchen. The owner of this home decided to do as much justice to the kitchen as to other rooms. An Iberian theme is set by a cluster of antique Spanish gas lamps hanging from the beamed ceiling and Portuguese wallpaper.

I will make you brooches and tins for your daisies
Of bird-song at morning and star-shine at night
I will make a palace fit for you and me
Of green days in forests and blue days at sea.
I will make my kitchen, and you shall keep your room
Where white flows the river and bright blows the loom.

— Robert Louis Stevenson

What The Fairy Godmother Did To Kitchens

Not everyone wants a kitchen out of doors, despite the romantic image painted by Robert Louis Stevenson. But most of us would probably like a starry, gleaming kitchen indoors, and there is no reason why we should not have one. For no other room has been touched by the magic wand as successfully as the kitchen.

Once a drab workplace hidden away at the rear of the house, the kitchen has been turned from pumpkin into a room of state; it is now often a home's most glamorous area, where the hostess who prefers to do her own cooking can chat with guests and fairly dangle the latest array of gorgeous equipment and bottles and jars before their eyes.

If you are not satisfied with your kitchen, start thinking about the kind you would really like to have. With the aid of tiles, wallpapers, colors and textures, you can create a functional and beautiful room. As with any other room in the house, you can plot and plan to achieve the kind of kitchen you want. Perhaps a cosmopolitan kitchen — you may choose Italian and German tiles, Danish earthenware, British copper pans,

a Finnish coffee percolator, Philippines teak bowls, French casserole dishes. A practical kitchen? Stainless steel pots and pans with copper bases — hang them on the wall. A marble table — practical and decorative. Lots of bench space. Overhead lights that directly spotlight work areas. Slate or quarry tiled floor. Washable wallpaper. Modern cooking equipment.

A kitchen with an island stove? Who would have dreamt that the stove — that great, polished appurtenance of the Victorian kitchen, basking importantly under a canopy — would ever usurp the place of the scrubbed kitchen table right in the centre of the room? But move it did. Today, many kitchens boast an island cookwork area, and the stove sits elegantly into it.

The free-standing cook unit has many things to commend it, especially if the kitchen is designed on an open-plan basis and links boldly with the entertaining area. The hostess need not be banished to a remote work spot during pre-dinner drinks, but can negotiate her tasks without turning her back on guests. It is ideal for those who like a wall oven, for the

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Air-conditioning in the kitchen! But that is not the only unusual aspect of this kitchen at Mrs. Peter Howell's Kuala Lumpur home. It has an island work unit on castors. Mrs. Howell (pictured), who likes cooking and takes an occasional turn in the kitchen, prefers a highly functional room.

unit can incorporate hotplates. Most importantly, it gives the cook a sense of being in command of the kitchen, with greater freedom of movement. The island unit can be circular, square or oblong. It may combine hotplates, sink, workbench and cupboard, or be simply a cook-serve unit.

A large kitchen can be turned into a sumptuous work-cum-entertainment area, and the smallest kitchen can be a dazzling invitation to even the most reluctant cook. Color and textures are a good starting-point in planning an attractive kitchen. Piquant colors breathe a fresh vitality, textures dispel monotony.

Color in the kitchen can be coordinated in walls, floors, tiles and benches and can be carried through to pots, pans and dishes. Try one of these color schemes:

Buttercup yellow — lavish it all over the kitchen. Use a buttercup yellow and white wallpaper (washable), paint cupboards a solid yellow, and audaciously add fuschia to the backs of chairs, Fuschia for casseroles dishes, too.

For a soft, romantic kitchen — use a traditional old-world pink flowers-and-fruit wallpaper, and hang china blue plates on the walls. Blue-tiled work benches, solid blue cupboards, blue and white table china.

Design a kitchen around textures,

Natural tones and surface textures of wood and brick can be exciting. Combine bare bricks, chocolate-tiled floor, simple wood furniture, and a copper hood over the stove.

A large, old-fashioned kitchen is no drawback — in fact, lucky is the person who has one, for it can be turned into a lavish, handsome area. A most incredible kitchen in an old Australian farmhouse is an example. With low-slung roof beams, it might have been a drab outpost that nobody would want to enter. Instead, the space was cleverly carved up into practical work areas with built-in workbenches in natural knotty pine. A black-painted canopy was built over an old scrubbed sideboard and beneath it was hung a gleaming panel of copper pots and pans. More copper dishes stood on the sideboard. The stove was incorporated into an island unit, so that the hostess could chat with guests as they sipped drinks at an adjacent bench. Another long bench served as a table for food and plates, and displayed a pair of tall, brass candlesticks. Tableware was gay, and included a fine old Victorian epergne. The kitchen floor was of grey stone tiles, while everywhere red flowering plants climbed upwards, spilling casually over the benches and adding a warm, homely touch to the scene. This delightful kitchen became the hub of the house.



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In the living-room at Mrs. John Clinton's Kuala Lumpur home, white couches flow around a wall shelf unit for a unified, unbroken appearance. Handpainted Chinese porcelain teapots feature in the display

This adaptable chamber is ressumed in all kinds of work, from the knickknack and silly old books, and footloose and idle and footloose and idle, and cracked bangles from brokers, cheap keepsakes from friends.

— William Macpeace Thackeray

Accent On Accessories

Cracked or not, accessories are a foil to the design character of a room, a link between furniture and background, an emphasis to the image that the room conveys.

All the elements adding up to a room with character — form, textures, patterns, color — may be there: add the wrong accessories, and the effect is ruined. This is not to say that an antique object may not be put in a modern room — the test is whether it is in harmony with other things in the room.

An elegant, traditional living-room will be enhanced by silver objects; brass and copper pots would be in discord. A softly colored, dainty floor rug would find no repose in a sturdy, masculine den; and a severe, leather-topped desk would look equally out of place in a graceful, feminine bedroom.

The style of a room determines what kind of accessories will best suit it. Small objects should be in sympathy in scale, texture and color with the overall character of the room.

Accessories may include paintings, porcelains, cigarette-boxes, bowls, vases (Selangor Pewter have some beautiful creations), sculptures, lamps, wall or

floor rugs, cushions, all the things that add a personal note to the decor. Paintings especially lend atmosphere to an interior. Hang a painting in solitary splendor, or group several small paintings and balance them with one large picture alongside. A painting hung above a low piece of furniture can be used to balance a tall piece, say a sideboard, at the opposite end of the room. Paintings can dominate a room, quietly give interest to a wall, or relieve a neglected niche. A painting may inspire a room's entire character.

A few choice accessories can set the stamp of beauty upon a room; but the accessory-happy person need not be deterred. "Collections" offer a way out for those who like hunting around for interesting objects. Some people are frightened of the word "collection" and imagine that it is the priority of connoisseurs and wealthy art-lovers. But collections need not be rare: they may be of porcelains, paintings or bronzes; but also of maps, masks, theatrical programs, pickle jars, beer mugs, old plates, pewter, teapots, miniatures — anything that holds one's interest. How to display a collection? An old sideboard, stripped of

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continues to give you the world's best sewing machines but now Singer offers you the superb Jadeline refrigerator and the fabulous Wondervision t.v. set. Built in

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This teak cabinet wrapped around a structural pillar hid an eyesore and solved the problem of displaying Mrs. Desmond Fennessy's jade and porcelain collection at her home in Singapore

its ancient layers of varnish or paint, can charmingly display antique plates, mugs and the like. A glass specimen case is ideal for holding coins. Valuable porcelains and potteries can peep out from the glass shelves of a retrieved wall showcase. Is there a pillar in the room? This often ugly structural support can be put to work. Cover the pillar with wood strips; gouge out the centre and fill it with glass shelves to show off your prized pieces; dramatise the glass door with a hand-carved wooden frame. Or build a glass display cabinet right round the pillar, blocking it from view. Now you have a handsome, spacious setting for your collection. Such a cabinet can be divided into two sections — the upper half with doors, the lower half left open for books.

If yours is not a collection, but a potpourri of everything, mingle the pieces with books on an open shelf unit. This may attach to a wall or jut into the room as a space divider, or screen. Coffee tables and occasional tables make good places for accessories. Important pieces — sculptures, a head, a lamp, a paperweight — will look important grouped on a round table covered with a fringed tapestry or felt cloth.

Collections may be shown in the entrance hall, living-room, dining-room,

study, kitchen — any room in the house. A collection adds zest to a room. It is a marvelous conversation-starter.

Singapore and Malaysia are a mecca for collectors and a happy hunting-ground for those wishing merely to assemble a few choice objects to beautify their homes. Chinese porcelains, screens, urns, pewter, teapots, old Dutch plates, cannons, ships' lanterns, colonial lamps, old clocks, wood carvings, masks, carved gold panels from Chinese furniture, Indian brasswares, snuff bottles, precious mineral carvings, musical instruments, coins, amber . . . these are some of the treasures lurking in local art shops and marketplaces. Although he claims it as an "accessory," one collector in Singapore was forced to display his antique four-poster bed, a heavily ornate, gilded affair unearthed in Malacca, in his living-room where it occupies a third of the space! No bedroom in his apartment would yield to it. This grand and extravagant object never fails to excite its owner's guests. (The same man, incidentally, insists that he is looking for a second bed of the same type.)

Accessories need not be as bizarre as this one, but they should never be commonplace. They are your personal signature to your decorating plan.

Houses are built to live in and not to look on.

— Francis Bacon

What's New?

Geared to trendy, no-fuss living, today's furniture makes no pretensions, is straight-forward and modular, designed as mix-and-match, multipurpose units to cope with a variety of living habits. Fabrics are keeping up. More interest is focused on texture and color than on pattern. Wall and floor coverings are also in harmony with the new living vogue. Emphasis today is on practicality and the visual quality of the natural material rather than on contrived decorative elements.

Here is a roundup of what's new on the Singapore and Malaysian markets.

Furniture

A versatile, multipurpose modular wall shelf unit combining functionalism with good looks is newly released by a Singapore furniture manufacturer. Locally made, the unit is in rosewood veneer or teak, with white melamine-finished back panel. There are two basic sizes. It has units ideal for storing books, music, ornaments, writing desk, and cocktail cabinet.

The same manufacturer has also designed a new lounge group with three arm variations to suit a wide range of interior themes. A two- or three-seat settee teams with two chairs. Reviving the soft, stuffed furniture look of the 40's, the group is fully upholstered in materials such as velours, cords, heavy open-weave synthetics.

The latest release of chairs reveals the same attention to fabric and comfort, and a noticeable disinterest in wood. Shapes are casual, young, vibrant. One exciting collection shows "Futura," a German-made sleek plastic shell colored in black or white to allow imaginative use of decorator fabrics. The foam-cushioned back is deep, comfortable and quilted. In the same collection is a range

of new chairs from Norway. The "Falcon" is a pleasant, casual natural or brown canvas shell held in bent teak or chrome frame and fitted with brown or black leather cushions. An admirable chair for an informal living area or den. A companion chair from Norway, "Toga," slings a canvas bucket seat into a free-form tubular steel frame. Quilted canvas cushions add deep comfort.

A coffee table to complement these chairs tops teak or chrome legs with a circular slab of glass. Other coffee tables presented with this chair collection go a step further: bold, imaginative, supremely practical and flexible, the new designs shape plastic or fibreglass into low-slung squares and circles that can flow together over the floor, creating virile patterns in red, orange, white and black.

Local furniture design is far from stagnant. Moulded fibreglass bubble chairs appear in vivid red, gold and yellow, and cost \$250. A new high-back chair with wing head rest, foam-cushioned and upholstered in heavy, textured cloths, emphasizes comfort. A matching couch can be made to order. A square teak coffee table, with magazine rack, features round smoked glass or colored plastic insets on top.

Bedroom furniture has gone "modular" for convenient continuous grouping along walls. A five-piece suite in dayaman timber and plywood and spray-painted makes an elegant setting for any bedroom.

Fabrics

Textures and colors are stated boldly in new curtain and upholstery fabrics. Many of the cloths are so refreshingly individual that they can readily form the nucleus for whole room decors.

A small Danish village has produced

two beautiful silk-screened cotton-rayon curtain cloths: "Aladdin", featuring a large but delicate paisley design; and "Eris", gold-shot for a luminous effect. Both cloths would look splendid on large areas of glass.

From Sweden comes a soft, open-weave day curtain in rayon-linen, in muted autumn tones. A versatile fabric just released is "Fantasia," a boldly striped rayon suitable for the living-room or even as a shower curtain.

With the new emphasis on upholstered furniture, upholstery fabrics have emerged importantly... strong knobby tweeds, soft, gorgeous velvet velours, cloths of distinctive textures. In the latest imported range is "Denbo," an Australian-made medium-heavy pure wool. Tweedy but with a soft finish, it co-ordinates stripes with plain shades of hot pink, orange, lime, blues, browns and greens.

Germany has produced two exciting velvet velour upholstery cloths: "Bahia," with a textured honeycomb finish, and "Salvador," a ribbed velvet. Both are in a range of sophisticated shades, oatmeal through brown, black, gold, orange, burgundy and green.

Floor coverings

What kind of floor covering complements expressively simple furniture, character fabrics, mood colors?

Shaggy carpet. The extravagantly thick, shaggy pile is at its best in an uncomplicated setting. Or loop-piled carpet, with its soft, luxurious texture. A new 12-foot wide shag-pile carpet in pure wool or wool and nylon is now on the market. Available in squares or as well-to-wall carpet, it is in a good range of fashionable colors including off-white, orange, purple.

Loosely laid or self-adhesive, carpet

tiles are an inexpensive, practical floor covering, especially suitable for heavy traffic areas. Damaged tiles may be quickly transposed or replaced. The tiles are made from a mixture of animal fur and chemical fibres, or all synthetic fibres. Vinyl tiles allow great scope in floor treatments. Made of compressed vinyl chips, they have a warm woody texture and can be color-matched to any decorating scheme. Special feature strips can be used to vary floor patterns.

Quarry tiles, with their pleasant tonal quality, blend well with both modern and antique furniture. A few Bokhara rugs tossed down on an earthy quarry tiled floor, and a room with character is already established.

Wall coverings

Once walls were either painted, papered or draped. Walls were the Cinderella of the home. Today, a special range of materials has been created to bring them into the limelight. And rightly so, for walls, after all, are an important part of the stage set for furnishings.

One of these is a vinyl-coated wall covering suitable for most types of wall. Produced in a delightful range of textures and colors, it can dramatise large wall surfaces or spotlight special feature areas. The "Studio" finish is reminiscent of handwoven reeds; "Condado" has the rugged beauty of weathered stone-chips; "Montage" gives off the lustre of precious ores. Special designs may be ordered.

A soft, plush finish can be achieved with a new nylon fibre, Velvetex, applied to surfaces electrostatically. It can be used to revitalize a large wall area, cover a chair, dress a bedhead. Fibre lengths can be chosen so that the wall coating has texture and color density to

suit the interior design.

Wallpapers have not by any means "retired": on the contrary, they have updated with stain-resistant finishes and a galaxy of new, fashionable designs. A vinyl-coated, washable American wallpaper, Imperial, is easy to apply and comes in two-and three-foot wide panels in several styles, among them a felt-embossed floral paper and a traditional Victorian floral striped paper.

Tiles

Ceramic tiles spell character. Tiles can be the starting-point in planning a room, or can blend with an established decor. Unlimited designs can be created.

A wide selection of imported floor and wall tiles is available locally. For the bathroom, there are German decorated ceramic glazed wall tiles in definite or abstract patterns. An English non-slip ceramic floor tile is composed of four squares; when laid it has a small-tile appearance. The lantern shape of another English tile can make a rich, elegant floor.

Living and dining areas can become spacious and grand with floor tiles. A German ceramic tile, "Toledo," in polished or matt finish, appears in decorator colors — red, orange, beige, blue, green, coffee and quarry browns, plain or shaded.

Italian red quarry tiles, hard-wearing and attractive, are ideal for traffic areas — kitchens, family rooms, courtyards. They come in square, hexagon, mosaic and lantern shapes, plain or ribbed.

A versatile German ceramic tile, "Gail," is suitable for walls, floors, swim-pools, outdoor areas. Its oblong shape lends itself to pleasing patterns. Glazed or matt, the tile is in many colors, including a stylish shaded

chocolate. Cost is \$3.80 per square foot installed. A highly decorative German glazed ceramic wall tile, "Wessel" has three-dimensional patterns. Skilfully used, it could be enchanting in entrance halls, on staircase walls or in feature areas.

Lighting

Recessed lights that adjust to any angle to focus on special areas are featured in the latest range of light fittings in Singapore and Malaysia. One of the best designs of this type is an eyeball light, made in Holland, that fits into the ceiling and can be turned in any direction. The ball is in black or white in a white orb frame.

Low-hanging cluster lights are decorative and give atmosphere, to coffee tables and couches. There are single pendants or cluster groups to hang at different levels. From Holland comes a fairylike "jewel" lamp composed of natural glass crystals set in a shaped satin reflector. The crystals are tinted in five jewel tones. A German version of the cluster light is a cut crystal ball set in a gleaming brass holder, made as a single unit or in clusters of three and five lamps.

New dining lights include an exotic lamp to hang low over the table. Combining two bowls of exquisite rock crystal cut in relief and set in a chased metal band. For the bedroom, there is a "super-jet" compact personal unit for the bedside table or bedhead — a fully rotating anodized aluminium sphere set in a charcoal stand. An adaptable enamelled metal lamp in bright colours, ideal for study, table or focusing attention, from Denmark is available.

Low-hanging batik lamps can be gay additions to a casual corner or child's bedroom.

Aids to Gracious Living by Estee

HOUSING/CREDIT PLAN

If you're eyeing the horizon for an idyllic setting for your dream house look no further. A leading developer in Singapore has an outstanding selection of bungalows and semi-detached houses to suit your life style.

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First National City Bank have an interesting personal credit plan to help newly weds, bachelors at large and working gals waiting for a prince charming to come by. With the CITIBANK's personal credit plan, all you have to do is to give them a reasonable reason for wanting a loan which can range from S\$300/- to over S\$10,000/- depending on your need and your capacity for repayment. So if you are thinking of that dream house or a TV set or a hi-fi system or a car, all you have to do is call Santa Claus (another name for CITIBANK!) and they will make your dreams come true.

FINISHES

A beautiful home should be like the frame of a beautiful painting. It should reflect the artistic sensibility and personality of the owner. It should have colour harmony, and clean, uncluttered lines.

There is nothing more disconcerting than a home with a drab exterior and walls that look dirty and grimy. It's just like putting a crude looking frame round a

pretty picture. With modern paint technology this need never be so. Your home can look vibrant and lively, colourful and friendly and be the cynosure of envious neighbours!

One of the world's largest manufacturers of quality paints produces carefully formulated resin paints which go on easily and stay on there looking bright, come rain, come shine! And for that "stay bright" effect they add stronger pigments as well as other special ingredients to prevent the growth of fungus.

They certainly have all the "bright" ideas including a Free Color Styling Service in Kuala Lumpur and Singapore.

ACCESSORIES

Singer is a household word the world over. At one time it was synonymous with sewing machines only. No longer, now. They make lots of other marvellous things for the home... your home. They produce TV sets, refrigerators and of course, sewing machines—all equipment with the same quality stamp that makes Singer so well known.

Ever heard the term fashionomic? Well, you'll be hearing a lot about this new revolution in sewing machines. Singer have and will be introducing various models with the concept of "touch-on sewing" or sewing at the touch of a dial. With this remarkable machine you can create high fashion dresses at nominal cost. "Touch-on sewing" the Singer way is fun and it's economical at the same time. That's why Singer call it fashionomic. Get it!

One of the most distinguished shops that caters for gracious living, has a priceless

collection of Waterford Crystal. This beautiful handcrafted cutglass comes all the way from Ireland. To complement the Waterford Crystal, they have Heeworth silverware and Rodd silver cutlery, beautifully styled and hard wearing.

From this very shop you can buy yourself (or your better half!) the fabulous hand made Audemars Piguet wristwatch, one of the finest watches in the world. For something not as expensive, they offer you a beautiful range of Omega and Tissot watches.

While on the subject of watches, there is one item which is a must for every home. You're right if you had a clock in mind. The one that we have in mind comes from a well known "breed" of clocks in divers shapes and designs. They are inexpensive, battery-operated and lovely to look at. They keep time (beautifully!) as well.

Who was it who said that a home without flowers and music is a home without love and laughter. That's very true, isn't it!

A world famous name in sound (sweet and pleasant!) systems has come up with something great. They've named it HP-219 and it's one of the most versatile and elegantly styled music systems for total home stereo entertainment. The HP-219 is easy to operate and comes with a built-in cassette deck which tapes direct from FM stereo/FM-AM tuner without the need of recording cable. If you love music, you'll love this masterpiece.

There was a time, not too long ago, when airconditioning was considered a

luxury. The hand operated ceiling "pankrah", a familiar object in the "Dak" Bungalows (Rest Houses) of Colonial India and in recent times, it's successor, the leisurely rotating ceiling fan were romantic symbols of the mysterious East.

These antiquities have gracefully bowed out of circulation and in their place we now have temperature control which can be regulated literally at the turn of a dial. You can now have your home centrally airconditioned or install window units for individual rooms.

A leading name in electronics and domestic appliances is offering tomorrow's cooling technology — today! It seems the rotary revolution has hit the airconditioning industry as well. This manufacturer will be the first to introduce Rotary compressor airconditioners into Singapore and Malaysia.

And what's so special about this? Well, for one thing they save on electricity bills. The cooling power is substantially increased and most important of all, they are practically noiseless in operation and take up less space. Sounds great!

HOME APPLIANCES

No kitchen is complete without an efficient and reliable cooking system. The introduction of liquid petroleum gas popularly known as LPG has revolutionised the mode of cooking. No more smoke. No more messing around with temperamental fires and flames. LPG and a wide range of gas appliances make cooking fast, efficient and reliable.

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How detective Marcel Carrère matched wits with two elusive criminals — and pulled off one of the biggest narcotics catches in French police history

A Master Detective's \$21-Million Hunch

Condensed from
ST. LOUIS POST-DISPATCH
RICHARD H. GROWALD
and RAY F. HERNDON

IT WAS not the weather that caused Marcel Carrère, divisional commissioner of police, to shudder at 11:30 on the night of October 24, 1970. "When I'm here and my agents are out," says Carrère, "I tremble for the lives of my boys and from fear of not pulling it off."

Carrère, who retired in September 1971, aged 58, was "patron" of France's Central Bureau for Suppressing Narcotic Traffic. Colleagues regarded him as perhaps the finest detective in Europe. On

October 24, he was trying to pull off one of the biggest cases of his 35-year police career.

The "Affair of Jean Breuil" officially began August 3, 1970, when a tip from a police inspector in Bayonne, a seaport in southwest France, gave Carrère a hunch. The telex message was brief — one Jean Breuil had apparently become a rich man.

The *police judiciaire* already had a thick dossier on Breuil: Nickname: Johnny. Born: Bordeaux, 1932. Five feet seven. Light hair.

ST. LOUIS POST-DISPATCH (APRIL 4, 8, '71). © 1971 BY UNITED PRESS INTERNATIONAL, 22 E 42ND ST., NEW YORK, N.Y. 10017

Blue eyes. Slightly receding chin. A backslapper, fond of parties, nightclubs and girls. Served six years in Clairvaux Prison for attempted murder. Upon release became head of small Biarritz manufacturing firm. Police agents noted: "Quite bright, manages his affairs well."

The inspector in Bayonne suggested that Paris might like to know just how well Breuil was managing. In Biarritz, the resort near Bayonne, Breuil had bought a \$100,000 luxury apartment, drove an Alfa Romeo sports car and spent evenings in cabarets and casinos. The ex-convict was taken for a respectable businessman. Carrère, however, immediately sensed international narcotics smuggling. Little crooks do not have big money. The big-money crime is drugs.

Carrère wanted to know more about the good life of Jean Breuil. He turned to the chief inspector. "This is worth following up. Go to Bayonne and see what you can learn."

On Breuil's Trail. In Bayonne the chief inspector spent six hours with a local detective. For the first time he heard the name Marie France Fernandez. She was described as blond, five feet six, tight-mouthed and sexy. She usually wore pantsuits. She had no police record and public records showed little. Marie France was born in 1942 in Martigues, 15 miles west of Marseille, and in school demon-

strated a gift for languages. She met Breuil early in 1969.

Carrère studied the report of his chief inspector, directed that a plainclothesman be put on Breuil's trail. On August 5, the detective sent Paris an eight-by-ten-inch photograph. It showed four persons at a cabaret table—Breuil, Mme Fernandez and two unidentified men. Both unidentified men grinned into the camera. Not Johnny. He was looking only at the girl.

In the Rue des Saussaies, home of France's Police Headquarters, Carrère kept asking for more details. There was not one whiff of drugs reported. There was only his hunch. Friday, August 7, he knew he had what he had been waiting for. Mme Fernandez had bought an Air France ticket to Paris and London and was put under close watch by Carrère's men. The smugglers' trail often runs from hidden laboratories in southern France, where heroin is refined, to Britain and then to the United States. Smugglers bank on it being easier to pass U. S. customs if the carrier comes from Britain.

On Saturday, August 8, Carrère's office telephoned his home in Meudon to report that Breuil had disappeared from Biarritz. Try Interpol, he said, and ask Scotland Yard to look. A week later, on Friday, August 14, Breuil reappeared in Biarritz. Scotland Yard told Carrère that Breuil had been in the Bahamas.

On Saturday, August 15, Mme Fernandez caught a late-afternoon flight to London's Heathrow Airport. She then telephoned Eurocars, an auto dealer in Bayswater Road, and placed an order for a Citroën AM18.

Hourly Reports. In the Rue des Saussaies, Carrère reread Scotland Yard's report about the car order. It seemed to confirm a bit of the jigsaw puzzle. A Carrère aide explained: "If Mme Fernandez had bought a Rolls-Royce we wouldn't have made anything of it. She and Breuil were already driving a fleet of expensive cars. But when she bought a cheap AM18, it didn't smell right." To Carrère, the unnecessary little AM18 spelled smuggling. But still it was only a hunch.

On Sunday, August 23, Mme Fernandez rejoined Breuil in Biarritz. Carrère's agents were waiting for her and began sending almost hourly reports back to the Rue des Saussaies.

On Friday morning, August 28, Scotland Yard got a message from Carrère. An afternoon flight from Paris would bring in Mme Fernandez. This time Breuil was with her. Things were beginning to move.

Wednesday morning, September 2, Mme Fernandez and Breuil picked up the car in Bayswater Road. At their request, the dealer had put on English license plates—EGT 477J. ("It's easier to ship

a car with English plates from the Bahamas to Florida. Continental plates would arouse more suspicion," the Scotland Yard chief inspector said.) Breuil and Mme Fernandez drove the car out of London, and headed for Newhaven on the English Channel coast.

In Paris, Carrère had gone home for lunch. A call from his men roused him from the table. Breuil and the AM18 were moving into Newhaven, where a car-ferry service runs to Dieppe on the French side of the English Channel. "Go to Dieppe," Carrère ordered. "If it arrives, follow the car." The car was now more important than the occupants. It might be driven to an underworld laboratory and stuffed with heroin.

"Watch the Frontiers." Veteran agents went to Dieppe and waited. It was 3 a.m., Thursday, September 3, when the fifth ferry docked. Down came the AM18. The short, wiry chief inspector held back his men and watched Breuil from the shadows. "He kept turning his head this way and that," the chief inspector said. "In Biarritz he relaxed. Not here. He was watching for us."

Only two or three cars had come on the ferry from Newhaven. The dock was almost deserted. So were the nearby roads. "I had two choices—tail Breuil and risk being seen, or stay off and risk losing him," the chief inspector said. "Carrère has taught us the important thing is

to get the junk, not the guy."

In the Rue des Saussaies, Carrère's telephone rang shortly after 3:20 a.m. "Patron, I've lost Breuil, Fernandez and the car. They're gone." The chief inspector had not dared to follow them.

"We had better watch the frontiers," Carrère said. He hung up and lit a pipe. He had a hunch. To Scotland Yard went a question: Could they please check shipping lines to see if an AM18, British registration number EGT 477J, was to be shipped to the Bahamas?

In Biarritz, detectives picked up the trail of Breuil and Mme Fernandez. There was no sign of the AM18. Carrère asked about Breuil's mood. Cheerful, Bayonne said.

On Monday, October 12, Breuil flew to the Bahamas. He returned nine days later, Wednesday, October 21. The next day, Scotland Yard messaged Carrère: The Pacific Reliance, with the AM18 aboard, was booked to sail from Liverpool to the Bahamas Wednesday, October 28.

Called It Right. Smoking a cigar, Carrère sorted it out. The key item was the October 28 Liverpool booking. The car would have to come out of nowhere and get to the Liverpool dock on time. Breuil was reported to be in the Marseille area, home of hideaway drug laboratories. Had the AM18 been stuffed, and would it soon be picked up and headed for Liverpool? If so, almost certainly the route

would take the car through Paris.

Carrère spent Saturday evening in his office. Shortly after 11 p.m. he gave the order. Standing at his window, he saw the five agents getting into two Renault 16TS automobiles. At 11:30 p.m., the Renaults rolled and Carrère shuddered.

The Renaults parked in a rest stop 46 miles below Paris, on the autoroute leading up to Paris' Porte d'Orléans. This would be the route from Marseille. It was 1 a.m.

In a cream Citroën AM18 speeding up an autoroute to Paris from Marseille, a man in a suede jacket snuffed out a cigarette. Next to him, a blonde in a trouser suit drove. She sat on the right side of the front seat; this French car has British fixtures. The man on the left leaned his head back and dozed. They passed the waiting Renaults.

As the Renault drivers swung in behind the AM18, the agents shouted "Bravo!" and slapped each other on the back. Carrère had called it right again. They waited until the AM18 had left the highway and reached the southern edge of Paris. The chief inspector's Renault swerved in front and halted the little cream Citroën. Five agents raced at the car, each holding his gun. "You don't arrest a guy like Breuil with a handful of bonbons," the inspector said.

Mme Fernandez glared.

"What's this all about?" she said. The police showed their warrant cards. Breuil came out of his nap. He looked at the police and shrugged.

In the *police judiciaire* garage, a quick search of the AM18 produced no heroin. A police mechanic then poked a screwdriver into an inch-wide round hole in the metal base of the rear seat. It struck something soft. He shoved harder, then withdrew the tool. Its tip was covered with white powder. The chief inspector tasted the powder and said: "Heroin." Mechanics split open the metal seat base. Inside, they found 13.2 pounds of the white powder in clear plastic bags. "My God, all this work for just a routine shipment," the chief inspector said. He phoned Carrère at Meudon.

"Rip the Car Apart." When Carrère reached the police garage before dawn Sunday, he found it crowded. Four mechanics were examining the rear seat base. A dozen of his agents stood glumly some distance from three senior Interior Ministry officials. "I felt as glum as they. But I am the patron," Carrère said. So he congratulated his

men, told them to book Breuil and Mme Fernandez and ordered the mechanics to "rip the car apart." Carrère went home.

At lunchtime on Monday, Carrère joined police comrades at a restaurant to celebrate the promotion of a colleague. They were drinking pear liquor when a waiter called Carrère to the telephone. Welded under the floorboard, the mechanics had found 101.2 pounds more pure heroin—a total cache of 114.4 pounds, worth nearly \$21.5 million on the U.S. market and enough to "turn on" nine million addicts. Carrère returned to the restaurant table and told his friends of one of the biggest narcotics catches in French police history. They called the waiter and set aside the pear liquor. "Champagne—the best," said Carrère.

In retrospect, Jean Breuil and Marie France Fernandez, now awaiting trial, can count themselves lucky. Had their arrests come a few months later, they would have been subject to the stiff new penalties for drug trafficking. Five years in prison used to be the top penalty. Today the maximum prison term can be 40.

Scare Tactics

A FRIEND of mine developed hiccups in a restaurant, and all usual remedies failed to work. Suddenly, a man at the next table got up, walked over and removed his wig! The hiccups stopped instantly.

— Woman's Own, England

Yugoslavia's Magic-Carpet Coastline

BY GORDON GASKILL

Discover the proud old towns and sun-drenched beaches of this unspoiled shore

THE CAR ferry slowed down as we approached the little walled harbor ahead of us. We watched the jewel-like town grow nearer, clearer, lovelier, rising from a transparent blue sea. The castle, the churches and the cluster of noble buildings glowed in the sunlight. Scarlet bougainvillea cascaded down walls turned honey-gold by a thousand years of exposure. Kindly green woods clothed the hills beyond the town. At last the driver of the car next to mine said softly,

wonderingly: "It's the only place I've ever seen that's *more* beautiful than the travel brochures say."

We were speaking of the island town of Korcula, but later, as I drove elsewhere, his phrase echoed in my head. You could say the same about dozens of other places along Yugoslavia's seaboard, popularly known as the Dalmatian Coast.

The fact that the coast is part of a communist country has not reduced this magnetism. Indeed, the Dalmatian Coast today is probably

the least communist-seeming region in the whole socialist camp. For here foreign companies compete with one another for a share of the market; Western newspapers, books and periodicals abound; the locals habitually tune in to the Italian television network; and capitalistic credit cards are vastly preferred to the Russian rouble. In short, Dalmatia is unabashedly level-headed about making everyday life as pleasant as possible for everyone, locals and visitors alike.

In a sense, there are *two* coasts. There is the modern one I could see and touch and capture on film, about 530 miles long, dotted with towns and islands. It has endless lost coves and beaches, fantastic grottoes, spectacular waterfalls, lakes and rushing rivers. Then there's yesterday's coast, a magic carpet woven slowly through hundreds of years, with each bright strand the gift of a different people; Illyrians, Greeks, Romans, Turks, Italians, French, Venetians, English, Hungarians, Austrians and, of course, the Slavs, all at one time fought, ruled and built here.

The present-day town of Split owes its existence to the Roman emperor Diocletian, who was born in the area and retired to an amazing fortress-palace he built on the site. Centuries later, people took refuge from invading barbarians in its abandoned hulk. Eventually they overflowed the palace, which still exists in great part, and founded the town—now the most populous city of the whole coast.

You enter the Middle Ages when you walk through Dubrovnik's great Pile Gate; within the walls lies a complete, untouched medieval fortress-harbor-city, a living museum inhabited by a proud vital people who refuse to let one ancient stone be moved, or permit a single offensive neon sign or vulgar poster. For nearly five centuries, Dubrovnik managed to remain a little independent republic—and a very



advanced one. It was far ahead of most of Europe in social services, old people's homes, orphanages, public health, and it abolished the slave trade some four centuries before the rest of the Continent.

Every town or village, large or small, has a rich and fascinating



history. Take for example the little town of Senj. You'd never imagine today that for nearly a century, until 1617, Senj terrorized the whole Adriatic. It was the home of a ferocious pirate band, bold enough to attack even mighty Venice. The citizens of Senj bore a special hatred for the Turks. If they captured one, they made sure his turban was firmly fastened to his head—with a nail driven through it into his brain.

In the north, near Senj, islands abound. I asked a sea captain who'd spent most of his life in inter-island ships how many there are altogether. "It depends on what you call an island, yes?" he replied. "Well, there are 725 with names, of which 66 are inhabited. If you like, you

can add 508 above-water rocks and reefs and spits, for a grand total of 1233. Is that enough for you?"

The islands are amazingly varied. Far out at sea is Bisevo, with a blue grotto said to equal Capri's more famous one. Koločep has a blue grotto, too, and claims (like half a dozen others in the Mediterranean) to be the island where Calypso entertained Ulysses for seven years. Jabuka island is almost solid iron ore and is said to disturb compasses if boats pass too near.

On the southern part of the coast there are long, sandy beaches, some white, some pink, some gray. "If you've got rheumatism," a man at Ulcinj assured me, "just bury yourself in that gray sand and you'll soon feel better." He added that a special beach nearby was supposed to help barren women conceive.

Limestone mountains extend down the whole coast. Outwardly they look dull, barren, forbidding. But inside is a hidden fairyland, for the limestone is like a mighty sponge saturated with water. Millions of years of rushing water have eroded the stone, giving it a strange beauty. An official told me: "There are something like 45,000 caves and grottoes and only one-tenth of them explored." Greatest of all are the huge grottoes at Postojna, with over 13 miles of galleries already explored, and more to go.

The tourists who are beginning to flock to Yugoslavia's unspoiled

charms are eagerly welcomed by coastal residents. "I only hope they continue to come after Tito goes," one official told me. "Without him, we wouldn't have this tourist boom today." His face clouded slightly. I was to hear many people question what will happen when

heresy. He sought no guidelines from Marx or Lenin. Instead, he followed the gospel according to Thomas Cook and Conrad Hilton, drawing up a bold campaign to attract Western tourists and so earn the money his country needed for its further development.



Massive medieval walls still guard the ancient fortress city of Dubrovnik

Tito, who is 80, no longer leads Yugoslavia. Under him, the hard-line Stalinists are out of favor and lying low: will they try to take over again, and turn the clock back? Would the Russians "help" them, as they "helped" in Hungary and Czechoslovakia?

Certainly, in planning Yugoslavia's tourist boom Tito committed

First, he opened up the coast to motorists. In 1960 the Yugoslavs began building a road down the whole shoreline. The last few miles were completed in 1971. This *Jadranska* (Adriatic Master Highway) is one of Europe's great scenic drives. Parts are carved from high cliffs that plunge into the shimmering sea far below. Soaring bridges carry it over

wide valleys, rivers and estuaries.

Second, Tito approved a crash hotel-building program. In another Mediterranean country, I've been watching a 400-bed resort hotel taking shape for three years, and it's not finished yet. The

the winter, the cost drops to less than \$6, with a heated swimming-pool often available. This is incredible value, for Sveti Stefan is unique—a tiny islet connected with the mainland by only a thin strip of pink sand. For centuries it



Old-world charm mingles with modern comfort in the island village of Sveti Stefan

Yugoslavs build one like it in eight months—and their hotels are usually well-designed and comfortable.

Moreover, compared with most of Europe or America, prices are very low. Even in stunning Sveti Stefan, which the Yugoslavs believe only a millionaire can afford, a smart first-class hotel charges only \$16 to \$20 a day—all meals included—during the peak season. In

was a cluster of fishermen's cottages and from the outside, that's what it looks like today. But they've retained only the lovely outer shell, and inside have built some of the most pleasant rooms on the coast.

Tito's tourist boom really moved into top gear a few years ago with its new "decentralization" policies. Before that, Belgrade had tried to

run all hotels by remote control, appointing staff, fixing salaries. That's all been changed now, and local managements have great freedom.

There are other important changes, too. The northern crossing point, where I'd entered Yugoslavia from Italy, just outside Trieste, is a perfect symbol of Tito's changed policy. In July and August, eight inspection lanes are solid with thousands of cars. Officials take the briefest glance at your passport, then wave you on into Yugoslavia.

Tito's tourist bid has succeeded beyond the rosiest predictions. "About a dozen years ago," one Yugoslav told me, "we probably had more secret police than we had tourists." Today Yugoslavia probably has more Western tourists than all the other 14 communist countries put together. Tourism is far and away her greatest single source of foreign exchange. In 1971 she earned around \$380 million from some 35 million tourists.

Some Yugoslavs have begun to wonder if the boom isn't getting out of hand. A young architect told me: "There's a danger that by overcommercializing, over-building, or building the wrong thing in the wrong place, we'll destroy the very charm and beauty that visitors come to see."

But luckily for this unique and splendid coast, the amber caution

light is already flashing, and the brakes are going on, even if only gently so far. A government official whose title means something like "environment counselor" told me emphatically: "We're determined not to let our lovely coast be cheapened and ruined by bad, uncontrolled building. We think intelligent planning can provide comfort for tourists and still not destroy the character of this coast."

From what I could see, communist Yugoslavia has been more prudent about this than free-enterprise Western Europe. One solution I found in several places was to keep the historic old town unspoiled and untouched, and put the modern hotel a few miles away.

I admire the pretty little fishing village of Drasnice, which has bravely decided to permit no hotels at all. Instead, they offer clean, renovated, attractive rooms in fishermen's houses. One of the local fishermen explained, "You see, it has taken many, many hundreds of years to make Drasnice what it is today. We like it this way, and we like to find visitors who also like it, just as it is. And we do find them, even more than we can take." Then he added slowly: "It wouldn't be right, would it, to ruin our village, just for a little more money?"

I certainly hope that they never change their minds.

THE two really important things in life: a good bed and a fine pair of shoes. When you're not in one you're in the other.

—Norwegian proverb

The Book Almost Nobody Reads

Yet no other book
tells us so much about
ourselves—about
who we are and where we
are going, and why

By FREDERICK BUECHNER



LIKE the plays of Shakespeare, the dialogues of Plato and a host of other world classics, the Bible is a sore spot on many a conscience. You feel you ought to have read it. There are, of course, all sorts of good reasons why you haven't. For one thing, there's the Bible's forbidding format. The binding is apt to be the rusty black of an undertaker's cutaway. The margins are cluttered with references to parallel passages, and the text is overloaded with guides to pronunciation and inexplicable italics.

And there are other reasons. One of them is that the Bible not only looks awfully dull, but some of it is. The prophets are sometimes very long-winded, and have a way of sounding alike. Then there are all the *begats*. And there are passages of Scriptural Sominch that even Moses must have nodded over, like the six long chapters in Exodus that describe the Temple and its workings all the way down to the composition of the curtains. There are all those familiar quotations, and the sense you have that you know what the Bible is going to say before it says it. There is the phrase "the Good Book," which—such is the perversity of human nature—leads all too often to the secret thought: Give me a Bad Book any day.

If you're still looking for reasons

not to read the Bible, there's no getting around the fact that it is also full of things that even its greatest admirers wish were not there. There are passages where the God of Israel is depicted as being interested in other nations only to the degree that He can use them to whip Israel into line. In the space of a single psalm, the sublime and the unspeakable can jostle each other. The 137th is an example, starting out with "By the waters of Babylon, there we sat down and wept" and ending with "Happy shall he be who takes your little ones and dashes them against the rocks!"

The sublime and the unspeakable. The divine and the human. Again and again, they go hand in hand through the pages of the Bible. Take Noah, the one man worth saving from the Flood. He rides out the storm in his ark only to get drunk in port and pass out in a tent, where his son Ham beholds his shame. Or take the Book of Deuteronomy, where there are laws thousands of years ahead of their time, like the one that says a newly married man is exempt from military service for a year so that "he can be happy with the wife whom he has taken," side by side with laws that would make Genghis Khan blush, like the one that says Israel is to destroy conquered peoples utterly, making no

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covenants with them and showing no mercy.

In short, one way to describe the Bible, written by many different hands over a period of 3000 years and more, would be to say that it is a disorderly collection of 60-odd books which are often tedious, barbaric, obscure and teeming with contradictions and inconsistencies. It is a swarming compost of a book, an Irish stew of poetry and propaganda, law and legalism, myth and murk, history and hysteria.

And yet . . .

And yet just because it is a book about both the sublime and the unspeakable, it is a book also about life. It is a book about people who at one and the same time can be both believing and unbelieving, innocent and guilty, crusaders and crooks, full of hope and full of despair. In other words, it is a book about *us*.

And it is also a book about God. If it is not about the God we believe in, then it is about the God we do not believe in. One way or another, the story we find in the Bible is our own story.

But we find something else in it, too.

The great Protestant theologian Karl Barth, in his book *The Word of God and the Word of Man*, says that reading the Bible is like looking out the window and seeing all the people on the street gazing up into the sky toward something which is hidden from us by the roof. They are pointing up. They are speaking

strange words. They are very excited. Something is happening that we can't see happening. Something beyond our comprehension has caught them up and is seeking to lead them on "from land to land for strange, intense, uncertain and yet mysteriously well-planned service." To read the Bible is to try to read the expression on their faces. To listen to the words of the Bible is to try to catch the sound of the queer, dangerous and compelling word they seem to hear.

Abraham and Sarah, with tears of incredulous laughter running down their ancient cheeks when God tells them that He is going to keep His promise and give them the son they have always wanted. King David, naked as the day he was born, dancing for joy in front of the ark. Paul stricken on the road to Damascus. Jesus spread-eagled between two crooks with dried Roman spit on his face. They are all of them looking up. And listening.

How does 20th-century man, with all his hang-ups, try to see what they were looking at and hear what they heard? Is it a task worth undertaking? If so, why? Here are some thoughts along these lines, together with some practical suggestions on how to read the Bible without tears—or maybe with them.

• On her deathbed, Gertrude Stein is said to have asked, "What is the answer?" Then, after a long silence, "What is the question?" Don't start looking in the Bible for the answers it gives. Start by

listening for the questions it asks.

We are much involved, all of us, with questions about things that matter a good deal today but which will be forgotten by this time tomorrow—the immediate whens and hows that face us daily at home and at work. At the same time, we tend to lose track of the questions about things that matter always—life-and-death questions about meaning and purpose and value. To lose track of such in-depth questions as these is to risk losing track of who we really are in our own depths and where we are really going.

There is perhaps no stronger reason for reading the Bible, then, than that somewhere among all those pages—there awaits each reader the one question which, though for years he may have been pretending not to hear it, is the central question of his own life. Here are a few of them:

What is a man profited if he shall gain the whole world and lose his own soul? (Matthew 16:26)
Am I my brother's keeper?

(Genesis 4:9)

If God is for us, who can be against us? (Romans 8:31)

What is truth? (John 18:38)

What does a man gain by all the toil at which he toils under the sun? (Ecclesiastes 1:3)

What shall I do to inherit eternal life? (Luke 10:25)

When you hear the question that is your own question, then you have already begun to hear much. And

whether you can accept the Bible's answer or not, you have reached the point where at least you can begin to hear that, too.

• Don't start at Genesis and try to plow straight through to Revelation. Concentrate first on the high points. There is much to reward you in the valleys, too; but when you start out, keep to the high ground.

There is, for example, the vivid, eyewitness account of the reign of King David (Second Samuel, plus the first two chapters of First Kings), and especially the story of how his son Absalom led an armed revolt against him and tried to seize the throne for himself. Absalom, the handsome, dangerous young prince, who of all his sons is the one that David was never able either to live with or live without, is killed in the battle. When the old king hears this, he weeps: "O my son Absalom, my son, my son . . . would I had died instead of you, O Absalom my son."

What stuns us in these words is not just the choked eloquence of human grief still raw after 30 centuries, but their strange foreshadowing of the Galilean peasant who generations later was hailed with palms as the Son of David and who died just such a sacrificial death as the old king could only dream of helplessly.

Or there is the Book of Job, which faces in all its starkness the question which still is the greatest single stumbling block to religious faith: If there really is a God who is both all-good and all-powerful, then why is there so much evil in the world?

Why does a good man suffer when the wicked thrive? Why is a child born hopelessly deformed?

God does not explain in Job. He explodes: "Hast thou entered into the treasures of the snow? Canst thou bind the sweet influence of the Pleiades? Hast thou given the horse strength and clothed his neck with thunder?" God does not reveal His grand design. Instead, He reveals himself.

"I had heard of thee by the hearing of the ear, but now my eyes see thee," Job says, and the idea is powerfully conveyed that this was somehow what Job, like the rest of us, had wanted all along: not a God who would show theologically why things are as they are but a God who would show his face. Not a homily, but a hand to hold.

Among the other high points are those sections in Matthew and Luke where Jesus gives a summary of his teachings in words and images that have haunted the world ever since. Try the one in Luke because, as the less familiar of the two, it is apt to come through fresher. "Blessed are you that weep now," Jesus says, "for you shall laugh." There is so little laughter in the Bible generally that here in this crucial passage it rings out with extraordinary clarity—the astonished, joyful, tear-stained laughter of faith justified, hope fulfilled.

The air in these upper altitudes of the Bible is apt to be clearer and the light brighter than elsewhere, but if you nevertheless find yourself get-

ting lost, try a good Bible Commentary which gives the date and historical background of each book, explains the special circumstances which it was written to meet, and verse by verse tries to illumine the meaning of difficult sections. Even when the meaning seems perfectly clear, a commentary can greatly enrich our understanding. The Book of Jonah, for instance—only two or three pages long—takes on new significance when we discover its importance in advancing the idea that God's mercy and forgiveness are extended not just to the children of Israel but to all mankind.

• It may sound like fortune-telling, but don't worry about that. Let the Bible fall open in your lap and start there. If you don't find something that seems to be aimed directly at you, let it fall open to something else. Read it as though it were as ancient and exotic and wise as the I Ching or the Tarot Deck. Because it is.

I remember opening the Bible at random once to the third chapter of John's first epistle, where the first thing that caught my eye was the

verse, "He who does not love remains in death." Coincidence or not, they were of all words the ones I needed most to hear just then.

• There are people who say you should read the Bible as literature, for the stories it tells and the history it contains. Don't worry about what it is supposed to mean to religious faith. Read it like any other book.

The trouble is that the Bible is not like any other book. To read the Bible as literature is like reading *Moby Dick* as a whaling manual or the Gettysburg Address for its punctuation.

• Finally, this. If you look at a window, you see flyspecks, dust, the crack where Junior's Frisbee hit it. If you look *through* a window, you see the world beyond.

Something like this is the difference between those who see the Bible as unreadable and those who see it as the Word of God which speaks out of the depths of an almost unimaginable past into the deepest places of our own hearts.

→ For information on reprints of this article, see page 36 ←

Chip off the Old Block

WHEN a man in Aberdeen, Scotland, became senior partner in the family legal firm founded by his great-grandfather, he decided that his first act would be to renew the two time-worn sandstone steps at the office entrance. To save money, he suggested that, instead of installing new steps, the existing ones could be reset the other way up.

After a morning's chipping, the mason came up against a problem. "The job can't be done," he explained to the man. "It seems your grandfather had the same idea."

—Contributed by H. T. Grant



Sometimes there are very few things good enough to express the way you feel.

When your new baby arrives—yours to love and cherish—it's comforting to know that there is something close enough to mother's milk. Something good enough to be confident in. Something you trust enough to give your baby.

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On Wings Young and Tender

A father's farewell to his
college-bound daughter

Condensed from CONTEMPORARY
GRAHAM PORTER

ASLEEP in your room, you do not hear the ringing of the alarm clock that sends your mother scurrying to the kitchen to start breakfast while I quietly waken your three younger sisters.

"Is the doll ready?" I whisper to Lynn. "It goes on the breakfast tray." From a drawer filled with her junior-high paraphernalia, Lynn retrieves a homemade felt doll dressed in the colors of the college that you will be flying off to this morning.

Down in the kitchen your little sister, Robin, reminds her mother, "Don't forget the confidence pill." But already the tiny baked dough-ball has been removed from the oven and sprinkled with food color-

ing. I gaze at it with special feeling. Since you were a little girl your mother has supplied you with just such make-believe pills whenever you faced a new challenge.

"I hate to think of Carol not knowing a soul at college," Julie is saying. I put my arm around her. It's hard to realize that next year she will be leaving home like you.

When your mother announces that your breakfast tray is ready, Julie hands each of us the words to the going-away song that she and her two younger sisters have composed. The closeness of our family relationship has never seemed stronger as we tiptoe into your room where you lie asleep, your delicate oval face turned toward us and your russet hair soft on the pillow. Our song, silly and bittersweet, begins hesitantly, then grows in gusto. On hearing the words you smile with touching wistfulness, still not opening your eyes. But a tear slides from beneath your lashes. When the singing ends, you fling yourself up and open your arms to us all.

The minutes move forward faster, faster. All too soon the six of us are at the airport gate. "Blow me a kiss from the sky," I hear myself whisper in farewell. With a tremulous smile you turn toward the enormous white jet. The door of the plane swings shut, but we continue to wave at a figure that is no longer there. "Let's watch from the observation deck," cries Lynn.

We hurry up an escalator to the balcony overlooking the runways.

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As the plane creeps toward the far end of the field for its takeoff, my mind turns back to our yesterday's luncheon in a candlelit restaurant. Again I see your face and hear the muted clink of your water glass against mine.

"Here's to you, sweetie," I said at our table for two.

You sipped slowly, then set down your glass. "Thanks for everything, Daddy," you said. You shook back your hair, then went on, "Maybe you've noticed that I'm a little scared. But don't worry. I'll do all right."

"You'll do great," I said.

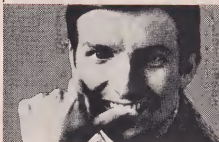
For a moment we lapsed into silence. When I looked up from my plate, I found you studying me

curiously. "What are you thinking, Daddy?"

"I was thinking about what lies ahead of you at college," I said at last. "You'll run into all sorts of opinions as to what's right and wrong with the world. The trouble is that too many people, young and old alike, take their opinions second-hand. Make it a point to mold your own, carefully and sincerely. And don't join the ranks of those who find only reasons to be *against* life. Keep searching for things you stand for in a positive way."

I laughed at my solemn demeanor. "Heaven knows, I'm not suggesting that you turn your back on fun. Just don't overlook spending some special minutes alone to sort

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 The myth that sex is the
 dominant factor in life is emotionally
 crippling—and dead wrong


Sex Isn't Everything

Condensed from "THE NEW SEXUALITY"

FATHER EUGENE C. KENNEDY

SOMETHING in us has a liking for myths, for notions about ourselves that have little to do with reality. One of the most pervasive of the current myths proclaims that sex is the driving force of all human behavior. In short, the myth has it, sex is everything.

The myth would have us believe that no action is undertaken, no glance exchanged, no creative image set sparkling, that is not motivated by a sexual impulse of one kind or another. And the person who is neither a "sensuous man" nor a "sensuous woman" is somehow badly disconnected from the current impulses of his culture. To be mature, we are told, means to be sexually

responsive in all moods and seasons.

This idea is so far at variance with what most human beings are really like that it is ludicrous. More important, it destroys the meaning both of romance and of what is healthily erotic. It is sexual tyranny, because it imposes a uniform response on everyone, irrespective of differences in age, personality and life situation.

The myth of sex-is-everything has another effect: it has promoted sexual intercourse as a means for dealing with nonsexual problems. For example, often the lonely and unloved use sex as a means of achieving the warmth and acceptance that can come only in a much more complete relationship. They want sex to say that, yes, somebody else is there. Certain other women or men, uneasy about their own sexual identi-

FATHER EUGENE C. KENNEDY is a professor of psychology at Loyola University in Chicago. His other books include *A Time for Love* and *In the Spirit, In the Flesh*.

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cation, use sex to assure themselves of their femininity or masculinity rather than to communicate something to another person. Sex may also be used destructively to punish others—spouses, lovers or parents. And, in what is the most telling misuse of all, sex takes the place of true emotional intimacy and thus does away with the need to get to know the other person.

When everything is linked to sex, it becomes difficult to determine and appreciate what is truly sexual. For sexiness is remote from sexuality. Sexiness remains very much on the surface in its distorted emphasis on the external aspects of human beings. To look sexy is not necessarily to be sexual. True sexuality is a function of the total personality, and is experienced and expressed only in the lives of truly mature people.

But the real danger of the sex-is-everything myth is the paralyzing effect it has on our development as human beings. In a land filled with people trying to initiate themselves into the art of seductive behavior, problems of sexual identity abound. And the myth both causes and reinforces this fear. At the same time, because it emphasizes shallow sexual goals, because it asserts that sexiness and sexuality are one, it makes it difficult for us to achieve a sense of who we are as individuals.

When we cannot stake a claim on our own identity, we become crippled in our capacity to enter a warm and loving relationship with another person. If we cannot share our-

selves intimately, we can only move into deeper self-absorption. We become fixated at the adolescent stage of sexual development.

During adolescence, we struggle to achieve a realization of who we are as individuals. An important part of this process involves the integration of sexual feelings into our personality. In this way we develop a sexual identity—a sense of ourselves as woman or man.

The insistent myth that sex is everything has made it more difficult for us to complete this critical stage of growth successfully. The distorted view of sex we find around us confuses rather than enlightens us. The myth urges us, often prematurely, into a sexual intimacy we can neither understand nor appreciate. This makes it difficult to integrate fully our sexual impulses into our own personal identity. When we fail to meet these challenges in adolescence, we enter adulthood unprepared emotionally. It is no accident, then, that many of us seem adolescent in terms of our sexual maturity.

The myth of sex-is-everything can be dispelled only through a deepening of our entire culture's appreciation of the real values and meaning of life itself. For, despite all the myths, sexuality fits best into the lives of people who love each other. To believe that sex takes on its true significance when it is expressive of a loving human relationship is about as old-fashioned an idea as one could espouse. It is also a true idea. JMS

Silver Boom Down Mexico Way

By ROBERT STROTHER

The ancient treasure mines of the conquistadores are opening up a new future for today's enterprising prospectors

ONCE again silver is the talk on the Bolsa. Famous old mines which accounted for much of the world's silver in colonial times are being reopened, bringing new life to ghost towns built long ago by mining millionaires.

Khaki-clad company geologists in jeeps and helicopters compete with ragged "gambusinos"—lone prospectors with donkeys—in search of new bonanzas from northern Sonora to the Guatemala border. New industrial demands for the metal have sent prices sharply upward and in spite of a recent decline, a glamorous chapter in Mexican history is beginning to repeat itself, with variations.

Almost from the moment Hernán Cortés and his handful of soldiers conquered Mexico in 1521, silver poured out of New Spain. The picturesque town of Taxco, still a silver

center, was one of the first sources. Spurred on by visions of quick wealth, the *conquistadores* defied hardship and death to swarm over the vast territory. Almost everywhere they found silver, including a huge nugget in Sonora weighing 2755 pounds. Mexico was soon producing more silver than all the rest of the world combined. Mining camps became palatial cities. Palaces, cathedrals, museums and universities sprang up through the land.

But after the war for independence from Spain in 1810, Mexico fell into near-constant turmoil for more than a century. Revolutions, coups d'état, foreign invasions and widespread banditry gradually brought the prodigious silver boom to an end.

One after another famous mines were abandoned as people fled to the cities. Once the pumps were



Build more than two hundred years ago, this church in the Sierra Mountains stands as a reminder of Mexico's mining past

stopped, floods ruined the underground workings. The luxurious stone-and-marble mansions near the main mines became ghost houses.

Meanwhile, an important market for silver was drying up. In the 1870s, almost all the countries of Europe followed the example of France and Belgium in suspending silver coinage in favor of gold. Slowly increasing industrial demand took up some of the slack over the next few decades, but any hope of a big revival seemed to go when the stock market crashed in 1929 and the price of silver plummeted.

In 1963, free world consumption

rose quite dramatically. Industry was finding scores of new uses for silver. By 1965, stocks of silver were so low that the U.S. Government stopped using the precious metal in coin making and silver dollars rose up to three times their face value. The rush to revive old mines and find new ones was on.

Optimists see the industrial demand for the metal as almost insatiable since world consumption exceeds production of new silver by a ratio of two to one. Thirty percent of all silver production goes into making film emulsion. Eastman Kodak alone consumes 10 percent of the world output.

The best of all conductors of electricity, and second only to gold in ductility, silver is in great demand in the manufacture of electric generating and distributing equipment. Highly resistant to alkalis, it is essential in most chemical plants, and in installations for desalinization of sea water. About four percent of all silver goes into silver-mercury dental fillings and to the ancient but newly-respectable art of rainmaking, in which silver iodide crystals are fired into or dropped upon rain-laden clouds.

The other industrial uses are innumerable. One swiftly growing application is in electric storage batteries. Silver-cadmium and silver-zinc batteries are needed for long-lived aerospace and submarine operations. And as the most lustrous of metals, silver continues in mounting

demand for silver-ware and jewelry manufacture. In areas where people are mistrustful of paper money and base-metal coin, silver is still required by mints.

Modern methods of prospecting also helped create Mexico's current half-billion dollar mining investment program. Infra-red film in airborne cameras reacts to the heat in hidden mineral deposits and makes possible fast surveys of great areas of rugged terrain. Geologists on the ground work with a wonderfully sensitive kit developed by the U.S. Geological Survey. It can search out traces of silver as scanty as ten parts in a billion, and do 80 tests a day in the field. Even the old "gambusino," defying thirst, rock-slides and rattlesnake bites in sun-baked regions knows that he won't starve. The government now subsidizes him and his donkey.

The current silver search centers round abandoned mines. Industrias Peñoles, one of Mexico's leading silver companies, in partnership with Pure Silver Mines Ltd. of Canada and the Fresnillo Company, is spending about \$15 million to rehabilitate mines around Guanajuato in the central part of the country. Once the ancient mines are operating again, the consortium expects to be producing about 4.5 million ounces annually.

That yield would have seemed meager to the tycoons who created Guanajuato's exciting past. The La Valenciana mine, opened

in 1760, made its discoverer—a Spanish adventurer named Antonio Obrégón y Alcocer—and his son-in-law, the Conde de Casa Rul, two of the world's wealthiest men. The Conde is renowned for having spent a million in gold every month on what historians describe as "incidentals." However, some of his money went into the building of a magnificent church, 500 feet from the mine entrance.

Treasure Trove. Sonora state abounds in silver. By far the greatest of the new mining projects there is the Mexicana de Cobre S.A. operation at Nacozari south of the U.S. border. Another new mine near Tepache is expected to yield more than two million ounces a year, and prospectors are scanning the area around the picturesque former ghost town of Los Alamos. Founded in 1532, Los Alamos has brought wealth by silver, and its silver barons made it a gem of colonial architecture. Because of its beauty, the town today is classified as a national monument.

The memory of the greatest of Los Alamos nobility—Don José María Almada—is cherished for an act of gallantry worthy of Sir Walter Raleigh. Observing one day that ladies emerging from church across the square were in danger of ruining their shoes in puddles, he paved the ladies' way to dry land with bars of silver bullion from his mansion.

Then every mining town had its eccentric millionaire. The man at

Real del Monte some 62 miles north of Mexico City was Romero de Terreros. He bought the property in 1739, struck a new lode, and was soon rich enough to give the King of Spain a warship. Later he topped that gift by lending the King a million dollars.

Today the Mexican government is working the "tailings" from scores of mines in the nearby mountains, and recovering vast quantities of silver every month. Real del Monte itself is thriving on an output of 300,000 ounces of silver a month.

Big Prospects. Strangest of all the ghost mining centers now showing signs of rejuvenation is Real de Catorce in the state of San Luis Potosí. Aside from the silver it once produced, Catorce has two claims to fame: standing at an altitude of 9,000 feet it is the highest city on the North American continent, and it is the only city anywhere that has to be entered by a two-mile-long tunnel.

Except for a few people in the vicinity, almost nobody has ever heard of the place, yet 150 years ago Real de Catorce claimed to be the most opulent city of its size in the world. Silver ore pouring out of a hundred mines in the mist-shrouded heights above the town kept a dozen refineries busy. Great Spanish-type houses with carved stone balustrades and fancy iron grille work surrounded

the cathedral-size church. But rising waters in the mines, the exhaustion of nearby sources of firewood for the smelters, and outbreaks of banditry and kidnappings for high ransom combined to ruin Catorce. By 1911 the town was dead. Until a few years ago, the only visible commercial activity was that of boys and old men selling wrought-iron hardware from the deserted mansions to an occasional visitor.

Now Catorce is coming to life. Some 150 miners are extracting 300 tons of silver ore a day from a reopened mine, and engineers are prowling the area. Most of the old mines are too water-logged and dangerous to be worth saving, but they have high hopes for new ones.

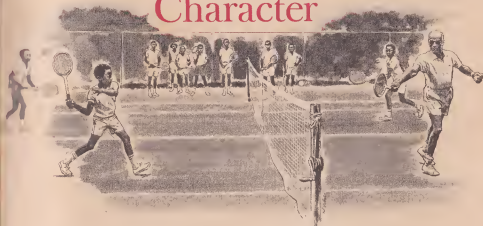
By producing 47.5 million ounces in 1969, Mexico regained her old position as a leader in world production.

"I am certain that silver production in Mexico will grow by 50 percent in the next few years," says Bernhard Rohe, chief executive officer of Peñoles. And one of Mexico's foremost mining engineers points out that mineral production has doubled since 1960 to an annual value of more than a half-billion dollars in 1970. He adds, "Just as silver mining financed the swift early development of New Spain, we expect wider exploitation of all our mineral resources to boost modern Mexico to new levels of prosperity."

SIGN on large tree: "Danger—Watch Out for Falling Children."—P. T.

BY ARTHUR ASHE, JR.

My Most Unforgettable Character



A notable example of what one man's patient determination can accomplish

IT WAS indeed a moment to savor: Arthur Ashe Day at the Philadelphia Country Club in Philadelphia. The captain of the U.S. Davis Cup team, George McCall, presented me with a beautiful, two-foot-high bronze sculpture of myself. Various players and officials had flattering things to say about me. Yet when the time came for me to respond, my thoughts were not on

myself but on a quiet, modest man sitting in the audience.

"Really, this is not my day at all," I told the gathering. "In fact, it is

ARTHUR ASHE, JR., now one of the outstanding contract professionals in tennis, was a member of the U.S. Davis Cup team from 1963 to 1970. He has a long list of titles to his credit, including the U.S. Open (1968), Australian Open (1970) and Paris Indoor Open (1970).

more of a tribute to Dr. Johnson. For 13 years he was the driving force behind me and Negro tennis."

Dr. Walter Johnson, a black Lynchburg, Va., physician, had long held one determined objective. At a time when black players were not even allowed to play in white tennis tournaments, he resolved to develop not just black players but black champions. Black athletes were excelling in such sports as boxing, baseball, football, basketball and track, but there had never been a single, top-caliber black tennis player. The reason: tennis was then the most segregated of sports.

But Dr. Johnson changed all that. Althea Gibson, a strapping girl from Harlem, developed under his tutelage into the best woman tennis player in the world. And when I made the U.S. Davis Cup team in 1963, and won the U.S. Open in 1968, his ambition was realized.

"That's the Spirit!" When I was growing up in Richmond, Va., back in the 1940s and '50s, I lived in a black neighborhood, went to black schools, drank from special water fountains and rode in the back of city buses. When I first began fooling around with a borrowed tennis racket as a kid of six, I played at Brook Field, a Negro playground. Still, I was lucky in one respect. Brook Field, with its four tennis courts, was literally in our backyard, and my father was in charge. When he saw that I was interested in tennis, he bought me a racket and I began to play in earnest.

It was at Brook Field that I first met Dr. Johnson. A part-time playground instructor named Ronald Charity knew of Dr. Johnson's "Junior Development Program" for young black players, and persuaded him to watch me hit a few balls. I was only ten years old, and so thin that Dr. Johnson thought I had rickets. Still, he offered to take me under his wing. My father agreed that I could go for the summer, and put me on the bus for Lynchburg, where Dr. Johnson lived.

Dr. Johnson stood five feet nine inches tall, and gave an impression of strength and dignity. Fifty-four years old when I first met him, he still had an athlete's sturdy physique, which he kept in trim by playing tennis. He had a strong face with a level gaze framed by glasses, and thinning gray hair. "We're glad to have you, Arthur," he greeted me, "but don't ever forget that you're here to work on tennis."

Dr. J., as we youngsters called him, had devised a grueling regimen to bring out the best in each of us. We'd get up about eight each morning, cook our own breakfasts, make up our rooms and be on the courts before nine. We'd team up and hit balls all morning without keeping score. After lunch we would practice under the direction of Dr. Johnson's son, Robert, 26, a fine player. When we weren't practicing, we did chores such as mowing the lawn, pruning the bushes, washing the dishes, keeping the dog-yard clean.

In the evening, after a hearty dinner that *never* included ice cream, soda pop or pastry, we would go to the basement game room, where Dr. J. would show us tennis films or discuss ways to improve our play. He also talked to us constantly about the value of a good education, and of tennis as a means of achieving it.

I was the youngest and smallest of our little group, and some had more natural ability. Although they beat me badly time after time, Dr. Johnson liked the fact that I was willing to work hard to improve. "Arthur is the first on the courts every morning and the last to leave at night," he said. "That's the kind of spirit I like."

Breaking the Barriers. That first summer seemed endless, with its constant work and practice. But I came back the second summer and won in the under-12 division of every Negro tournament in which I was entered. During my third summer, Dr. Johnson began entering me in the junior and men's divisions to get stiffer competition. He would pile the other kids and me into his big green Buick and drive us to Negro tournaments in cities like Washington, Baltimore, Philadelphia and New York.

We enjoyed these black American Tennis Association tournaments, but Dr. Johnson wanted us to play in white U.S. Lawn Tennis Association tournaments, because they were the important ones. He would file an entry for me or for some other

black youngster in a white tournament, and it was often rejected without explanation. Patiently, he would apply again the next year. At times I got discouraged and wanted to quit tennis, but Dr. Johnson pointed out that one quality of a champion is the ability to endure.

In 1954, he and his son Robert applied to play in the National Father-Son Clay Court Doubles championships in Atlanta. When they got there, they were told they could not play. Dr. Johnson wasted no time in getting on the phone to the U.S. Lawn Tennis Association. "These are *national* championships, not *white* championships," he pointed out. "Also, they are being held in a *public* stadium that was built with taxpayers' money—and not just *white* taxpayers' money." The Johnsons played thereafter, and a breakthrough had been made. By this kind of patient pushing, Dr. Johnson got us into our first white tournament in Baltimore when I was 14. Another step forward.

Wise Counsel. One of a dozen children of a North Carolina logger, Walter Johnson decided as a youngster that he wanted to be a doctor. He attended all-black Lincoln University in Pennsylvania, where he was a fiery running back on the football team. After graduation, he worked for four years teaching and coaching football at three black colleges in the South. With enough money to start medical school, he entered Meharry Medical College in Nashville. He worked summers

as a redcap at Grand Central Station in New York City. "I wouldn't leave that station until I'd earned \$10 over my current expenses," he once reminisced. "Some days I'd make the \$10 and expenses in four hours. Other days it might take 18 hours. But I wouldn't quit until I had that money for my next year's schooling."

He graduated and began medical practice in 1933. By the time I came to Lynchburg, Dr. Johnson owned a comfortable home that was almost an "open house" for the local black community. In fact, black people from far and wide would drop in to share his hospitality and to play tennis with him, some staying for days, even weeks. Always generous and gregarious, Dr. Johnson liked having people around. Eventually, though, he decided to channel his energies and money in a more organized way. That's when he began his Junior Development Program, which brought me into his fold.

In 1958, Dr. J. got some of us into the National Juniors' and Boys' Championships at Kalamazoo, Mich.—the first time that black boys had played in a national tournament. That same year, he got me into the National Interscholastic tournament in Charlottesville, Va.—my first important white tournament in the South. I was one of the few black players entered, and it wasn't very pleasant. I was refused service at a restaurant and turned away when I tried to go to a movie.

When my father and some neighbors came to see me play, people sit-

ting near them got up and moved. I was burning with resentment inside, but Dr. Johnson had cautioned me not to show my anger. In fact, the emotional control that I learned in my years with Dr. Johnson has always stood me in good stead.

Biggest Victory. In 1960, Dr. Johnson arranged for me to go to St. Louis for a year. "There's no color barrier there," he told me. "You'll live with a Negro schoolteacher named Richard Hudlin, who is a great tennis booster. And you'll be playing against much better players than you can find here at home." I was reluctant to leave him and my family, but as usual he was right. St. Louis had good indoor courts, so I could play year-round. And I was able to play with young nationally-ranked white players. That year, I won my first national championship, the Junior Indoor Singles.

Things happened fast for me after St. Louis. I was offered scholarships to many leading colleges. I chose to attend UCLA because it had a tradition of fairness to black athletes dating back to the time of Jackie Robinson, who broke major-league baseball's color line. Although UCLA had a fine tennis coach, I still missed Dr. Johnson. And although Dr. J. was 3000 miles away, he continued to help me. After a major Ashe loss, he would phone long-distance and analyze with me why I had lost. If I won, he wouldn't call except to warn me against overconfidence. In 1963, he helped to raise funds to defray my expenses

when I competed at Wimbledon.

He also had a way of turning up to advise me in key matches. In 1965, in the National Singles at Forest Hills, I played Roy Emerson of Australia—then the No. 1 player in the world. Putting all the power I could into my service, I managed to win the first two sets. Then my serve faltered, and I lost the third set, double-faulting on set point. During the intermission, I remembered something that Dr. Johnson had told me before the match: "Don't try for too many service aces. Tone down your first serve." Following his advice, I came back relaxed, and out-steadied Roy to win the fourth set and the match—the biggest victory of my life up to that time.

More Than a Game. As I grew up and traveled the world, I gained a new perspective on what Dr. Johnson represented, not just in tennis but in life. Before the Montgomery bus strike, before the rise of Dr. Martin Luther King, before the dramatic marches on Washington and Montgomery, Dr. Johnson had striven in his own modest sphere to achieve equality for black people. Of course, tennis is only a game. But he looked on it also as a means of getting an education, of bringing people together in fun and comradeship, of instilling black pride. Was he right? The facts speak for them-

selves. At one time there were more than 50 of Dr. Johnson's black protégés attending colleges on tennis scholarships. And certainly he, more than anyone, opened public tennis courts to everyone regardless of race.

Despite his avid interest in tennis, Dr. Johnson never neglected his busy medical practice. He knew that poor nutrition, poor housing and poor sanitation led inevitably to poor health, and he worked continuously to improve these conditions among the rural poor around Lynchburg. He was instrumental in getting city officials there to build a new housing project for poor black people and, in 1965, Lynchburg's mayor presented him with a plaque for his unremitting efforts on behalf of that city's poor and ill-housed.

A couple of years ago, Dr. Johnson was stricken with cancer. Although in severe pain, he worked at his medical practice until the day he died last year, at 72. I'm a professional now, touring the world and playing against the best pros. But whenever I get letters about young black players who show promise in tennis, I try to see them play and help them get instruction and equipment so they can get the same kind of start I got. When I do, I feel I'm paying back, in some small measure, what Dr. Johnson gave me and so many other poor black youngsters.



Domestic Scene. Driving by a farm home in Virginia, I spotted a woman sitting in the scoop of a front-end loader washing the upper windows of her house, while her husband sat in the cab at the controls.

—Contributed by Rachel Blosser

THE WHITE MAN COMES BACK TO BLACK AFRICA

A new breed of white Africans is bringing expertise — not exploitation — to the emerging nations of the vast dark continent

By NOEL BARBER

BARELY a decade after 31 black African colonies achieved their independence — most of them peacefully, a few after bitter strife — a remarkable transformation has occurred. In ever-increasing numbers, the white man is returning to black Africa. In some of the new nations, there are now even more whites than there were in the days of colonial rule.

They are a new breed, for the "Empire Builders" have gone forever. They do not rule, they serve. Instead of draining the fledgling African states of their raw materials, they make available the treasures of the mind — knowledge, expertise, experience. Moreover, today's "white African" no longer spends a lifetime there. Nowadays

he serves short-term contracts, carries out specific projects, gives expert help and advice for a limited period of time.

During a recent 14-country tour of Africa, I found men and women from every corner of the globe serving in such varied roles as presidential advisers, judges, tax experts, policemen, teachers, doctors, agronomists, roadmakers, radio operators. All are treated with respect, not the sort of abject deference that marked the past era of "white supremacy."

In Malawi, which achieved independence from Britain in 1964, some senior civil service posts are still held by whites; in Zambia, independent since 1964, British judges still sit on the Bench. The French have made an impressive

return to the steamy Ivory Coast, where in the heyday of French colonial power there were 10,000 whites. Today the number has risen dramatically to 35,000 — including about 1800 of the country's 2000 secondary school teachers, and more than 150 French experts working in the government, including the President's confidential adviser, Guy Nairay.

Most technical jobs demanding expertise are filled by countries with aid programs, as is shown by a cross section of white men working in Congo-Kinshasa, formerly the Belgian Congo. Apart from whites in private industry, there are working in this nation today under various aid programs: Belgians, French, Italians, Danes, Canadians, Germans, Israelis, Swiss, British — plus others from the United Nations. They range from a British schoolmaster teaching top government officials English, to four Swiss experts who help run the new national Banque de Kinshasa under a Congolese president.

Typical of what is happening, Canada will give more than \$85 million to Africa this year — about \$50 million of it to francophone countries. In addition, the Canadian International Development Agency, Canadian University Service Overseas and Canadian Executive Service Overseas, are currently filling about 1750 professional and technical appointments in anything from public administration in

Ghana to fisheries in Uganda. Salaries for CUSO volunteers are paid at local rates by the governments which employ them. For CIDA, Canada bears the cost of equivalent Canadian remuneration but CESO experts get living costs and transportation only.

In Abeokuta, Nigeria, CESO volunteer Archie Massey of Sudbury set up a stone quarry and crushing operation to supply Lagos Airport with gravel for extensions. Dr. John Charters, Executive Director of the Montreal Children's Hospital, spent two years in Kenya helping a McGill University team to establish departments of internal medicine and pediatrics at Nairobi's University College. And at the Fort Portal Hospital in Uganda, Dr. Larry Lawrence, a dental surgeon sent by CUSO, trained an African assistant to take over the hospital's dental health division.

The most important aspect of the volunteer's job is to train someone locally to do it. This is the goal of the current director-general of the Malawi Broadcasting Corporation, 41-year-old Irishman David Hannon, who has a two-year contract to reorganize the station. "I'd been with the BBC in Belfast for ten years," he says, "and when this job was offered, I applied. Now I feel I'm doing something to help a wonderful country but my main task here is to help my successor to be a better director general than I am." The rewards go both ways.

German Baron Kurt von Burkersroda, who works with 250 fertilizer research stations in nine African countries for the Swiss-based International Potash Institute, reports, "I have learned more than I ever dreamed I could. And I get an enormous satisfaction out of handing over to others what I do know."

There is also another new type of white African—people like CUSO volunteers who are thirsty for a life of adventure and deep involvement in a young society. In Kenya I met two nurses from Britain's Voluntary Service Overseas who gave up their jobs to work for nominal pay in the Masai country. With their mobile clinic they toiled in areas where no nurses had worked before, and they learned to speak Masai. At the end of their term they remained in Kenya—working on contract for the African Medical and Research Foundation, with regular pay. Today they treat 500 patients a week in the bush under appalling conditions—and have applied for renewal of their contract.

The French have their own way of giving youth a chance to serve in Africa. Army draftees can opt for a job abroad for 16 months, consistent with national interest, instead of spending 12 months soldiering.

In Abidjan, capital of the Ivory Coast, I lunched with 26-year-old political-science graduate Pierre

Arnaud, who is working on economic studies and product marketing—one of the hundreds of soldiers working peacefully in the Ivory Coast for the Ivory Coast. There are other French soldiers in Kenya, Malawi and Tanzania—and I even met one solitary French soldier in Rhodesia, 24-year-old Private Gérard Crouzillat, who is teaching French conversation at Salisbury's University College of Rhodesia. He is one of at least 2000 French "soldiers of culture" working in black Africa today.

Most white Africans are teaching with greater sensitivity than their forebears—and more effectively. In Congo-Kinshasa, for example, E. H. "Tommy" Adkins, once a Florida policeman, is training the country's 21,000-strong police force. In less than a year, Adkins has established a nationwide police radio network, and formed the first Mobile Brigade of 135 men and 54 vehicles to combat crime in Kinshasa, the capital. "Already I let them run it themselves," he says. For like many other white men in Africa, Adkins realizes that "There's one point you must never forget. Many Africans are still sensitive, and you must remember you're helping, not bossing."

This new climate of understanding and tolerance is not due to the whites alone. On the African side, the first heady dreams of independence evaporated as problem-

burdened Africans realized that freedom provided no automatic solutions. Soon men like Zambia's former Minister of Labor, Lewis Changufu, had the courage to warn their countrymen that hasty Africanization was doing "more harm than good." Mr. Changufu's warning was precipitated by such events as the introduction of the British "Pay as You Earn" income-tax system, only to discover that British tax experts were needed to show how to run it efficiently.

Now all African leaders, who might at first have been suspicious of overt political motives, welcome the white man. "We are happy to accept help from our white brothers whatever their origin," President Mobutu of Congo-Kinshasa said recently. "I attach particular importance to technical experts. All are welcome for we know we can learn from their skills." As President Houphouët-Boigny, of the Ivory Coast, said to President Pompidou: "We are faithful old friends, and our relationship today is good because it was born out of understanding and mutual esteem for each other."

On the white side, the opening of African doors coincided with a deeply felt urge to find a new role of service in the world. The zeal of the new white Africans can match that of any of the old-time missionaries. Moreover, as the racial barriers come down, the "old hands" who remained after inde-

pendence out of love for a country changed, too.

But what happens to the white Africans when a newly independent state quarrels with its "mother country"? Nothing, it seems. Political friction between the giving and receiving nations is not allowed to interfere with the business of putting a country on its feet. Indeed, when President Nyerere of Tanzania broke off diplomatic relations with Britain in 1965 (since restored) over the issue of white minority rule in Rhodesia, the President asked the British in the country to remain.

Despite the fact that eventual Africanization is the cornerstone of policy in most states, there is little likelihood that the present number of whites will be reduced in the '70s, in view of the increasing numbers of businessmen connected with investment projects in Africa. In the Congo, Pan American World Airways has been asked to run Air Congo, the national airline, and International Telephone and Telegraph is extending and modernizing the Kinshasa telephone service. An Italian firm is currently undertaking a road-building program in Zambia, another one is mining dolomite in Togo. In the Cameroons, the Canadians are building an important bridge; in Ghana they are investing \$11 million in electricity power lines. In Kenya, the Germans are building a new luxury hotel and the Swedes are helping

to finance a \$2.7 million stock-breeding project. In Malawi, the Danes are designing a hospital for the new capital at Lilongwe and have established a technical training school. All this economic activity on the dark continent will inevitably mean more whites than ever in Africa for years to come.

By a grim irony, white imperialism, which made lofty promises it never redeemed, ended just as man

had begun to develop technical knowledge that could have made these promises come true. Thus, Africa's faith in the white man's "magic" vanished almost at the moment when the means were developed to justify it. Today the white man has magic that is truly potent. Its name is technology, and Africa needs it. Happily, it is now being freely given — on terms of equality.



Cartoon Quips

HUSBAND to wife as curvaceous neighbor appears: "I used to dread winter, but since the invention of stretch-type ski pants I don't mind it nearly so much."

—Bob Barnes, Register and Tribune Syndicate

AT New Year's Eve celebration, tycoon to waiter about to fill his glass: "No, thank you. I do all my celebrating at the end of the fiscal year."

—Weber in Look

WIFE to husband departing with deer-hunting gang: "Wait, Harold — your hospitalization card!"

—Al Kaufman in The Lion

TV-VIEWING matron to mate: "Edwin, what's happened to us? You don't talk to me during the commercials any more!"

—Censoni in Look

TEACHER to small pupil presenting petition for signature: "Sorry, Tommy — I can't sign a test-ban agreement."

—Bernhardt in The National Observer

SKI INSTRUCTOR to pupil: "The first thing to bear in mind is that the human body contains 206 bones."

—Hilton in Medical Tribune

ONE EXECUTIVE to another, reading notes in suggestion box: "Here's a great idea! It's from me."

—Shirvanian in Look

SON to father: "About my allowance, Pop. It's fallen below the national average for teen-agers."

—Lichty, Publishers Newspaper Syndicate

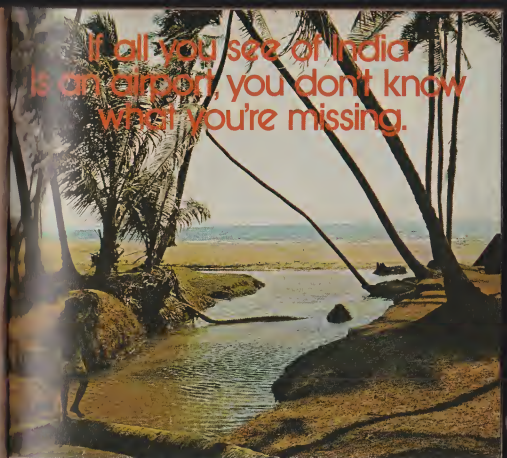
WIFE to husband admiring snowfall: "Would it defile your fairyland to shovel a path through it?"

—Herbert Brammeyer in The Christian Science Monitor

ONE boy to another: "Let's play football. I'll be spokesman for the players, and you represent the team owners."

—Jim Berry, Newspaper Enterprise Assn.

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Kerala is a pot pourrie of cultures and scenery. In the old city of Cochin (you'll love the pagoda-shaped houses), there's an ancient synagogue, which must be at least a thousand years old. Vasco da Gama is buried in Kerala. And in a former Dutch Palace (built by the Portuguese) you'll

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LeCorbusier

Architect to the World

Subjected to insults and rebuffs while he lived, this modern-day Leonardo is today recognized as one of the world's most challenging and controversial architects

By CURTIS CATE

ONE DAY in 1909, the chief engineer of the Paris subway system was asked to speak at the celebrated Ecole des Beaux-Arts. "Gentlemen," he began, "I am going to devote today's lecture to reinforced concrete..." His voice was promptly drowned out by catcalls and whistles from outraged students, convinced that this new building material was fine for dams and bridges, but not of interest to *refined* architects.

So disgusted by the uproar was a young Swiss student named Charles-Edouard Jeanneret that he walked out of the Beaux-Arts, more determined than ever to prove to the world that reinforced concrete had unlimited possibilities. At the time, Jeanneret, who never did get an architect's degree, was working as an apprentice to Auguste Perret,



a pioneering Frenchman who was already defying architectural tradition by building glass-and-concrete houses. "My struggle against my friends will be a struggle against their ignorance," the young rebel wrote to his first drawing master in his hometown of La Chaux-de-Fonds. "For reinforced concrete will mark a bold new milestone in the history of man's monuments."

These few prophetic lines, written when he was barely 21, summed up the life mission which was to make Le Corbusier (the pseudonym he later adopted to distinguish himself from two Jeanneret relatives with whom he worked for a time) the most challenging and controversial architect of modern times.

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material with the toughness of stone, the tensile strength of steel, which can be poured and twisted into almost any shape. What Le Corbusier could do with it was outlined in 1914, when the retreating German Army left behind scores of ravaged towns in Picardy and Flanders. Instead of laboriously rebuilding houses in stone and brick, he proposed erecting ready-made frames composed of concrete-slab floors mounted on reinforced-concrete girders, which the owners could then "fill out" with the windows, doors and walls of their own choice. Patented as the "domino" house (because it could be assembled in varying shapes and series), it was rejected as the fantasy of a dreamer. France had to wait another 15 years before officially accepting this kind of prefabricated housing.

Subsequent projects showed the same farsighted genius. As early as 1915, Le Corbusier envisioned cities built on stilts, to allow for a complete separation of pedestrian and motor traffic. Sloping roofs, he declared, were unnecessary and the

space thus wasted in urban areas could more profitably be filled by terraced roof gardens laid out over flat, watertight concrete surfaces.

In 1924, he and his cousin Pierre Jeanneret caused a flurry when they attempted to build a group of villas by spraying liquid cement onto a steel-wire mesh. Le Corbusier was the first to design a lozenge-shaped office building (for a Zürich insurance company) around a central core of elevators — thus anticipating the shape of New York's eye-stopping Pan American skyscraper by more than 25 years. He was also the first to propose that window-washing platforms be suspended from the tops of glass-surfaced structures, a technique now used for almost all high-rise buildings.

Most important, however, Le Corbusier contributed more than any other single individual to the "international style" of modern architecture by developing the vertical, stilt-supported slab. This is the form he gave to the Centrosoyuz building he designed for Moscow in 1928 and to Rio de Janeiro's Min-

Drawing by Le Corbusier illustrating his theory on the Domino House



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The church at Ronchamp, according to one's angle of vision, suggests a cottage's thatched eave, a sailboat hull, a nun's coif or a mussel shell

istry of Education and Public Health built in 1936.

A Man for All Seasons. From his father, a Swiss watch-decorator, and his mother, a pianist, Le Corbusier inherited an interest in all the arts. He was not only an architect but a painter, engraver, sculptor, a furniture and tapestry designer, a gifted writer and at times even a poet—which is why his fellow architect Eero Saarinen once called him “the Leonardo of our times.”

For Le Corbusier, architecture wasn't simply a job; it was a way of life which had to express the

spirit of the Machine Age. Long before city traffic had become the nightmare it is today, Le Corbusier was preoccupied by such problems as air pollution, vehicular congestion, suburban sprawl, population density and industrial blight. To him, houses and apartment buildings, even the furniture inside them, should be as functional as automobiles, Pullman cars and steamships. One proposal he made in 1925, for a parkland site just north of the Seine and Notre-Dame Cathedral, included elevated expressways, high-rise office and apartment buildings to free the

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ground surface for landscaping, shopping and pedestrians. Formally presented at the International Exhibition of Decorative Arts, it touched off such an uproar that the pavilion in which the model was displayed was screened off from public view by an 18-foot fence! But the uproar made the architect internationally famous.

Attracting Storms. Probably no architect in this century was the victim of more rebuffs. "I am a lightning conductor. I attract storms," Le Corbusier once remarked of himself. One of the first rebuffs was the "Pessac Scandal" of 1926. Le Corbusier had built a suburban development of 51 cube-shaped houses of reinforced cement, with differently colored walls inside and out and roof gardens instead of tiles and chimneys. Officials were so jarred by Pessac's appearance that they declared the houses there "uninhabitable," refused to supply water and prevented occupancy for a full three years. In his native Switzerland, he was pilloried as a communist "Trojan Horse." In Moscow, his design for a fan-shaped Palace of Soviets, with a "floating" concrete roof suspended from eight steel ribs and a sweeping parabolic arch, was condemned as "notoriously capitalistic architecture." In Paris his "expandable" art museum, designed to grow outward in a "concentric square" of paths and lawns, was turned down—only to be adopted 20 years later by

the town of Ahmedabad, in India.

The wonder of it is that Le Corbusier managed to build anything at all. Indeed, at times he was so hard pressed that he could not even afford to visit smaller projects, such as private villas, that came his way. But friends and admirers bought his paintings (his first major show was held in 1938), and the books he began pouring out at the rate of almost one a year brought in some royalties. Attracted by his writings, young architects from 19 different countries—including such now famous figures as Spain's José Luis Sert, Greece's Georges Candilis, France's André Wogenscky, Japan's Yosizaka Takamasa and Korea's Kim Chun Up—flocked to work for him at his Paris *atelier* on the Rue de Sèvres, even though he was too poor to pay them.

In 1946, Le Corbusier drew up plans for an apartment building for a "community" of 1600 people. Eventually built at Marseille, this tree-shaded "Radiant Township," as Le Corbusier liked to call it, bore no relation to the ordinary state-financed housing project. Each of its 337 apartments was a two-level duplex, with a 15 feet high living room linked to smaller upstairs or downstairs bedrooms. By adding a rooftop gymnasium, a children's nursery and elegantly sculptured funnels (for the evacuation of furnace smoke and kitchen fumes), he showed how a large apartment building could be designed with the

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Everywhere he now went Le Corbusier was hailed as one of the most inventive "form-givers" of this century. In India he was invited by the State of East Punjab to design its new capital at Chandigarh, a brand-new city for 150,000 people. Tokyo commissioned him to build a museum, Harvard University had him design a new Visual Arts Center, Venice a hospital. In Latin America the civic center of Bogotá and the residential district of Brasília were built on Corbusier stilts.

Unhonored Prophet. Yet if ever a prophet went unhonored in the land of his adoption, it was Le Cor-

busier. Although he settled in Paris during World War I, opted for French citizenship in 1930, and married Yvonne Gallis, a dark-eyed brunette from Monte Carlo, in France his detractors continued to disparage his work. Even the famed pilgrimage church at Ronchamp was at first publicly denounced. Built on a wind- and fog-swept height not far from the architect's Swiss birthplace, the deliberately asymmetric church has a silo-shaped tower, alongside a curved roof which, according to one's angle of vision, suggests a cottage's thatched eave, a sailboat hull, a nun's coif or a mussel shell.

Le Corbusier demanded excellence from his subordinates and he

High Court of Justice, Chandigarh. In this Himalayan setting, Le Corbusier used water reflection to create an illusion of height



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would drive them hard—as hard as he drove himself. But he would also listen. Often he would hand an apprentice the scrawled embryo of an architectural idea and ask him to test and develop it. If the younger man's criticism or suggestions struck Le Corbusier as valid, he would say: "Interesting! I hadn't thought of that!"—and modify his ideas accordingly.

His painter's eye was forever fascinated with the play of light on structures. In the monastery of La Tourette, near Lyon, he designed a chapel whose gaunt expanses of carmine and slate-blue concrete are made to sing in the daylight that descends from on high through richly colored funnels. Even more dramatic were the plays of light he devised for Ronchamp, where the red-walled silo-shaped tower diffuses a rich ruby glow around an altar dedicated to commemorating the mystery of the Passion.

The sensation he strove for with these effects was "spiritual envelopment." And he succeeded, even causing one Dominican father to remark that Le Corbusier, a self-styled nonbeliever, was really a "mystic without dogma."

One of the great architect's favorite structures was the log cabin he had built at Roquebrune on the Mediterranean. Barely four yards by four yards, it was little more than a hermit's cell, but it suited Corbusier well. Even after his wife's death in 1957, he would

retire here to relax. And it was here, while swimming in the sea on August 27, 1965, that he suffered a heart attack and died.

His body was taken back to Paris, to be given state honors in the Louvre and a funeral oration in which André Malraux, then France's Minister for Cultural Affairs, paid homage to the man who, more than any other, "had changed architecture—and the architect." But it was next to his wife, in the tiny, crag-dominated cemetery of Roquebrune that he was buried, according to his wish.

Behind him, he left 80 constructions, some 40 tapestries, about 50 sculptures (some of them now housed in a steel-and-glass museum he designed for Zürich), more than 400 paintings, close to 40 books and numerous lithographs. In addition there were plans for the rebuilding of 30 cities, and for 7000 other projects, which were taken from the cellars of his *atelier* and are now stored in one of his earliest Paris creations—the Ville La Roche, home of the Le Corbusier Foundation.

As his friend, world-famous architect Walter Gropius, wrote of him: "Balance—a wealth of architecture, poetry and inventiveness—characterized the life and work of this universal man. In all fields of town planning and architecture, he has contributed basic and creative solutions that will long survive him."

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Give Me One Draft of Beauty, Please



Moments of loveliness touch us every day of our lives.
The trick is to open our eyes to them

By GEORGE P. MORRILL

ONE NIGHT years ago, when I was sailing on a tanker from the Persian Gulf to Italy, we ran aground in the Suez Canal. All hands slaved in the chill dark, dragging lines from ship to shore, running the winches to work us free. As dawn approached, we were still wedged crosswise, blocking dozens of other vessels. Chewed by fleas, too exhausted to curse, we lured the rail with our coffee mugs.

Then a miracle happened. The sky crimsoned. Slowly the stars

winked off. A new day rose from the desert—a blue glory that touched each grain of sand with softness and goldness and the promise of peace.

"Beautiful," somebody muttered. "You bet," came a gruff response.

Our black mood vanished. We trooped to the messroom for a quiet breakfast. At ten, a towboat arrived and pulled us loose.

Since then I have noticed many times when beauty—popping up unexpectedly—has taken the sting out of a bad situation. Thomas

Mann wrote: "Beauty can pierce one like a pain." He meant it can touch chords so deep in our being that other feelings recede to misty nothingness. When this happens without warning, it's like a sudden rebirth. With a sweet jolt we are made into new people, better able to cope with the annoying burdens of the hour.

As a sailor, I learned to mitigate the tensions of wartime by looking outward. There lay the emerald meadows of the sea, continually changing. My private game was to see what new beauties would appear on each watch—flying fish like bright-sprinkled dimes, an unusual twilight draping the waves with purple tatters, a sea gull with pearly wings drawing a circle on sun-washed air.

Later, the beauty-search habit came ashore with me. And, through both tight times and easy going, I have tried to find something to admire in even the gloomiest day.

Sometimes it's tough. Once, sick and discouraged, I watched March rain beat on the mud of a Vermont mountainside. Our half-finished cabin was lonely. I asked myself the question of all young men trying to build lives of their own: *What in the world am I doing in this place?*

Suddenly the sun came out, warm and flaxen. Moments later, I heard a shout. High above our cabin—on a ledge we call Little Baldy—stood my farmer-neighbor, Richard Brad-

ley, waving his cane. "Come on up," he yelled.

Side by side, we drank in the smiling, dew-fresh valley. Birds chattered. A distant tractor *phak-phakked*. For miles new foliage glinted like green froth. Wheeling his cane slowly around the view, the old farmer said, "Ten minutes of this will carry a soft man through a hard week."

At the time he was in his 70s, his knuckles swollen by 60 years of labor. He had barely survived in the milk business. He had buried a beloved daughter. He had fought blizzard, cowpox and taxes. Now he was showing a newcomer the restorative power of beauty.

"You'll get your place built—don't worry," he said gently.

Visual splendor can sometimes change a person's life. As a slave on a Maryland farm, Frederick Douglass, the great black leader, watched "beautiful vessels, robed in white" sail up Chesapeake Bay—and he talked to them as if they were alive:

"You are loosed from your moorings, and free. I am fast in my chains, and a slave! You move merrily before the gentle gale, and I sadly before the bloody whip. . . . Let me be free!"

Those gorgeous ships spurred him to escape. Safe in the North, he became his race's most eloquent enemy of human bondage.

When I was a boy at boarding school in Massachusetts, I was under family orders to visit my Great

Aunt Ida, who lay in a nearby infirmary with a broken hip that would never heal. On my first Sunday call, her ancient, parchment face crinkled with pleasure.

"You've made my flowers blossom," she said, pointing to some potted fuchsia with tiny violet petals. I stayed a dutiful half-hour and left without a glance at the flowers.

The next Sunday, she mentioned the flowers again—their peacock hue had deepened, did I notice? I nodded politely.

Each time I dropped in thereafter, she mentioned the flowers—their good or bad health, their varying shades of mauve or amethyst. Meanwhile, I grew fascinated by the alert old lady. She had watched my grandfather march off to the Civil War from St. Johnsbury, Vt. She had seen a brilliant son collapse in a mental institution. Her husband had been killed by an automobile. Now she was doomed never to walk again.

But, somehow, she seemed triumphant. One afternoon she revealed the secret of her strength. "When I was a girl, I walked to school along a country lane," she said. "I found that if I looked at a beautiful thing *first off* in the morning—maybe a wild rose or a silvery brook—it would last me through anything dull or sad that happened the rest of the day."

Such childhood alliances with beauty shore up one's defenses against the slings and arrows of

later life. So it was with the philosopher-flier, Antoine de Saint-Exupéry. One night his plane was forced down in the Sahara desert. Alone, facing death, he lay in the sand and let memories of beauty swarm over him.

"They came to me soundlessly, like the waters of a spring, and in the beginning I could not understand the sweetness that was invading me. Somewhere there was a park dark with firs and linden trees and an old house that I loved. It mattered little that the house was far away, that it could not warm me in my flesh, nor shelter me, reduced here to the role of a dream. It was enough that it existed to fill my night with its presence."

Hours passed. Stars wheeled by. After his rescue, Saint-Exupéry was to remember—not his danger—but this unforgettable rendezvous with a long-ago loveliness.

Most of us seldom experience such dramatic encounters with beauty. But all of our lives—humdrum as they may seem—are touched continuously by rare and charming things. The trick is to recognize them and bring them into our consciousness, to become seekers of elegance in the commonplace.

One August evening, a family was caught in a turnpike traffic jam. Inch by infuriating inch, the cars moved forward. Heat and weariness provoked even the parents to growl against America's wheel-obsessed life-style. Then someone noticed that the double-lane of red

taillights, stretching ahead for miles, looked like a giant bracelet of *rubies*. Another added that the advancing headlights resembled a glittering *diamond* necklace. Finally, in surprise, the family acknowledged that this was indeed a dazzling and unforgettable sight before them.

Beauty had salvaged a journey gone sour.

How does one learn to notice such saving graces? You can train yourself to find beauty in day-to-day roaming—just as a navigator trains himself to spot channel buoys. I know a man who never allows himself to pass a playground without stopping to watch children at their happy, mysterious games. "There's always a bit of charm—a toss of curls, or a grin with gap-teeth and braces—that sticks with you," he says.

Another friend picks handsome stones from the road. His desk is lined with curious, rainbow-tinted minerals that meet his eye's need for enduring delight.

"I like to walk amidst the beautiful things that adorn the world..." wrote George Santayana, while renouncing the ownership of any of them. So, also, you can stroll down

the years reveling in wealth without spending a nickel. No one can charge you for staring in wonder at a contortion of driftwood sprawling on a beach, or at a jet plane drawing a 40-mile-long vapor trail through a full moon. Nor can anyone put a price tag on silky pollen drifting in an April park... a mighty suspension bridge webbed in starlight... a November cloud beaded with Canada geese.

What matter if such dreamy window shopping is often shunned in today's rocket-propelled tempo? All the more reason for you to catch moments of loveliness as they shimmer by. Etched in your memory, they will return again and again to refresh and inspire.

Often the finding of an exquisite thing can't be contained. Tingling with joy, we *have* to tell or show somebody. One evening the father of poet Emily Dickinson hurried to the church in Amherst, Mass., and pulled the bell rope. The villagers rushed from their homes. What was the alarm? Fire? Accident? It was neither. Mr. Dickinson, overcome by beauty, was merely summoning everyone to admire a sunset too magnificent to keep to himself.

Advanced Retreat

AT THE bank where I am employed, we had a college student working for the summer. One of his duties was to take down the flag at five o'clock, but as summer wore on he began taking down the flag a bit earlier each afternoon. One day he came inside at three o'clock with the flag on his arm. He was met at the door by the personnel manager, who quietly asked, "What did we do, surrender?"

—Contributed by Percy E. Tunison

OPERATION RHINO



Condensed from a forthcoming book by
JOHN GORDON DAVIS

OPERATION RHINO



The snares and poisoned arrows of professional poachers over hundreds of years have brought the rhinoceros to the brink of extinction. In Rhodesia, where a few hundred magnificent black rhinoceroses still roamed the bush in 1970, a handful of dedicated men set out to capture the beasts alive and transport them to the safety of well-patrolled game reserves. Here, John Gordon Davis describes the terror and the tragedy of hunting the great horned animals—and the triumph of setting them free.

THE African poacher set his snares, two big nooses made of $\frac{3}{8}$ -inch-thick wire cable, on the game trail to the drinking place. One snare was suspended—a neck noose lashed to a heavy log. Below it was a foot noose, tied to a mopani tree beside the trail.

That hot quiet African sundown, a rhinoceros cow and her three-month-old calf came to drink. The cow was five feet, six inches tall at the shoulder and weighed 2000 pounds. She lumbered her great hind foot into the ground snare, and her head went through the neck noose. As she felt them drag on her, she snorted and lunged to shake them off. The nooses drew tight and bit into her neck and hind foot, and she roared, plunged and went mad.

She lunged forward, and the cables bit deeper, and her roar was half-strangled in her throat. The cables crunched her great windpipe and cut down into the sinews of her hind leg, and the blood came. She crashed onto her huge chest, and the earth shook. She wrenched her neck and leg against the wire, reared up on her hind legs, bellowing, thrashing the air with her great hoofs. The nooses only pulled tighter.

All the time the terrified calf made small darts and dashes around her, ears cocked forward, falling over his feet in anxiety and fear, and all the time making started mewling noises.

For ten minutes the big cow

thrashed and roared; the dust flew, the tree shook, the big log jerked. Ten minutes—and then the foot snare snapped from the tree.

She fell, but scrambled up, wild-eyed, and lunged down the trail, dragging the log by the tight noose on her neck. Making a great noise, she tried to get away from the torment, and the calf galloped, stumbling, behind her. Then the log did what it was meant to do: it jammed between rocks and wrenched her by the neck. She collapsed.

She lay there, black prehistoric beast, trembling, her great ribbed flanks heaving for breath, her nostrils and mouth wide open, making strangled, sucking noises.

By dawn, infection had set in, a great swollen, throbbing agony. She was very thirsty. But it would still take her a long time to die. Not today, not tonight, not until the gangrene poisoned her whole massive body. Unless she strangled herself. Unless the hyenas came. Or unless the poacher came, tracking her marks where she had dragged the log, and speared her. But the poacher was a long way away, at his beer drink.

The big cow knew that she had to have water. She tried to scramble up. Doing so, she released the tension on the wire and the log came loose. She struggled up and made her way through the hot, dry bush, dragging, rasping, falling. When she was 200 yards from the water, the log jammed again between two trees:

the wire jerked, and she fell. She kicked her great legs to get up and threw her maddened head, but they were slow, exhausted thumps and crashes now. She could not get up.

The infection was a big bleeding hump around her neck, and her hind foot was gaping down to the bone. Flies were thick on her eyes, mouth and wounds. Then the ants came, the big black Matabele ants, drawn by the smell of blood.

That night, the calf went down to the water to drink. He had not had water for 48 hours. He waited a long time and made many false starts, afraid to leave his mother. At last, he got a long way from her, stopping and starting, smelling the water. His heart was pounding, but the thirst was worse than the fear.

The hyenas had been watching. They had kept downwind of him, and when he was nearly at the water they came running out of the bush, racing each other to the kill. He heard them, spun around and started to run squealing back to his mother. One leaped on his neck, another got his hind leg, and a third got his foreleg. He bucked and twisted, but they hung on deep-fanged and pulled him down, tore his windpipe open and killed him.

The big cow heard it all. She got halfway up and crashed down, making wild, rasping noises, trying to bellow to her calf and charge at the hyenas. She kept trying long after they had left his bloody skeleton and loped off into the darkness. She tried all that night, but she could not get

up, and after a long time she just lay there dying.

But she did not die that night. Nor the next morning, nor the next long, thirst-crazed afternoon, with the ants and the flies. That afternoon, the oxpecker birds came and pecked into her neck and her leg, eating her. That afternoon, the vultures came, circling down, waiting for her to die. No creature came to help her die, no poacher, no god. She died alone in the moonlight, from the strangulation and the thirst and the agony.

Dangerous Game

THE rhinoceros is hunted for its horn. True, the meat is sometimes saved—if it has not rotted in the African sun; and the hide is shipped around the world to be made into whips, shoes and umbrella stands. But mostly the poachers want the horn, which is thought to be a powerful aphrodisiac. It is powdered and taken like snuff, or carved into a goblet from which milk is drunk. It does not work.

Nevertheless, for 2000 years, men have been paying a lot of money for a bit of rhino horn. They hunted out the little Javan rhinoceros, and now there are two dozen or so left in the world; they hunted out the Sumatran rhino, and now there are maybe 200 left. They came to Africa and hunted the big, mild white rhino almost clean out of the continent. And then they hunted down the black rhino. All for the horn.

A number of operations have been

organized to save the beasts—with varying degrees of success. The great Indian rhino is increasing satisfactorily under the strict protection of the Indian and Nepalese governments. There are now about 700. In South Africa, the white rhino is flourishing. But an attempt at translocating the Sumatran rhino for

Our base camp was on a long, low hill on the Rhodesian border with Mozambique, in Chief Masoso's country. In the late winter there, the bush is dry, the earth is hard and the cattle are thin. In the night it is cold, and in the day the sun shines hot out of a merciless blue sky. The riverbeds are dry, the Mudzi, the Bung-

we, the Shamba; all dry except the Ruya, winding through the hot, gray rocks.

The animals that were left came down to the Ruya to drink: rhino, warthog, lion, and all the buck. But most of the animals were gone, snared by Chief Masoso's people or itinerant poachers. However, there were still a number of rhino left, according to the spoor.

Our sleeping tents were spaced well apart in the tall yellow grass and among



breeding purposes ended in failure.

Then, in 1970, the Rhodesian government mounted an operation to capture black rhino in remote pockets where their existence was badly threatened and to move them to the vast Gona-re-Zhou Game Reserve.

The operation began in June and, at the end of July, with the official sanction of the Rhodesian National Parks and Wildlife Department, I joined it as an observer, a chronicler.

the mopani trees. In a clearing was the "office," which was a tarpaulin suspended between two trees, with a long trestle table and maps, documents and stores. Parked behind it was a Land Rover with a two-way radio that could reach all over Rhodesia. In this clearing was the main campfire—big logs that smoldered all day and night—and near the fire, under a tree, was the kitchen table, made of branches wired together.

Behind the base camp to the south was our stockade for holding the rhino. It was stout and square, 12 feet tall, made out of mopani logs lashed together vertically. It was quartered into four pens. Behind it were the big Mercedes recovery vehicle, other trucks and many 44-gallon fuel drums; there was a mobile water tank for us and the rhinos and, under tarpaulins, scores of sacks of meal and groundnuts for the African staff.

Initially, two men had led Operation Rhino, then had decided to alternate, a month at a time for each one, while the other returned to his regular duties. The two men were Ronald Thomson and Paul Coetsee, both game wardens, both excellent hunters. Thomson, a blond man in his early 30s, an expert on the black rhino, was now in charge, and Coetsee had gone back to his post in the Zambezi Valley. They shared the leadership in this way in order to acquire experience concurrently in this unusual and dangerous exercise. In the event one of them got a rhino horn through his gut, the other could carry on.

Black rhinos are the most dangerous of a highly dangerous family. They are up to ten feet long, can run at 25 m.p.h., and can turn in 20 feet at that speed. They are armed with a sharp, vicious horn, sometimes over two feet long, which can throw you 30 feet through the air on top of a thorn tree with your insides hanging down to the ground. They have an acute sense of smell and hearing;

they are highly irascible and given to murderous charges at their well-intentioned captors. Capturing them alive in their rugged habitat requires the highest hunting and tracking skill imaginable—plus courage, endurance, sweat and dedication.

Before Operation Rhino began, Paul Coetsee went to a soothsayer. The soothsayer told Coetsee many things. He told him that he was a man who worked with wild animals, and was about to begin a hazardous operation to capture a very dangerous beast. He told him that one man would die in a vehicle connected with the operation, and that two others would be injured by the animal, one very seriously. The first man to be injured would be young, tall and dark-haired. The description he gave was precisely that of a young ranger named Richard Peek, who was Thomson's protégé. The second man to be injured would have blond hair. Coetsee and Thomson are both blond.

At the start of Operation Rhino, Coetsee met Peek for the first time, and he recognized him from the soothsayer's description. He took Peek aside and told him that he was to be very careful indeed—no risks, no heroics. The next week, Fosbury was killed. Fosbury was Coetsee's assistant, and he lost his life when an Operation Rhino Land Rover turned over.

Coetsee told everyone about the soothsayer then. And he told Peek again: no risks. That left the blonds, Thomson and Coetsee. Thomson

did not need any warning. Thomson knew what it was like to be under the thundering hoofs of a rhinoceros. He knew as much about rhino as anybody.

On the Track

THERE were still stars in the western sky that first morning when I heard Thomson shout from across the clearing, "*Chipimbiri!*" ("Rhinoceros!")

I stuffed a handful of glucose sweets in my pocket and gulped my coffee as fast as I could. Then I started through the yellow grass to the stockade and the vehicles. When I got there, the natives we had hired locally were loading onto the Mercedes five-tonner. Thomson got in the cab, and I heaved myself up on the back with the natives and three rangers: Richard Peek, Graham Hall and Nevin Lees-May.

The big vehicle threw up much dust, as the road wound up and down over the long hills. Sometimes we passed kraals near the road, thatched huts around a trampled clearing with a pen for the cattle and a mud-and-thatch grain bin. We waved to the women and children, and the natives on the truck shouted, "We are going to catch *chipimbiri* alive!" And they laughed as the people stared. It was a kind of joke, to make the people stare uncomprehendingly; they did not believe that we were going to catch *chipimbiri* alive; nobody can do that.

We came to the Ruya River, and there was Norman Payne's camp on

the banks. Payne was bespectacled, short, dark and very suntanned—a veteran ranger who had always steadfastly resisted promotion, lest he have to leave the bush for a desk. He was an expert and dedicated detective of poachers. One of his game scouts had found spoor out there, and Norman had notified Thomson. While the natives clambered off the truck, we went to Norman's fire for mugs of tea.

There was spoor all over the place, Norman told us. "I'm on to some big poaching here, too."

"Guns or snares?" I asked.

"Everything. In two years there won't be an animal left in the Ruya."

"Catch the bastards," Thomson said. "Just catch them."

"Right," Norman said.

We set out on foot, following the game scout in single file to the place where he had found the best spoor—Thomson, then Peek, Hall, Lees-May and I, then the gunbearers and the natives carrying a radio, the ropes, water bags and axes. It was rough, broken country. After an hour, the game scout stopped and pointed. "This is the first one."

We crouched down and examined it. It was getting hot now, and we were all sweating. There was a soft patch of dust with a faint crescent depression. This was the mark of one of the rhino's toes, and immediately next to it were the tiny wrinkles of his pad.

"Leftmost toe," Thomson said. He picked up a twig and traced an outline around the spoor, and the print

of the whole foot came to life. He turned to Ben, his personal tracker. Skinny, surly, a big floppy hat over his eyes, Ben seldom said anything.

"Kunene?" ("This morning's?") Thomson asked.

Standing there relaxed, indifferent, puffing his pipe, Ben nodded.

"All right," Thomson said. "We'll follow it."

Ben and the other trackers spread out. The hard, rocky earth made bad tracking country, and we lost the spoor where a big troop of baboons had crossed the rhino's tracks. You had to look for every possible sign—a flick of earth, a displaced pebble, a crushed leaf.

No talking above a whisper was allowed. I was following Ben, his old head bent under his flopping hat, his tin water bottle suspended from the belt over his buttocks.

I heard the guinea-fowl whistle, *phrew-phrew*, and we converged through the tall grass on the signal. It was Kalashaka, looking optimistic. Kalashaka, who carried the notebooks of charted rhino feeding habits, fancied himself a tracker, but he wasn't much better than I.

Thomson examined the sign. "Zoro" ("Yesterday's"), he said, disgusted. Kalashaka looked crestfallen. Ben came up, leaned his hand on his skinny knee and glanced at the sign.

"Kunene," Ben said.

Thomson looked at him. "Zoro."

Ben shook his head almost imperceptibly.

"Are you sure, Ben?"

Ben grunted, without turning, eight paces off.

"I guess he's right," Thomson said. "He's always right."

Down into a valley, over a deep gully, up the other side, down to the river, along the bank, up into the hills, across a dry riverbed, back up into the hills. We walked 20 miles round and about, losing the spoor, finding it. All the way it was hot, dry and hard. This animal was certainly moving around. Thomson blamed it on a bulldozer working on a road 15 miles away. The sound frightened the rhino.

We found where he had laid up in the midday heat, the wrinkles of his hide imprinted in the dust. But the sun was going. There was another hour of light at most. Thomson ranged wide, searching urgently. If we did not make contact in half an hour, it would be too late.

The spoor went over a big hill, then into a ravine. Up out of the ravine, up a steep slope and over the top, and suddenly Ben shot out his arm and signaled us to stop. There he was: *Diceros bicornis*, the black rhinoceros, as tall as a man, 2000 pounds, and armed to kill.

"Hello, Beast"

He was 75 yards away, across a ravine. He had heard something of us, but he could not smell or see us. He was alert, head up, long, tubular ears flicking in all directions.

Thomson signaled for the dart gun, and the gunbearer moved up

in a crouch. The porters tiptoed for the trees behind us. Thomson yanked a long silver dart out of his hat and rammed it into the breech. Nevin Lees-May positioned himself to cover Thomson with the .458, an unenviable job. One got the impression that if anybody shot a rhino to save Thomson's life, Thomson would murder him.

Thomson crept forward with his dart gun, down the slope into the ravine, using the cover of the bushes and grass. The rhino stood alert, ears going. He knew something was up. Thomson stopped, thrust his hand into his pocket and pulled out a small bag of ashes to test the wind. He shook the bag, and a little puff of ash sifted through the air, drifting away from the rhino. Good.

Thomson crept deeper down the ravine. He was 60 yards from the beast now, still too long a shot for the dart gun. The animal snorted, spun around and glared, head up, ears going. He had heard something. Thomson froze and shook the ash bag again. The wind had changed. It had only to shift a little more and the rhino would smell us.

Ideally, in better country, Thomson would have changed direction, gone down more with the wind away from the beast, then stalked back upwind. But this was a ravine, and the light was going in minutes.

He was maybe 50 yards from the animal now—just within reliable range. To get much closer he would have to leave his cover. No de-

cent tree to climb when the beast charged.

Thomson hurried three steps down the ravine to get clear vision, raised the dart gun to his shoulder and froze again. The beast heard him, turned to face him and lowered its head to kill. Thomson fired. A crack of gunpowder and the big dart flashed across the ravine—and smashed into the ground five yards short! Bad gunpowder!

I could almost hear Thomson swearing to himself, cursing the cartridge manufacturer, the dart, the rhino, the light, the trackers.

But the rhino did nothing. It looked around with a furious snort, but did not run.

Thomson reloaded and fired. The dart fell short again!

The beast was a snorting whirl of murder. Only God knew why this rhino did not run or charge, but just huffed and puffed there, hating the world. Thomson was reloading furiously, a red-faced, angry khaki silhouette in the last, shadowed sunshine. He raised his rifle, aimed high up on the beast's head in case it was yet another dud, and fired. This time the dart flew true as an arrow, and hit the rhino slap in the middle of the forehead. There was a second detonation as the inner charge in the dart went off, squirting powerful M-99 tranquilizer deep into the beast, and he gave a grunt of rage and charged.

You could feel the earth shake as he snorted up our side of the ravine past Thomson's cover, and we

scrambled flat out for our trees. Clutching, clawing up our trees, not caring if we tore our nails off—I just please, God, get me up this tree!

The rhino swung his head and crashed his horn into my tree trunk. The tree shook, and I clung tight. He thundered furiously on, hell-bent, red-eyed, looking for anybody else to kill, through trees festooned with trackers and porters. He swung at another tree with his horn, and the African held on for dear life. Then the rhino trotted on up the slope, the silver dart flashing in his murderous head, and rumbled out of sight.

The drug would take about 20 minutes to pull him down. In that time he could be two, three, four miles away. The light was going fast. We tracked over the hill, Ben and Thomson in the lead. At first it was easy, but then we hit bad tracking country again and lost the trail in the poor light. If we did not find him before dark, he would lie unconscious for five hours and then stagger off—if the lions didn't get him while he was down.

We were all spread out looking, every man who thought he knew anything about tracking. The sun was down among the trees on the horizon, flaming red and orange. Maybe five minutes of light were left. "Find it," Thomson said urgently. "Find it!"

When there was no more light, when the sun was already gone over the horizon and we could track no more, Ben saw him. He was on the

top of a far hill, silhouetted, his head and horn against the sunset.

We ran up the hill, stumbling in the dark. Twenty yards off, we could hear his deep, strained breathing. There he was, collapsed on his chest and belly on the top of a steep mass of rocks. We clambered up cautiously. He was out all right, and he was beautiful, his sweating body reflecting the red of the sky, the folds of his hide jet black.

Thomson's good-looking baby face was flushed happy in the sunset. He gave the unconscious body a satisfied pat. There was a big groove around the neck, an old snare scar. "Hello, beast," he said. "You're going to live happily ever after."

A Truckload of Rhino

THOMSON called for his radio and contacted Norman Payne. He told him where we were, and asked him to bring the Mercedes. Payne knew every inch of the country, but even

assuming navigational genius, he would still have to find a way for the Land Rover and the truck over those hills, ravines, riverbeds and bush. I never knew how he did it. It was very impressive each time.

We built a big fire by the side of the rocks to serve as a beacon and waited for nearly three hours before we heard Norman's vehicles banging and thudding across the rough country. The drug would work on the animal for only another two hours. Then he would wake up, and all hell would break loose. We could not dart him again; too much M-99 could kill him.

Norman got out of the Land Rover and climbed up the rocks to admire the rhino in the firelight. "Very good," he said to nobody in particular. "He's a hang of a nice bull."

The truck was backed uphill toward the rhino; Thomson supervised as the natives cleared away trees and rocks. Then they lowered

the back flap of the truck and dragged two heavy steel runners off the flatbed. They were 14 feet long, and it took ten men to hook each one of them onto the back of the truck to form a ramp like a railway track. Then Thomson operated the mechanism that tipped the truck bed at an angle until the runners and the truck made a straight incline to the ground. Finally, the rhino sleigh, made of stout timbers bolted to a steel frame, was winched down the incline on the runners.

The sleigh was 14 feet long and seven feet wide, and it was very heavy. It took 30 of us, cursing and sweating, to drag and shove it up the rocks to our rhino, until his spine rested against it. We lashed two ropes to his feet. Eight men on each rope, others to push on his stomach.

"Heave!" Thomson called. We heaved, and the great legs and body crashed onto the sleigh. We lashed his head and chest down to ring



bolts and then, using the winch, hauled the sleigh across the rocks and aboard the truck, 30 men shoving, chanting, sweating.

As we rode back, the natives, in a cheery mood, sang, "We have captured a great *chipimbiri*!" The beast lay there fast asleep in the midst of us, on the first leg of his journey to a land far away where no man would kill him.

It was nearly ten o'clock when we saw the fire of Norman Payne's camp, and we knew we were halfway home. I was touching the beast's soft, warm muzzle when suddenly I felt vomit on my hand. He gave a big strangled belch, and his head rolled frantically. "Watch out!" I shouted. He convulsed, throwing all his frantic strength into a powerful lurch of his head, fighting for air before he drowned in his own vomit. In one Herculean thrash he snapped the rope on his head, and his horn swept across the sleigh. Richard Peck, astride his bucking shoulders, clung to the broken rope and shouted to the driver, Mukondo, to stop.

The giant hobbled legs flailed wildly and caught Roger-Roger, the radio bearer, smack in the chest. He gave a cry and disappeared over the side of the truck at 30 m.p.h. Thomson leaped out of the cab before the truck stopped and ran down the road to him while the rhino still crashed and fought for air.

"Are you all right?" Thomson called, grabbing Roger-Roger's arm. "Jebo" ("Yes"), Roger-Roger said.

Thomson ran back to the truck and vaulted up onto it. The rhino gave a big thrash and retch, and his windpipe cleared. With a gurgling groan, he went back to sleep.

"His heart's hammering," Richard said. "I can feel it."

Thomson grabbed his medicine box and took out a syringe of nalorphine, an antidote for the M-99. He pinched a vein on the rhino's ear and pumped the medicine in.

"Go!" he shouted at Mukondo. "Go like hell!"

The truck revved up and roared along the track, while we lashed the beast down again with every piece of rope we could find.

Alive and Kicking

HE WAS coming around as the Mercedes roared into camp, half-drugged spasms jerking against the ropes as the truck backed up to the stockade. Two game scouts clambered up the stockade and feverishly hauled up the vertical mopani poles, hand over hand, throwing them to the side with a crash. "Quickly!" Thomson shouted.

The rhino was lunging against the sleigh ropes now. The laborers dragged the big steel runners off the back, shouting at each other, and the sleigh came screeching down. They untied the knots across his head and chest carefully, expecting him to thrash. But the beast just lay there, his feet still hobbled, groaning.

The truck dragged the sleigh out from under the animal, and the laborers hurried to replace the poles.

Thomson filled a large syringe with penicillin and another with more antidote. He pulled out his penknife. "Light," he called.

A game scout clambered along the top of the stockade with a lantern. "Sit on him, *madodas*," Thomson said to the men. They got down on the beast gingerly, six grown men, all over him wherever there was space to hang.

Thomson gripped an ear and started sawing into the tough gristle with the penknife to earmark him, and we all held tight, waiting for the beast to thrash, for the ear is the most sensitive part. He gave a big sigh and snored. Thomson sawed as fast as he could, teeth clenched. He cut out a triangular wedge of ear two inches long and tossed the piece into the night. He grabbed the other ear and started to saw, and the big ear twitched back flat on the rhino's head. Thomson sawed hard, and the men pressed all their weight down. The blood was a shiny red pool in the dirt in the lamplight. Thomson tossed the other wedge of ear over the stockade.

He unscrewed the needle from the penicillin syringe, held it like a dagger and slapped it into the rump. It went home, and the beast gave a lurch. The men pressed down on him with all their might. Thomson screwed the syringe back on and pumped the thick penicillin into him. "Other one," he called out.

The game scout passed him the syringe of antidote.

The beast's eyes were suddenly

wide open. He groaned once loudly, and bucked and thrashed his hobbled legs and his big, rough body. Then he groaned again and went limp.

Thomson slapped the needle into the hide. He ran to the stockade wall, passed up the syringes, then hurried back to the beast's hobbled legs. He knelt and loosened the first slipknot, watching the rhino all the time as the men hung on. He loosened the second and last slipknot. Now he had only to pull and the knots would spring open, and all the ropes would be loose. The animal lay there panting.

"Get up slowly," Thomson whispered. "One at a time. And get the hell out of here."

The men got up off the hulk and tiptoed away. The beast didn't move.

Thomson crouched by the legs impatiently. When the men were all out, he gently pulled the slipknot and disentangled the loops of rope from the forefeet. We were all watching. He turned to the hind legs, tugging the loops away, and suddenly the animal thrashed like a fish flopping. Thomson leaped back, kicking up dust, and the beast swung up after him. Thomson made for the wall with the bleeding rhino two yards behind. The rhino made one staggering lunge to kill, snorting, but his drunken hind legs buckled and he crashed over with a loud thud as Thomson scrambled over the wall. The natives were shouting and laughing with glee.

"Bring a bucket of water."

Thomson perched on top of the stockade, and tossed the bucketful into the pen. It landed with a splash on the rhino's head and shoulders. He groaned and staggered drunkenly to his feet, looked around for somebody to kill, then stood there, dripping water and blood.

"That's my boy," Thomson said, very pleased. "Now go and drink." The animal was all right.

To Get the Evidence

EVERY day before dawn, Norman Payne sent his game scouts out from his camp. By sunrise they came running back with information of spoor, and Norman got on the roger-roger and called us. Then Thomson's voice bawled out, "*Chipimbiri!*" and we scrambled.

In the first four days we got four good bulls. Our stockade was full of snorting rhino, each in his own pen, huffing and puffing at us and trying to get at the others through the gaps between the mopani poles. In the night we could hear them calling to each other with little high-pitched mewling noises. They were keeping each other company, complaining to each other. When the pens were full, we got them into big crates, winched the crates onto trucks, and set them on the 700-mile journey to the vast Gona-re-Zhou.

Every one of them had a snare scar around neck or foot, and they were all young. We also found three rhino skulls that first week, and we

could tell from the teeth that they were young adult animals.

The skulls were Norman's business. While we were out catching rhinos, he quietly worked at catching the poachers. Norman loathed poachers. So did the black game scouts who worked for him. They had good reason. All their lives the game scouts had set out on their bush patrols for weeks on end, with a roll of bedding, a pair of handcuffs and a notebook and pencil, and patrolled alone. They were attacked many times, speared to death, shot, clubbed, axed in the head. You have to be cold-blooded to be a poacher.

Norman knew the names of most of the poachers in the Ruya long before he got there. The trick now was to find them and get the evidence. But more than them, Norman was after the whole vicious network, the men behind the scenes, the wholesalers, the middlemen in the cities and the men down at the sea, the dealers who commissioned the killing, who bought the hides, horns and ivory from the poachers and shipped them out.

Norman and his game scouts worked quietly and unobtrusively. "Let them think I'm stupid," he said. He sent his game scouts out in peasant clothes, or planted them with his locally hired laborers. He moved about among them pretending that he could not speak the dialect (which he understood very well), pretending to be quite uninterested in anything except finding rhino spoor—and he kept his eyes

and ears open. And in the night his game scouts would come back and tell him what they had seen and heard out in the bush and in the laborers' camp and in the kraals. Norman would piece it all together and write it down, biding his time, telling nobody what he was doing, not even Thomson or the Head Office.

A Wounded Leg

THE poacher built a fence of brushwood a half-mile long, in which he left gaps, and in the gaps he hung neck nooses, anchored to trees. The young rhino cow sensed the danger when she had her horn and right forefoot through the noose. She jerked backward and got her head out, but she dragged her forefoot, and she pulled the noose tight.

Before she snapped the cable under the pressure of her wrenching, it had cut down through her muscles and tendons and begun to crush the bone in her foot. She ran hobbling off, but the noose was still embedded down to the bone.

Many months later, when we darted her and brought her to the stockade, the poisoned flesh had grown over the rusty cable. The tendons and muscles had grown back together, and she had learned to live with the pain. But the wound where the cable protruded from her leg did not heal. It was open and suppurating, and her foot was badly swollen.

That night, Thomson tried to

operate while she was still under the influence of the M-99. He cut down into the big open sore, following the cable. Then he realized how deep it went. He stitched her up and radioed Salisbury to send a veterinary surgeon.

By the next morning, when the vet arrived, word of the impending operation had spread through the surrounding countryside, and Chief Masoso's people came from 20 miles around to watch. Thomson was glad they were there. Let them see the horrors of snaring.

After the rhino had been tranquilized, John Condy, the vet, sluiced off the festering foreleg with disinfectant, then asked for six laborers to sit on the beast to hold her down in case she came around. Next, he spread a rubber mat on the floor of the pen and laid out his surgical instruments. The natives murmured in wonder.

He cut down into the wound where Thomson had probed, opening it up wide and deep until all the stiff, splayed, rusty strands of cable were exposed. He looked up at Thomson. "It's gone right down into the bone," he said. "And the bone has grown back over it. The whole noose is covered in new bone. Only this end is sticking out."

To chisel it out would endanger the bone, muscles and tendons. Condy decided instead to cut out the section of cable still protruding from the bone. That would take the pressure off the leg tissue. Then he would separate the remaining

stumps of wire so that they didn't rub together in the flesh. That should enable the wound to heal.

Thomson glared at the faces crowding the stockade. "This," he shouted, "is what Chief Masoso's people have done! May they be ashamed!" They looked very solemn for Thomson's benefit.

Condy started working on the cable protruding from the bone. First, he chiseled open the stump of the cable and separated the strands with pliers. Then he dug into the wound with wire cutters, maneuvering them down into the pus-covered flesh as far as he could, and squeezing the handles. We could hear the *clip* as he snipped through a strand. Then he pulled out the cutters and probed for the wire with forceps. For two hours Condy probed and clipped, as the heat built up in the pen.

perature with a big rectal thermometer—that was wonderful!

When Condy was nearly finished with cutting away the wire strands, the rhino suddenly gave a big groan, opened her eyes and thrashed against the ropes, trying to get up. Condy scrambled backward, clutching his instruments. Thomson screamed, "Hold her!" and flung his weight on her haunches while the six Africans threw their weight all around her. She wailed and thrashed her legs and beat her head against the earth, and Thomson and the Africans hung on. Then she gave a great sigh and went back to sleep.

Condy picked out the last bits of wire and bone, packed the wound with antibiotic powder, stitched it up with a big needle. This was hard work, pushing the needle through the tough hide. Condy forced



At first, the Africans were deeply interested; then they got restless and bored. When, from time to time, Thomson checked the rhino's pulse with a stethoscope, their attention perked up. Once he took her tem-

perature through 40 stitches of stout gut, carefully tied the knots, snipped off the ends. Then he wrapped the wound with gauze and bound the gauze to the leg with adhesive tape. He wound the tape round and round

the great foreleg until it made a big, fat, secure-looking bulge. The natives thought the bandage was absolutely splendid, and so did I.

Although the wound would still be painful, it would be less so than before, and the rhino would be able to walk when she finally reached the Gona-re-Zhou.

Richard's Rhinos

THE third week in August marked the beginning of the end of the long, dry winter; the days were getting hotter. We looked up at the afternoon clouds, and wished it would rain, to damp down the earth and wash out the old spoor and leave today's spoor fresh. But it would not rain until October. The rhino knew they were being hunted, and they kept moving big distances; on the hard, dry earth it was often impossible to pick up their tracks.



Then Thomson sprained his ankle, and 20-year-old Richard Peck had to do the darting—the young man whom the soothsayer had described. I don't know whether Thomson paid much attention to

soothsayers, but he told Richard that if he took any risks he would kick him all the way back to Salisbury, sprained ankle or no.

"Yes, Ron," Richard said. "Okay." He was delighted that he was going to do the darting.

So the next day Richard led the hunt. It was a beautiful Rhodesian morning, bright and crisp. Richard had long legs, and was as fit as a healthy young game ranger can be. He strode rapidly through the riverbed sand that came over the tops of our boots at each step, and the rest of us had a hard time keeping up.

After two miles, Richard paused to confer with his game scout. Moments later, we saw the animal. He was out in the open, on a long, low hill that ran down to the river. We were very lucky: the wind was right, the cover was right, the river sand had muffled our footsteps.

Richard was getting his first rhino handed to him on a platter. Hall covered him with the .458, and Richard went in after the rhino.

When he got within 40 yards, the beast still stood there, oblivious, a

perfect target. Richard raised the dart gun and squeezed the trigger. The gun went *click*. A complete dud!

The rhino heard the *click* and turned, ears forward, horn up. Richard's hands were visibly shaking as he rammed in a second dart and squeezed off another shot. The gun went *click* again.

The beast spun around with a snort and started toward Richard's cover. Richard was cursing and fumbling with a new cartridge. Then the rhino turned and lumbered away. I thought, *there he goes*, when suddenly he stopped and lay down. *He lay down*. Somebody up there really liked young Richard. He raised the gun and fired. There was a *crack*, and the dart flew true and smacked into the rhino's side.

Suddenly there were rhinos all over the place. With a great crashing and thundering and snorting, they came down the hill spread over a hundred yards—five adult rhinos charging at us in the riverbed. We ran, scrambling, in all directions, leaping for the trees. The nearest tree to me was built like a telephone pole, but I ran up it with no trouble at all as a rhino thundered past underneath, hooking and snorting. The five beasts went charging up the riverbank together, great gray legs pounding and tails curled up over their backs, quite invincible-looking. And then they were gone.

I slid down my tree, my palms and fingertips scored open, and I was shaking with nerves and laugh-

ter. We were all laughing. It must have been a record: rhinos don't go in herds like that. Richard came up shaking but grinning all over. "I thought that soothsayer was going to be right," he said.

The Only Mistake

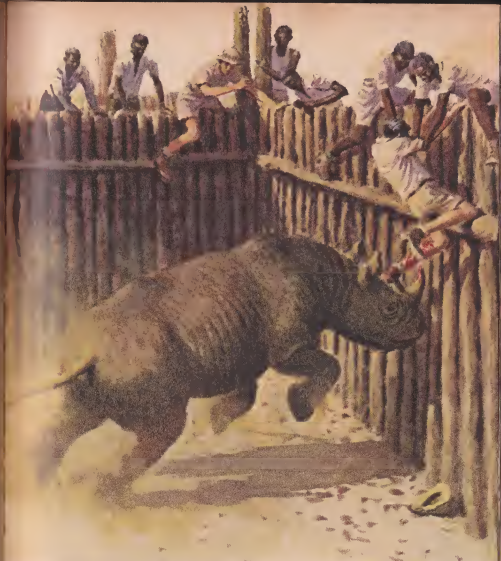
WE returned to the stockade at two o'clock with Richard's first rhino. Thomson was very pleased. He stood on top of the stockade on his good leg, supervising Richard in the pen.

Richard was doing a good job down there. He had done a good job all day. The beast had been unconscious for nearly five hours, and was due to come around soon—Richard did not have much time. He had already earmarked the beast, and was preparing to give him the antidote.

The knots were loosened, Richard pressed the syringe plunger, and the nalorphine went in. The laborers were still sitting on the beast. Richard opened his mouth to order the knots untied when Thomson shouted, "Have you given him his penicillin?"

"No!" young Richard said, shocked at himself. This was the only mistake he had made all day. "Fasten the knots," he shouted, then hastily grabbed another syringe and the penicillin bottle.

As he thumped the needle into the beast's rump, it did not even twitch. It was fast asleep. Richard depressed the plunger. He had it halfway



down when the animal came to with a thrash.

There wasn't a flicker of warning. The knots had not been tightened properly, and the great legs thrashed free. Thomson screamed, "Watch out!"

Richard leaped for the fence, clutching the syringe. The rhino swung its massive head up, 30 inches of sharp horn with 2000 pounds behind it. Richard arched his back, clawing up the fence, and the killer horn flashed past his shirt miracu-

lously. In an instant the beast swiped its horn again and it smashed through Richard's swinging leg. Right through the back of Richard's calf and out at the shinbone.

Richard clung wildly halfway up the fence, aghast, still clutching the syringe. The beast could have flicked its head back and plucked Richard off the fence and killed him in one go. Thomson yelled, "Grab him!" The men leaned down to Richard and heaved, and the beast yanked out its horn and hit him again. It smashed his boot a glancing blow with many times the force of a sharp sledgehammer before Richard could be hauled out of reach. The whole thing had taken about eight seconds.

For a moment Richard lay on a cross timber, shocked, bloody, with a big crescent-shaped hole through his leg. Then he got up and hopped along on his good leg, clutching the top of the stockade. In all four pens the rhinos were snorting and charging, crashing the poles in pandemonium. Richard's face was dead white, and he grimaced in pain. "This ruins my darting!" he moaned.

Thomson called for his medicine box, took out a vial of morphine and slapped it into Richard's thigh. Then Graham Hall and I half-carried Richard down to the tents, where Thomson limped around filling a basin with disinfectant. He threw a wad of gauze into it, then placed it on the ugly wound. Richard screamed and clutched his knee.

Finally, we got him into a station wagon and drove three hours to an old hospital building at Mount Darwin.

"God, I'm sorry," Richard gasped.

"Forget it, boy," Thomson said.

"The soothsayer was right," Richard continued. "Bloody well right." "Rubbish," Thomson said.

There was no doctor at Mount Darwin, but a skilled New Zealand medic swabbed the leg down and put in 29 stitches as Richard writhed and gargled through his hat. Then we drove him to a proper hospital in Salisbury. He recovered fully with no permanent disability except spectacular scars.

It was dark the next night when Thomson and I got back to camp. I called for my native helper, Brightspark Tafurandika. "Hey-hey," Brightspark said, shaking his head. "The witch doctor was right."

"Witch doctors are nonsense," I replied.

Brightspark looked at me, shocked. "Witch doctors are not nonsense. As true as God is in the sky."

"God?" I looked up at the sky elaborately. "Where is God? I don't see Him."

"God is on the moon," Brightspark said.

"The moon?" I said. "But the Americans went to the moon, and they did not see God."

Brightspark Tafurandika stared at me in the firelight. "Do you believe that nonsense?" he asked. "No man can reach the moon. It is impossible."

"Oh," I said. "But you believe in witch doctors?"

Brightspark Tafurandika was exasperated. "What did the witch doctor say about the first European who was killed? What did he say about the young European of yesterday?"

I do not go much on soothsayers and witch doctors, but Fosbury was dead and young Richard had got his, and I had to admit that I was very glad indeed that I am not blond—like Thomson and Coetsee.

"A Hang of a Lucky Day"

ALL THE time we were in the Ruya, the poachers had been very careful where they set their snares, and where they hid their horns and hides. They thought the white men and their game scouts were stupid not to find anything. But they had underestimated Norman Payne.

At the end of August, Norman

divided his scouts into several parties, and they set out in different directions while it was still night. After weeks of quiet work, each party knew precisely where it was going, whom it was after, what evidence to look for.

One after another, from camp to camp and kraal to kraal, Norman and his men struck—in Land Rover, on cycle, on foot—faster than the word could spread on the bush telegraph. They went out to arrest 36 men, and only one got away.

Norman led his own party through the bush to a poachers' campsite in the hills. They encircled the camp in the dark. When Norman gave the soft guinea-fowl whistle, they zeroed in.

Three poachers lay in blankets around the embers of their fire, and there on racks lay the drying meat. Norman and his scouts ran in from

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all sides, shining their flashlights on the poachers and handcuffing them before they knew what hit them. Then the scouts fanned out, looking for guns, caches of ammunition, snares, hides, horns.

"Where are your guns?" Norman demanded.

"*Nkosi!*" ("Boss!"), a game scout shouted in the bush. Norman hurried off. The game scout stood waiting by an old baobab tree, very pleased with himself. He pointed his flashlight down a big hole in the massive trunk. There, stuffed behind some leaves, were two gleaming rifles. Then they unearthed a tin box containing several dozen .303 cartridges, and next found a great pile of snares hidden under brushwood.

"Who has found hides?" Norman called into the night. From the blackness: "*Nkosi!*"

A light flashed in the bush, and Norman hurried toward his game scout there, who was spreading the hides out on the ground. "Any rhino horn?"

"One, *Nkosi!*"

It was late when we reached Norman's camp after our hunt that day. Norman had kept his operation a secret from everybody except Thomson, and we were astonished to see the activity.

There were maybe 100 Africans around two big fires, and 35 of them—the poachers—were handcuffed. The rest were laborers and witnesses. Two policemen were tapping away on typewriters, while Norman sat at a table interviewing the witnesses. Thomson grinned all over. He strode through the camp, hand outstretched to Norman. "Congratulations!" Norman looked up

over his rimless spectacles, peering through the glare of a lantern.

"It was a hang of a lucky day," he said. He took us over to a police tent and pointed to a large selection of weapons, neatly laid out in rows. There were nine firearms—rifles and old muzzle-loaders. There were boxes of cartridges and piles of nails, ball bearings, nuts and bolts—slugs for the old guns. There were cans and bottles of gunpowder. There was a bow and many arrows, with wadding wrapped behind their sharp iron heads to hold poison. And there were 70 or 80 big snares, more than 300 guinea-fowl snares, and piles of hides—I saw lion, leopard, kudu, elephant, rhino.

"Did any of them put up a fight?" Thomson asked.

"No," Norman said. "They were so astonished. We even caught the one that snared the cow that the vet came and operated on. He confessed."

Thomson's eyebrows went up. "Which one is he?"

"There," Norman pointed. The man lowered his eyes when we looked at him.

"Hey-hey!" Thomson stared at him malevolently across the firelight. "Do you know how deep that cable went? It went right down into the bone of her leg! It would have been very easy to follow and kill her. But you did not. Why? Because you were too lazy! You left the animal to suffer agony just to save yourself some trouble!"

Thomson glared at him. He wanted to shout a lot more, but he dared not say too much until the magistrate had dealt with him.

Norman pointed them out one by one, telling us about them. That one was a witch doctor; he came every dry season to snare. He also did business, putting the *mushonga* (his blessing) on other poachers' snares to bring them luck. He was a big wheel in the Ruya and no local would testify against him, because he was a witch doctor—but Norman had caught him red-handed.

Norman also got the information he needed to catch the big boys, the wholesalers. His further investigations resulted in 51 more arrests, a total of 86, all accused of contravening the Wild Life Conservation Act, from snaring rhino and other large game animals to the illegal possession of firearms. All 86 were convicted; sentences ranged from a \$10 fine for the lesser offenses to six months' imprisonment for the serious ones. Thomson was delighted.

"Hey, Toro!"

THE operation was nearly finished now. Late in August, we had reckoned that there were only three rhino left in the area, and we had caught two of them, a cow and a half-grown calf. On August 31, we tracked the last—a big bull—for 30 dusty miles, only to see him charge across the border into Mozambique, where we were not allowed. We



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were disappointed, but Norman's success with the poachers gave the bull a good chance of surviving until next year, after the rains, when Operation Rhino could return.

Before dawn the next morning, Thomson shouted, "Wake up!" and we heaved ourselves out of our camp beds for our last day in the Ruya. It was time to start crating the four animals that we still held—three adults and the calf. On the north side of the stockade, the earth had been dug away to make a long pit, sloping toward the pens. We backed two trucks down the incline until their beds were at ground level. Each carried two big crates, 12 feet long, eight feet high and four feet wide, made of stout timber reinforced with steel bands.

With much shouting and chanting, laborers heaved the crates off the trucks and dragged them to two short passages jutting from the stockade. It was dawn by the time they were in position.

Thomson decided to crate a big cow named Barbara first because she was such a nuisance, always thundering around trying to kill everybody. She had lost a horn in a murderous charge at the mopani walls, but that didn't faze her—she continued to bang the big timbers with the bloody stump. The horn would grow back; it is just a nerveless mass of compact fiber. But the raw base must have been sore.

The door to Barbara's crate was let down into one of the passages. A

long, stout rope was tied to it, and 20 laborers stood by to haul on it, yanking the door shut once Barbara was inside the crate. Then the game scouts began to pull out the poles between the pen and the passage. Barbara charged the poles, pounding them with her bloody nose. As the gap widened, she got madder and madder, lunging at the gap, huge legs scrambling in the dust.

Her fury simplified our job, for as the game scouts removed two more poles, Barbara burst through and charged straight into the crate. Thomson shouted "*Donsa!*" ("Heave!"), the natives banged the big door shut behind her, and Thomson slammed the bolts home. Then we heaved and crowbarred and cursed the crate back onto the truck.

Unfortunately, Oswald—our only bull—proved to be far less cooperative. He huffed and puffed and charged the poles, but when the gap was open, he investigated the situation cautiously. Sniffing about the opening, he apparently didn't like the look of it. Once he got three quarters into the crate and Thomson raised his hand to signal, when Oswald scrambled back out, snorting and squealing. Finally, Thomson dangled a sack in the passage like a bullfighter and shouted, "Hey, *toro!*" That was more than rhinoceros flesh and blood could stand. Oswald thundered furiously at the sack and charged headlong into the crate, Thomson cried, "*Donsa!*" and the natives heaved the door shut.

"*Olé!*" Thomson said.

Then we started on the last cow and her calf. They took a long time. We had to lasso the calf, but nobody could throw a rope like a cowboy. The cow wouldn't move anywhere without the calf, and in the end we had to dart her with M-99, pull her into the crate before she went down, and then drag the calf after her.

With the beasts all aboard, we set off at once in convoy for the Gona-re-Zhou, Nevin Lees-May and myself in a Volkswagen escort vehicle, followed by the two big trucks. It was a 700-mile drive, and nonstop because there was no way to put water in the rhino crates. Until we hit pavement, we had to drive 15 m.p.h. Escort duty was unpopular.

Shortly before 6 p.m., we pulled off onto the side of the road to make a progress report to the Head Office on the roger-roger. We switched on the radio and listened for a few minutes to the Tsetse Fly Control officers reporting their day's tally. These men are civil servants who hunt on two wide corridors across Rhodesia, one in the north at the top of the Zambezi Escarpment, 600 miles long, and one in the southeast, 120 miles long. Altogether it is 22,000 square miles of Rhodesia, and their job is to keep it clear of game. Kill the game to starve the cursed tsetse fly that brings sleeping sickness to man and cattle.

"Number 4757, one adult wart-hog, male," reported one officer.

"Roger," the Head Office said.

"Number 4758, one adult kudu, female."

"Roger," replied the Head Office.

Every year many, many head of game are destroyed in the corridors. All right, it is necessary. If you did not have the corridors, the fly would spread over the whole country and kill every man and domestic beast it found. But this did not make pretty listening on the radio.

In Salisbury, we stopped to refuel and bought fish and chips for ourselves. A policeman who passed the filling station asked, "What have you got in those crates?"

"Rhinos," I said.

"There's no need to be funny," he said.

Barbara's Revenge

It was nine the next morning when we reached the Gona-re-Zhou, 2000 square miles of game reserve. Nevin and I stopped a moment to watch a big herd of elephants, while the trucks went on to the release point, a place called Chipinda Pools. When we caught up with them, we found there had been an accident: during the unloading, one of the rhino crates had fallen off its truck and was standing on end, leaning against the truck.

"That's Barbara's crate," I said.

"Whoever she is," said John Osborne, the ranger in charge of Chipinda Pools, "she's highly cheested off."

There was a loud crash, and the crate shook. Barbara was sitting in there on her bottom just like a circus

elephant. There was another loud bang and scrambling sounds, and the crate shook again. You could see her point of view: she had been caught, crated, translocated—and dumped. Barbara was having an eventful time with the National Parks and Wildlife Department.

Ordinarily we got the rhinos out of their crates and into another stockade where they could be given a drink before being released. But there was no way we could move Barbara now. She would have to find water by herself.

Working with a block and tackle, we raised her tilted crate away from the truck and lowered its upturned end to the ground. Then Osborne began to clear the area. All the vehicles were moved out, and he ordered everyone up a tree.

He had established his camp for the day about 100 yards away under the trees. His table was set for breakfast. "Madara," he shouted at his cook, "if she interferes with my things, I want you to shin rapidly down the tree and stick your finger in her eye."

Madara laughed and said, "Okay." The Africans were festooned everywhere, up the stockade, up trees, grinning. I was up a good tree, in a fork.

Osborne climbed on top of the



crate, opened the gate, and there stood Barbara's massive hindquarters.

She did not move. She could not tell the door was open.

"Hey!" Osborne said, and

leaned down and jabbed her with his finger. Barbara snorted and lumbered out backward.

As soon as she was out, she threw her great self at the crate and belted it with her bloody stump. The big crate rocked and skidded, and Osborne clung to it, yelling, "Go away!" We were all laughing, and it was a good thing for Osborne that she did not have her front horn to get leverage with, for she would have thrown him, crate and all, into the treetops.

She looked around wildly for something more satisfying to kill.

"Hey!" Osborne shouted. "Hey!" But Barbara paid no attention. She thundered straight toward his breakfast camp. "Hey!" Osborne screamed—and Barbara hit the camp full tilt, joyously, *smack, bang, crash*. As she hit the folding table, it flew high into the air, sending cups, saucers, plates and cutlery flying all over.

"Cut that out!" Osborne screamed. There were loud bangs and crashes as Barbara got stuck in his pots and pans. "Madara!" Osborne yelled.

"Stick your finger in her eye!" The Africans screamed with laughter.

Finally, when Barbara had flattened the camp, she took one murderous look around, then spun off through the bush into her new hinterland.

The other animals were less trouble. We got them into the stockade, and they drank; then we released them. The cow and her calf were the last to go. The mother set off rapidly, the calf cantering behind. We stood on top of the stockade, watching, until they disappeared.

This was good rhino country. Once upon a time, there had been plenty of rhinos here, but they were all shot or snared before it was proclaimed a game reserve. It felt good to be here in the middle of 2000 square miles where rhino life was starting all over again.

A Beginning

THE soothsayer had said that one man would be killed and two men injured, and the prophecy came true. Thomson's month on duty was finished, but there were a few good days left in September, so Paul Coetsee went back to hunt in a place called Tenda Springs.

In Tenda Springs there is much jesse—thick, tangled bush and heavy undergrowth. There are no ele-

phants, so there are no paths, only the tunnels made by rhinos through which one has to crouch. Coetsee did not see his quarry until they stood three paces apart, man and beast. The animal charged. Coetsee spun, and the rhino missed. It turned in a yard and came crashing back—and missed again. Coetsee scrambled through the jesse, zigzagging, but the beast got him, hit him in the thigh and threw him cartwheeling through the bush. Twice again the rhino gored Coetsee, throwing him into the air. The last time, he came down spread-eagled across the animal's rump. The beast looked around, confused. Then it lumbered away, and Coetsee fell off. He stayed absolutely quiet until the rhino was gone; then he called for help. He was badly hurt, but he survived to hunt again.

Altogether, in 1970, Thomson and Coetsee moved 41 rhinos to the Gona-re-Zhou; the next year, Coetsee got 34 more. So there are 75 in all. In due course they will find each other, and in two years there will be many new calves. Given a conservative natural increase of five percent per year, in 15 years there will be 150; in 30 years, 300. There used to be hundreds and hundreds of thousands, all over Africa, 50 years ago—but this is a beginning.

For the Record

A LITTLE girl asked her mother if all fairy tales begin with "Once upon a time." The mother replied that this year most of them begin with "If I am elected . . ."

—The Farmer's Digest

Toward More Picturesque Speech

Autumn. October dances barefoot under orange-lipped skies (Elaine Equi) . . . A fall morning awakened by the warming hands of the sun (Wayne W. Flury) . . . Dead leaves tiptoed up the walk and scratched at the door like frightened kittens (Kathy Coughran in *McCall's*) . . . A sweater-cool wind with a chrysanthemum in its buttonhole and a glass of sweet cider in its hand (Hal Borland in *Pittsburgh Press*)

Goal Fever. Wife to husband in front of TV: "You never talk to me during half time anymore" (Dunagin) . . . We are in the short-week period of the year now—Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Football, Football and Football (Elkhorn, Wis., *Independent*)

Spookacular. Halloween is a ghost-to-ghost hookup (Mike Hall, quoted by Adam Di Peto in *New York Sunday News Magazine*) . . . Did you hear about the ghost who got flabby from lack of exorcise? (R. Dumalski, Jr.) . . . Ghost stories are seance fiction (Raymond J. Cvikota)

Word-of-Mouth. Overheard: "His idea of soul searching is looking through his record collection" (Richard E. Marino) . . . Irritated wife to older husband: "Truer words were never spoken through falsier teeth" (Gladys Wilson) . . . Weatherman: "She can speak about 130 words a minute, with gusts up to 175" (Stan Hunt in *Look*) . . . One fisherman to another: "Last night I saw a blue, sparkling, crystal-clear river. I

dreamed the impossible stream" (*The Orben Comedy Letter*)

Don't Pass Me, Buy! On saddle shop: "Everything for horses around" (Mrs. W. B. Hough) . . . Lingerie ad: "Profiles in curvage" . . . Ad for artificial sweetener: "The wonder of the waistland" . . . Over electric blankets: "Guaranteed berth control" (Jeanette Kelly) . . . Wig-shop ad: "A wig that will make your own hair jealous"

Patter. Jogging keeps the spring in your step from becoming rusted (Karl Shiflet) . . . It's a strange life. You can skate on thin ice and end up in hot water (Lane Olinghouse in *Nuggets*) . . . People who fly into a rage always make a bad landing (Will Rogers) . . . Overweight is what happens when you take the butter with the sweet (*Current Comedy*) . . . A hypocrite is a man who writes a book praising atheism, then prays that it will sell (Oren Arnold in *The Kiwanis Magazine*)

Home Groan. The only trouble with child psychology is that children don't understand it (Olsen Park Pete, quoted by Wes Izard in *Amarillo News*) . . . When the mists of romance fade away, a girl sometimes finds that she is married to an appetite in need of a shave (Quoted by Earl Wilson)

Readers' contributions are solicited for this department. See page 14 for information regarding payment.

Each day, the U.S.A. gets a little more Oriental.



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